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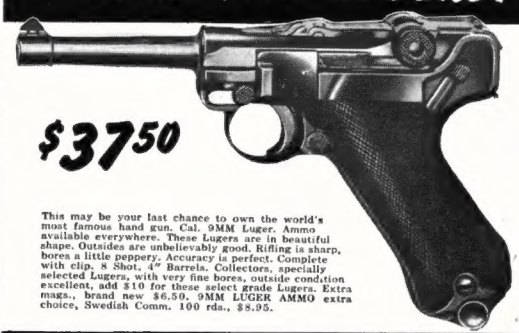

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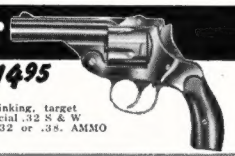

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CONTENTS

HEADLINE STORIES

THE STORY OF A DOUBLE AGENT.....*Henry Jordan* 8
THE WOMEN GOD FORGOT.....*Leslie Bain* 34

EXCLUSIVE

MY MYSTERY FLIGHT DEEP INTO CHINA.....*Henry Bush* 26

FICTION WITH A FILLIP

CERTAIN WOMEN—VICKI.....*Erskine Caldwell* 16
EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT.....*Walt Sheldon* 44

TRUE ADVENTURE

THE WHALERS WHO ATE THEMSELVES.....*Brian O'Brien* 12
THE LIONS THAT MADE WAR ON A RAILROAD.....*J. A. Hunter* 18
THIRTY INCHES FROM DEATH BY FIRE.....*David Landman* 37
THE RIVER THAT LEFT ITS BED
Edward Ainsworth and Griffith Borgeson 50

MEN OF ACTION

THE JUNKMAN WHO STOPPED ROMMEL.....*Arch Whitehouse* 30

SPORTS

THE BOOTLEG BRAWL NO COPS COULD STOP....*Charles Samuels* 40

CAVALIER'S LADY

JOYFUL JODY..... 24

CAVALIER'S CAMERA

WRESTLING MATCH WITH AN EIGHT-ARMED GRAPPLER
Gene Daniels 20

HUMOR

HOW TO STOP SMOKING..... 48
ONE FOR THE ROAD..... 100

SHORT FEATURES

You Said It!..... 4 Cavalier's Buys for Guys..... 6
World's Greatest Do-It-Yourself Project..... 47

VOL. 5. NO. 54

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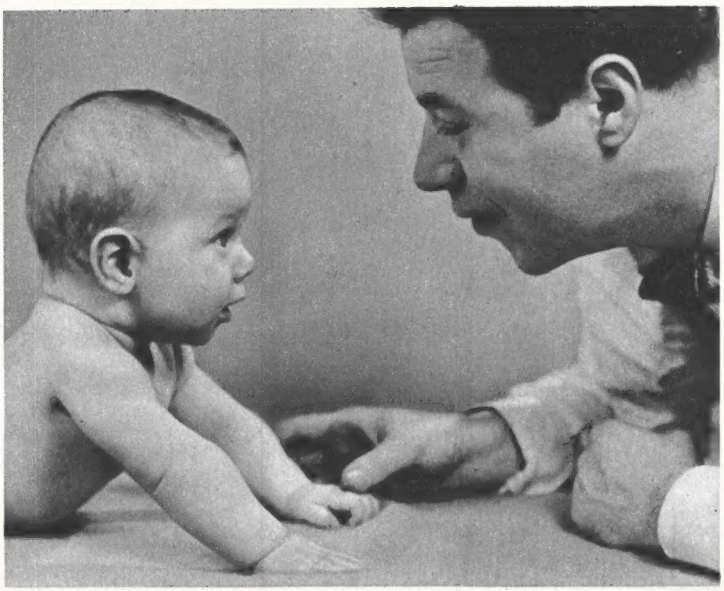

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BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

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- ☐ Industrial Supervision
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- ☐ Industrial Engineering
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- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
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- ☐ Industrial Electronics
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- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

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- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
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YOU Said It . . .

TO CAVALIER · 67 WEST 44th ST. · NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

SOLOMON ANDREWS' INVENTION

"The Amazing Dr. Solomon Andrews" (Oct.) by John Toland is about the most exciting thing I've ever read. I'm an inventor myself and can understand how Andrews felt about his motorless dirigible, "Aereon." You have to admire his nerve. Considering the materials he was working with back in the 1860's, he was damned lucky he didn't break his neck.

Though nobody since Andrews has flown a motorless dirigible, his feat can be duplicated. His airship moved for the same reason that a watermelon seed will zip from your fingers when you press on it. If anyone with some long green is really interested, I can show them how Andrews did it.

Thomas Lockwood
Berwyn, Ill.

Hold on, Mr. Lockwood. We're not floating any bond issues on airships. No long green—just tell us the secret.

TALKING HORSE

I frankly state that I don't believe a word of your fantastic yarn "Lady Wonder—Last of the Talking Horses" (Oct.). If that nag really had all the powers you said she had, she would have predicted the results at the nearest race track.

Johnny Lawrence
Phoenix, Ariz.

Lady Wonder just wasn't mercenary. Her powers were tested and proved by leading scientists.

THANK YOU, JUNIOR BIRDMAN

That old warbird, Arch Whitehouse, is slipping, to judge by "How Warneford Killed the First Zeppelin" (Aug.). Warneford was not flying a Morane Parsol when he knocked down the LZ-37. It was a single-seater Morane mid-wing. Your illustration was right, however.

A. Russo
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

No, just the reverse. Whitehouse was right about the plane, but our illustration of it looked more like a Fokker, we admit.

FAREWELL TO FREUCHEN

Peter Freuchen, who wrote "My Most Dangerous Adventure" for your February issue died at the Elmendorf Air Force Base in Alaska, Sept. 2. He was an internationally known explorer but he found time for many other careers as well—those of a novelist, author of travel books, newspaperman, expert whale fisherman and lecturer. He had a peg leg but this didn't impair his strength, as proved by the fact that he once picked up and held over his head with one arm the late Jean Harlow at a cocktail party. In 1956 he won the big money on the TV show "The $64,000 Question." He was here in Alaska to make a movie recalling his explorations. He died at 71, after insisting on carrying his own luggage up a steep stairway. There was a real CAVALIER!

John Monroney
Anchorage, Alaska

CALDWELL CRITICS

Caldwell's story in your August issue is the most sickening balderdash extant.

J. Clyde McIntyre
Flint, Mich.

This Claremore that Mr. Caldwell writes about is a strange, un-American town. It has no YWCA, no branch of the Salvation Army, no welfare department. It is inhabited by elderly rail-splitting women, pure young maidens and all the heavies from the old dime-novels and mellerdrammers.

Claremore heroines yearn for wedlock and respectability. A king-size stumbling block to the attainment of this objective is the uncommonly low resistance-quotient of Claremore cuties. The left hook, the uppercut, the right cross, the kick in the teeth—all popular types of remonstrance with American girls—are unheard of in Mr. Caldwell's Shaggy-la.

This is not to suggest that romanticism has no merit. What does seem frustrating is to confuse fantasy with fact. In essence, Claremore is Little Red Riding Hood with skirts up. Sew up the rip in the seat of Mr. Caldwell's pants and you get our old buddy Horatio Alger.

Everett Williams
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Alger was far more straight-laced than Caldwell. When did an Alger character ever get him a girl?

Who publishes Caldwell's new book *Certain Women* and how much does it cost?

Terk Menz
Grand Rapids, Mich.

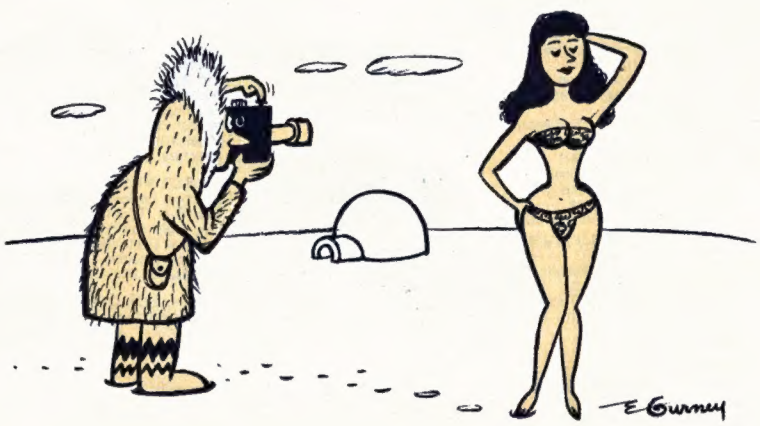
Little, Brown and Co., Boston, is the publisher. Price: $3.75. It is on sale now.

GIRL IN THE ARCTIC BIKINI

Who is the "Girl in the Long Red Skijamas" (Oct.)? Liked her, and liked Parke Cummings' poem on her too. But why, pray tell, is she wearing pajamas in mid-summer? Why not pose her in a bikini at the North Pole—it would be just as appropriate.

E. J. Dunham
Macon, Georgia

Reader Dunham thinks too much. Costumes and settings in cheesecake photos are really only important to catch the eye. The real attraction, in case you haven't noticed, is the girl. The one in long red skijamas is named Lisa Winters.



To the man who wants to enjoy an

ACCOUNTING CAREER

If you're that man, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

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SAMPLE LESSON SENT FREE

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REASON #3. You can fit into any business, anywhere in the country—because accounting principles are universal. Think what this means in terms of security and independence!

REASON #4. Accounting is open to all. Any man or woman of good intelligence, who enjoys figure work and is willing to follow LaSalle's systematic "problem method" plan, can rapidly qualify for a highly profitable, enjoyable lifetime career...and he doesn't have to finish his training before beginning to "cash in."

REASON #5. Without losing a day from your present work, you can prepare in spare hours at home, at low cost. LaSalle has trained one out of every 13 of all the Certified Public Accountants in the U.S....and many thousands of others who are now enjoying high-paying careers.

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Just suppose you were permitted to work in an accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

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Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they *can* be. You know that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle-trained men have reported substantially increased earnings long before they finished their training. Others have quickly won higher position and larger incomes with the aid of this training.

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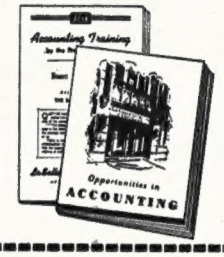

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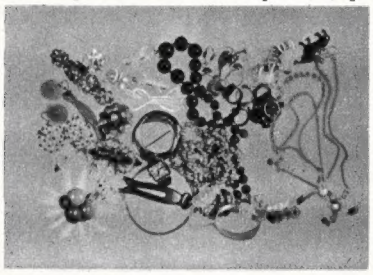
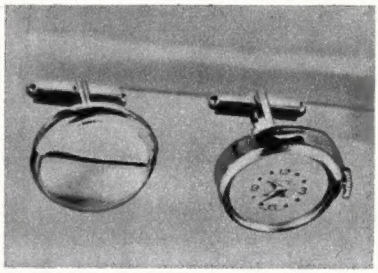


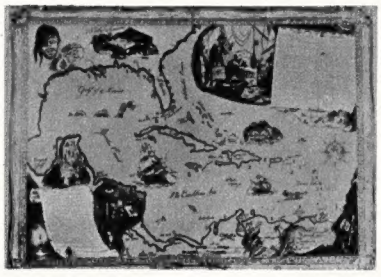
35 PIECE SET OF PLAY JEWELRY will keep the little ones busy for hours and hours. Chest of jewelry and ornaments includes imitation gold-metal rings, pearl and costume necklaces, pins and brooches, earrings, toy watches, spangles, charms, etc. Buy a few of these at $1.25 each postpaid. Order from Toy House, 1170 Broadway, Department C35, New York 1, N. Y.



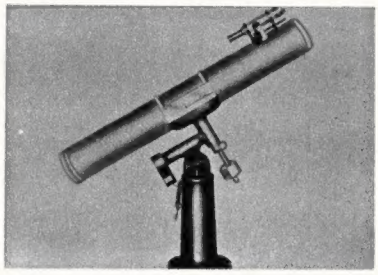
CUFF LINKS, imported to make the perfect and unusual gift for him or her. One a jeweled, shock-resistant Swiss watch (penny-sized) with an unbreakable crystal. The other opens up into a double, two picture locket. In tarnish-proof, golden finish. $14.95 postpaid from The Nassau Company, Department C-12, 200 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

"BARGAINS" is a publication which tells you where and how to buy items at wholesale, where to buy surplus and bankrupt closeouts. Pages and pages of merchandise for yourself or for resale. Each issue is packed with merchandise listings as well as timely articles on going into business for yourself. 12 issues a year for $2. Tower Press, Dept. CS, Box 591, Lynn, Mass.

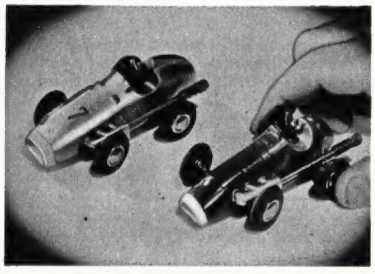
DIAPERS FOR EXPECTANT FATHERS consists of a flannel diaper with a safety pin attached, and with all the hilarious sayings that the poor expectant father will have to learn and go through. A great gift item. Comes in self-mailing box that requires only addressing and postage to mail. $1.25 ppd.; 2 for $2 ppd. Tower Press, Inc., P. O. Box 591-C, Lynn 380, Mass.



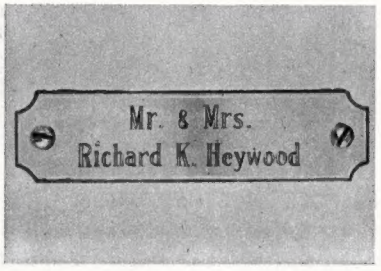
TREASURE MAP shows approximate locations of over $500,000,000 in sunken and buried pirate treasure. William Kidd, Blackbeard, and Jean Lafitte are a few of the famous pirates represented here. 22½" x 29½" wall size and lithographed on heavy-duty parchment stock. Colorful and educational. $1 ppd. from Miller's, Dept. CC, 60 West 33 St., New York 1, N. Y.



DYNASCOPE is the instrument that combines the extra rigidity of a permanently installed telescope and at the same time gives the convenience of a portable telescope. Complete with mount, clock drive, eyepieces and finderscope. 54 inches high. About $475. You can obtain more information by writing to Criterion Company, 331 Church St., Hartford, Conn.



GRAND PRIX RACERS. Sleek little imported scale models of Mercedes-Benz (top) and Ferrari racing cars are only 4" long, yet go 20 mph on a straightaway. Have micro-sensitive adjustment and differential for precision steering, brake, free-wheeling, crash absorber, rubber tires, etc. $2.95 ppd. each. Prince Enterprises, 305-C Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

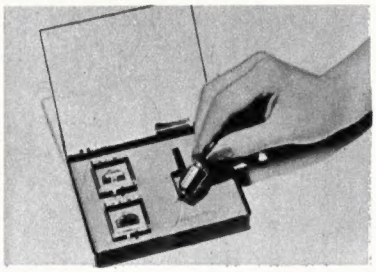


DOOR NAMEPLATE is personalized. Instantly identifies your door or doorbell. Solid brass, custom engraved. Handsomely made with notched corners and satin finish, it's lacquered for permanency. Measures 2½" x ¾". Be sure to print name or message when ordering. $1 postpaid. Greenland Studios, Dept. CG, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

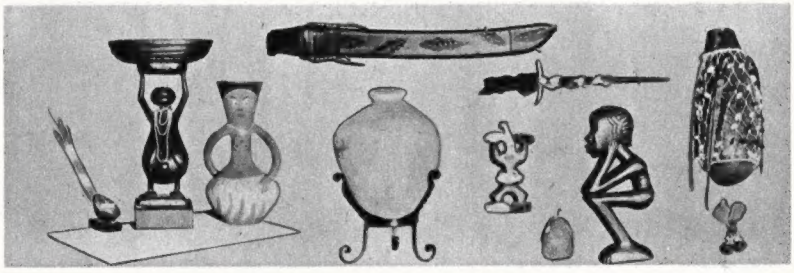
CIVIL WAR BELT BUCKLES are authentically reproduced. South is represented by C. S. A. buckle of Confederate Army. North shows the American Eagle worn by Union Army. Buckles are shining brass, and sell for $2 each postpaid. Full leather belt for either buckle (give size), $6.50 postpaid. Hy Hunter, Dept. CS-12, 3031 West Burbank Blvd., Burbank, Calif.

Buys for Guys

month. They are believed to be good values. The firms listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

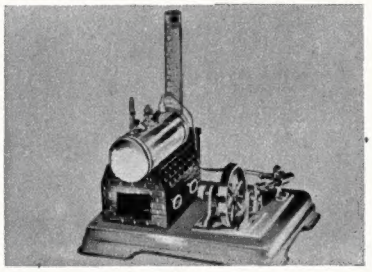


PICKERING FLUXVALVE for a new listening experience. Turnover design permits playing all types of records at a flick of the wrist. New "T-Guard" stylus assembly makes quick-change possible without fear of touching stylus point. Excellent quality with response from 20 to 20,000 cycles within 2 db. From $24 at hi-fi shops. Pickering Co., Dept. C12, Oceanside, N. Y.

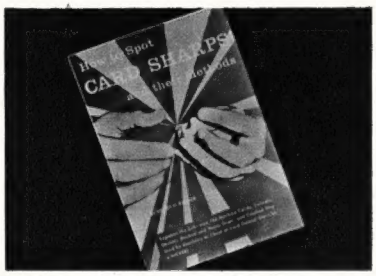


CUBAN ART combines the unusual with the practical. Ranging from the 30-inch steel machete ($8) actually used in Cuban sugar fields, to the "Squatting Boy" ($6) carved from native Cuban Cedar by Sepy Dobronyi, all are authentic and hand crafted. Typical are the recently discovered earthenware wine jars ($25) dating back to 1693 (quantity limited) and the Swordfish knife ($12) made from the point of a swordfish and decorated with whale tusks and shark teeth. There are also Afro-Cuban musical instruments, fetishes, dancing devils, etc. Every order will be shipped postpaid directly from Cuba. Prices range from $3 up. Write for free catalog to Cuban Art Center, Department C, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

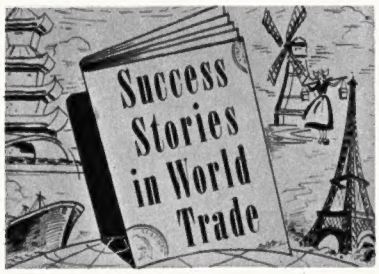
GEMS from scientific laboratories are said to be more dazzling than diamonds. Each stone is hand-cut and polished, and yet, a one-carat stone costs only $24, federal tax included. Illustrated booklet gives all details and includes prices and settings for men and women. Booklet is free from Capra Gem Co., Dept. C-12, P. O. Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pa.



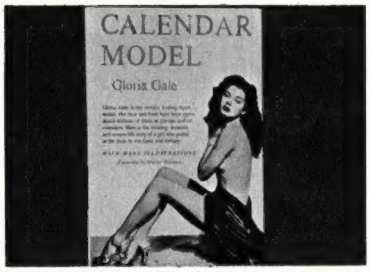
LIVE STEAM ENGINE is precision-made; adds realistic power to any operating model. Develops 1/30th hp at 1,000 rpm. Boiler is drawn brass and fittings are solid bronze. Throttle-controlled steam whistle and grooved pulley wheel. Operates off safe dry fuel. Measures 10". $8.95 postpaid. Chabon Scientific Company, 411-C Lincoln Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.



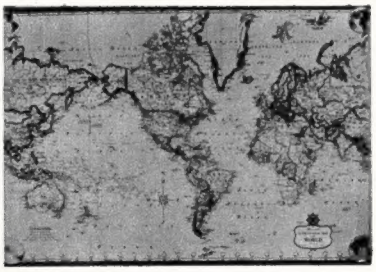
HOW TO SPOT CARD SHARPS tells how to avoid being taken for a chump. Discusses cheating methods like marked cards and how they are marked, swindle devices (mirrors, readers, etc.), stacked decks, fake cuts and shuffles, dealing from the bottom and other crooked gambling devices. $1.50 postpaid from Griffin Publishing, 1170 Broadway, Dept. C, New York 1, N. Y.



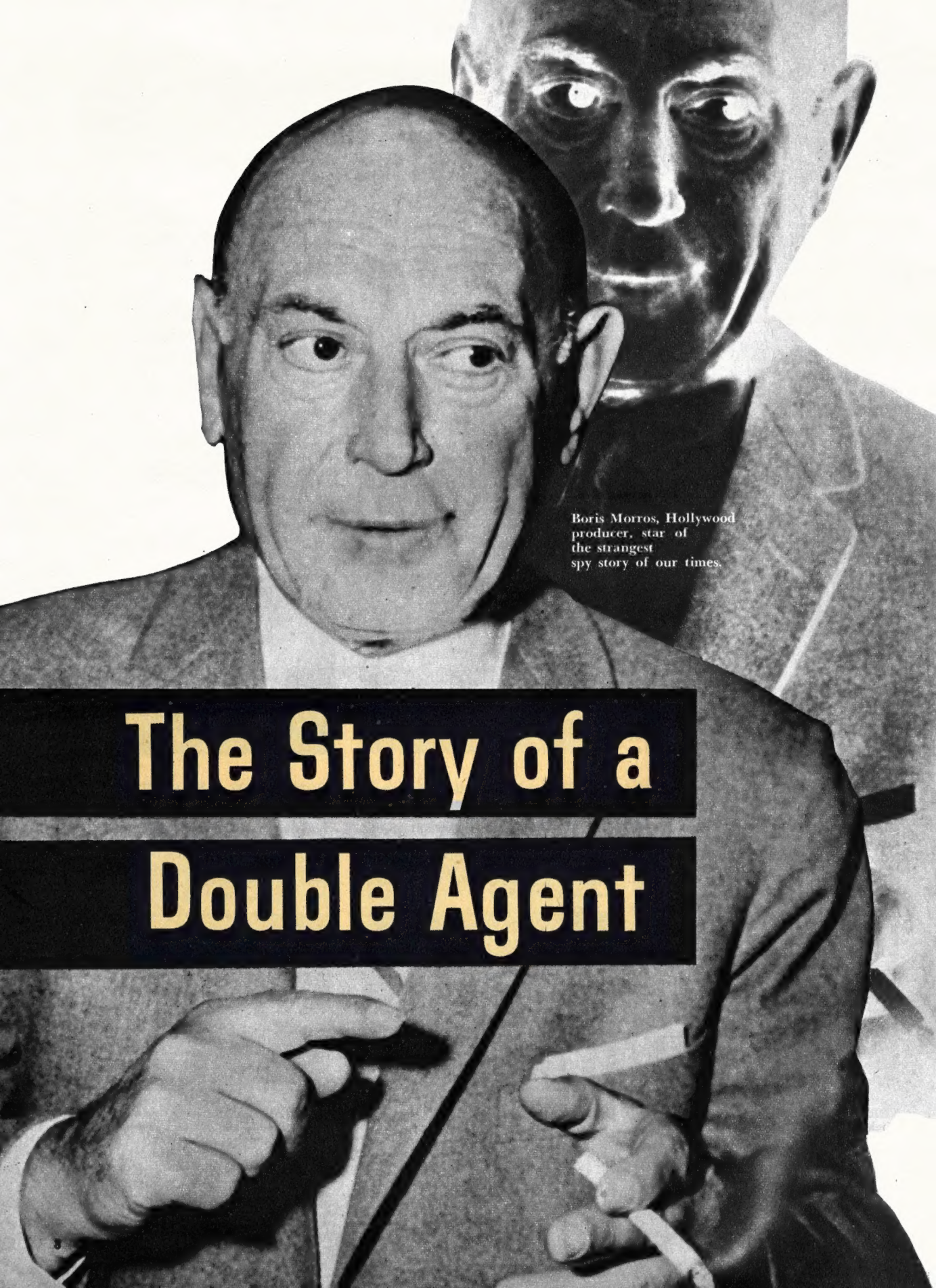
WORLD TRADE COURSE teaches you how to make money in the import business. As a full-time job or a sideline, you can make some dough importing for friends or other customers. 20 lessons give you name of foreign suppliers who ship direct. No inventory to carry. Write for free book. Mellinger Co., Dept. A12B, 1717 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles 24, Calif.



CALENDAR MODEL is an autobiography of a top figure model. Revealing intimate details of a calendar model's life. She tells of the effect her beauty has had on men, of a typical day in a model's life, of the offers to pose for borderline illustrations, etc. $2.95 postpaid from Prestige Books, 1170 Broadway, Room 1100, New York 1, N. Y.



WALL MAP of the world in full color. 33 by 50 inches, the map makes a practical mural for the den, children's room or school room. On heavy paper stock with clear type for easy location of nations, islands, oceans, etc. Choice of World Map or U. S. Map. $1 or 3 for $2.75 postpaid. Terry Elliott Company, Department MP-406, 135 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.



Boris Morros, Hollywood producer, star of the strangest spy story of our times.

The Story of a Double Agent

To most people Boris Morros was a flashy playboy-producer. Only the FBI knew the real story of how this amazing counterspy fooled the Russians

by Henry Jordan

The phone call Boris Morros had dreaded for weeks came one night in early March 1944.

"This is Helen," a sharp voice said. "Listen carefully, Boris. We expect you to come to New York. You'll take the *20th Century Limited* tomorrow out of Los Angeles—"

"I can't," Morros broke out. "I'm busy with a new picture—"

"I'd come to New York if I were you," the woman who called herself Helen said. "You'll be sorry if you don't. It would be a very, very big loss to you. So take the train tomorrow. Make reservations at the Essex House hotel in New York. We'll get in touch with you there. Just keep this in mind, Boris—you can't afford not to come."

On this veiled threat the woman he had never seen hung up.

His hands were shaking as he cradled the receiver. Slowly he walked from the study into the living room of his large Beverly Hills home. What was happening to him was something out of a bad dream. Or a piece of fiction he might turn into a screen thriller:

A short, roly-poly balding man of 50, one Boris Morros, movie producer, minding his own innocent, profitable business, was being brainwashed, browbeaten and threatened into becoming a Russian spy. And—of all places—in Hollywood, which was home where he was a well-known, respected figure. All he would have to do to expose his tormentors was phone the FBI. Only he didn't make the call and the Reds must have been quite sure he never would.

Slumping in an armchair, Morros wondered for the hundredth time why they had picked him. He was a man pampered by life. He loved good food, pretty women, all the luxurious things. Nothing could be stranger to him than the hard, ugly business of espionage.

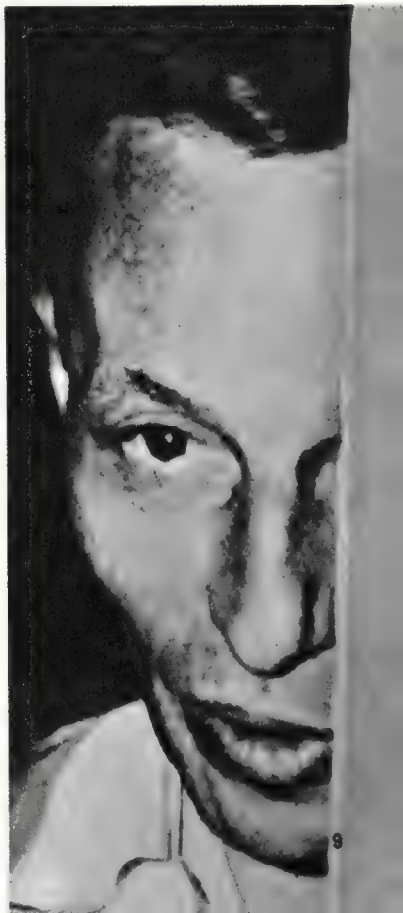
His whole nature went against it. He is a soft, gentle man. Show him a child and he'll head for the nearest candy store. He is deeply religious, a characteristic inherited from his father. He quickly gets enthusiastic and when he does you may have trouble understanding him.

This writer did, when he recently spent some time with Morros, both in New York, and at the beach at Montauk, Long Island. For when Morros is carried away by a happy thought, his Russian-flavored English gets very badly fractured, and he is the first to have a good laugh at his own expense.

Back in Hollywood on that long bygone night when "Helen" phoned, Morros could think of only one reason why the Soviet espionage apparatus should reach out for him. He was Russian by birth, and like most Russians he had sentimental roots in Russia's soil. But their Russia wasn't his. He remembered the glittery exciting life before the tide of blood and mud of the Bolshevik Revolution swept over the country. His father, Michael Morros, had been a famed musician. At the age of six, Boris had enraptured audiences with his piano and cello playing. At 16 he had conducted the Imperial Orchestra at St. Petersburg before the last of the czars.

In 1917, at the time of the Revolution, he fled. In 1922 he landed in New York and in due time became an American citizen. His new country had been good to him. Musicals he produced on Broadway were a rousing success. In Hollywood he wrote the musical scores for more than 400 pictures. Moving to greener pastures, he produced a half dozen pictures.

And then shortly after Pearl Harbor Red agents started to take notice of him. The first approaches were made by the man in charge of an agency sending food parcels from the U.S. to Russia.



Army Lt. George Zlatovski and his wife worked as Russian spies in Paris according to Morros. Zlatovski is now holed up in France.

The Story of a Double Agent

Boris was regularly dispatching such parcels to members of his family. But the agency man—since then unmasked as a Soviet spy—tried to suggest Morros was sending his food packages for political reasons. "All of us must help win the war under the glorious leadership of Marshal Stalin," he said one day. "I'm glad you're doing your share."

"America is my country and I'm only trying to keep my family from starving," Morros snapped back.

The second Red to become interested in Boris Morros was Grigori Kheifets, Soviet consul on the West Coast. Kheifets was all over Hollywood in those days. Each time he ran into Morros he suggested that he help this or that Red cause. "America and the Soviet Union are Allies in this war," was his line. Kheifets, known as "Mr. Brown" in spy circles, was carrying on under the cover of diplomatic immunity. Morros told him to go to hell.

But the day came when Boris needed Kheifets. In 1942 his long-ailing mother died in Russia. Back in 1935 he had promised his father that should the mother die he would bring him to America. So Boris went to see Consul Kheifets to apply for an exit permit for his father. Kheifets, who in those years flashed a big smile all over the movie colony, promised, stalled and promised some more. "Our relations were like the courtship of the fowl," Boris was to say years later. "He was wooing me. But no exit permit."

Comrade Vassili Zubilin, second secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, descended upon the West Coast to organize atom espionage, as a Congressional Investigation showed five years later. The official purpose of his visit however, was an innocent inspection of Comrade Kheifets' consulate. Morros, who by then was exasperated over the visa delays, complained to Zubilin.

The comrade from Washington and Moscow was a short-legged, pig-faced drunk. His own subordinates were wont to say that if you held a match to his breath you could use him as a blowtorch. But in his sober moments, and in the short space of two war years, he managed to build up several hair-raisingly efficient spy networks in this country, some of which may still be operating.

"If I give you an exit visa for your father," Zubilin told Morros, "you'll owe us something."

"What for instance?"

"Gratitude, Mr. Morros."

Morros wasn't going to argue with him as long as the visa was only a promise.

"You know why I'll give you the permit?" Zubilin went on. "There was a time when you were booking attractions into Broadway houses, like Aimée McPherson and Bobby Breen. The agent who brought you Bobby Breen also offered you Leon Trotzky."

Trotzky, of course, was the rebel Red all the other Reds were down on and finally managed to get carved up in Mexico. But how, Morros wondered, did Zubilin know about a small matter like his turning down Trotsky 16 or 17 years back?

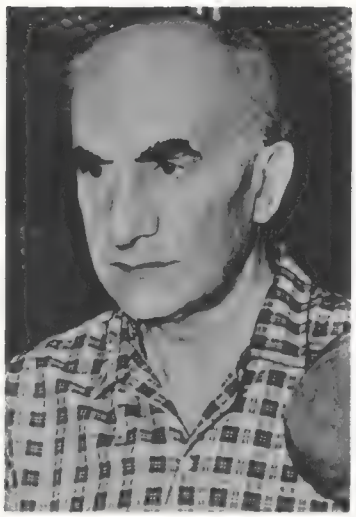
"We know your life inside out," Zubilin said smugly. "We even know things that never happened. To get back to Trotzky, you did us Stalinists a real good turn by not booking him. I'll see to it that you get the permit. But you'll still be under an obligation to us. Don't forget, you have several relatives in Russia besides your father."

On Jan. 20, 1943, Michael Morros, a patriarch who still lives happily in California at the age of 98, arrived on the West Coast, the sole passenger in a Liberty ship returning from Vladivostok, Siberia.

The father had peace at last. Not so the son. The "wooing" started up again. As a former Russian, Boris was exhorted to be grateful as well as proud. Hadn't the valiant Red Army turned the tide at Stalingrad under the

FISH IN BORIS' NET

Convicted Red spy, Myra Soble, drew a stiff prison sentence from U. S.



Jack Soble allegedly master-minded entire communist conspiracy network.

Siren Martha Dodd turned husband Alfred K. Stern into Red spy tool.

glorious generalship of Marshal Stalin? Wasn't it now every Russian's duty to contribute to the war effort? Mysterious and not so mysterious characters kept badgering and harassing Boris till his usual cheerful, debonair disposition took a slump.

Morros didn't mention his predicament to anyone. But his wise old father sensed trouble. When he guessed that perhaps the Soviets were after his son—and nobody knew them better than he—Boris said, "Yes, they are. I don't even know what they want. Let me handle them in my own way. I promise you I'll get even with them for what they're trying to do to us." Father and son shook hands, and never mentioned the matter again.

For weeks, sometimes months, the Reds left Morros alone. One day he ran into Kheifets at the Brown Derby restaurant in Hollywood. The Soviet consul seemed very cordial, but what he said was not. "We have a very long arm. We can reach you any place in the world. And not just you. Don't you have two brothers and a sister in the Soviet Union?"

One night a Russian from the Washington embassy dropped in on Boris with greetings from his boss Zubilin. "We have given you too much time already," the Russian said. "We want to collect from you—make you work for us."

Morros exploded. "Let's put the cards on the table. What do you want me to do—spy for you?"

The Russian's face turned purple. "Only capitalist countries spy," he growled. "It's part of their plot against the Russian people. The Soviet Union works for peace and democracy. And you can help a great deal."

The Russian explained how and why. Boris had never been in politics. If anything he was known as an anti-Communist—just the kind of man the Soviets needed. His occupation would make it possible for him to travel without arousing suspicions. He spoke nine languages which would be a great asset once the war was over.

"Be smart and play along," the Russky warned. "Or do you want something to happen to your family in Russia? Or to your father here? By the way, should you feel like telling the FBI any stories—don't. They wouldn't be able to help your folks back home."

THE AMAZING MR. MORROS

Although at first glance Boris Mihailovitch Morros seems to be an unlikely candidate for a counter-spy's cloak and dagger, the record shows he was an excellent choice. At 4 years, Morros played the cello; at 8 he made his first concert appearance. At 12 he was a master of all instruments. He has written the score for over 400 movies and has produced high-priced box-office hits including the movies Tales of Manhattan, Second Chorus, Carnegie Hall. He speaks nine languages. And he knew a great deal about acting. What better recommendations for a counter-spy?

It was obvious they wanted him to become a Soviet agent. Were they reckless, or stupid enough to try to force an unwilling man to become a traitor to his country? They were neither, or not entirely, as Morros was to learn.

Meanwhile, pressures and threats continued over a long period. Morros was given a 90-day ultimatum to come around, then a second and a third. After the last one had run out the woman who called herself Helen phoned and summoned him to New York. Boris was both afraid to say no and determined to see it through. He took the train as instructed and checked into the Essex House.

He hadn't been in his room more than ten minutes when "Helen" phoned. "I understand you like Chinese food, Boris," she said. "Let's have dinner at the Far East Cafe on Columbus Circle. Eight o'clock sharp."

"We've never met—what do you look like?"

"It's a blind date," she said and hung up.

There was no Helen at the Chinese cafe, but from a corner booth Zubilin's pigface grinned at him. With Zubilin was a tall stranger, about 40, with a high forehead and thick black eyebrows. [*Continued on page* 65]

Martha Dodd switched from Nazis to Reds, tipped Morros's hand to spies.

U. S. ousted Russian diplomat, Vassili Zubilin as link in spy ring.

FBI arrested Russian Jacob Albam as part of Soble communist spy ring.

As the frantic crew stared, the huge, infuriated whale crashed into the ship with the force of a battering-ram.

True Adventure

The Whalers Who ATE THEMSELVES

When the Essex sank, the survivors knew they faced a terrible ordeal. However, none dreamed that they would soon have to make man's most terrible decision

by Brian O'Brien

Illustrated by Victor Mays

On Monday, 20 November, 1820 the whaleship *Essex* under Captain George Pollard, Jr., drifted, a forlorn speck in mid-Pacific. She was over 15 months from home and the long, fruitless search for whales was about to end with the most horrifying calamity in the history of whaling.

The *Essex* was a three-boater of 238 tons. Parish rigged and poorly found, she was a luckless vessel from the start. On August 12, 1819, she sailed from Nantucket to the Bermuda Grounds for sperm whales. Raising none, she bore south to the River Plate. Nothing. She weathered Cape Horn, lookouts swinging wild and the cold sea drenching the 20 souls jammed inside her hundred foot hull. She wandered up the Coast to the Callao Grounds without sighting a spout. And the crew, working on shares, with nothing to show for over a year of hardship, were grumbling loudly.

"There'll be trouble if we don't raise spouts before long," Owen Chase, mate, said. He was tall, burly, quiet-voiced—not one to see danger where there was none.

Pollard, sallow with worry, smoothed thin grizzled hair.

"Change course to the westward," he ordered. "We'll try the Offshore Grounds."

Along the Equator the little vessel sailed. Every dawn the hoops lashed to fore and main mastheads were manned. At dusk the lookouts were called down and the *Essex* drifted until daybreak.

Week after week they searched. Once they sighted a barnacle-crusted turtle. The bosun harpooned him and all hands chewed the stringy meat, grateful for relief from the bitter salt meat ration.

It was a week after catching the turtle that Owen Chase climbed the mainmast for his trick at lookout. In the foremast hoops was Matthew P. Joy, second mate, a fair-haired cheerful youngster of 20.

On deck, 90 feet below, Captain Pollard watched the foremast hands. Barefoot, their clothes rotted by sun, salt and a hundred patchings, hung from their gaunt limbs in tatters as they moved sullenly about their work.

The Whalers Who ATE THEMSELVES

Leaning to the roll of the ship, Owen Chase swept his glass over a wide arc of sea. Suddenly the placid surface exploded into a thousand flashes of spray. He blinked unbelievingly. Then his normal calm shattered.

"Blows!" he bellowed. "Blo-o-o-ws! Blo-o-o-ws!"

Thin, brown faces peered upwards from the deck.

"Where away?" Pollard called, running forward.

"Four miles ahead," Chase panted. "Sperm! Crossing our course! Blo-o-o-ws!"

"Luff!" the captain roared. "Luff! Boats away."

The lookouts slid down backstays, crews ran to their boats. Owen Coffin, nephew of Pollard, climbed to relieve the mate while the cook took the wheel.

Whooping like schoolboys, the crew heaved gear into their boats, swung their cranes and lowered as the *Essex* lost way. Masts were stepped and the slim boats heeled under lug sails.

Suddenly, ahead of Chase's boat, a whale breached, spouted and submerged.

The mast was yanked from its step, the sail rolled, and the foot jammed under the afterthwart.

The crew snatched paddles from under the gunwales as the boat glided beside the oily wake left by the sounded whale.

The harpooner lifted a razor-edged Temple toggle iron from its chock. The head was backed by three feet of flexible iron and a six-foot, rough, hickory shaft. Swiftly he checked line from iron to box warp, and to the long Manila rope that passed over thwarts to the big 'midship tub.

An immense dark shape dove through the clear water under their keel. The massive head breached alongside, seas breaking against it like surf on a rock. Slowly the scarred snout slid past and the eye showed, big as your fist, just below the surface.

The harpooner jammed his thigh into the clumsy cleat, hefted his iron, and sighted along the shaft at the barnacled mass sliding past like a great ship.

"Give it to him!"

The iron sank three feet into the rubbery hide.

Paddles gouged as the flukes, 18 feet across, rose above the boat and spanked the sea like a mighty hand, driving spray into their faces like shot. The boat tossed wildly, shipping water as the whale surged ahead, dragging her. Then the tail rose again.

The men dived overboard as the flukes smashed down on the boat. For seconds they choked in the boiling foam, struggling madly to get back to the splintered craft. One by one they reached her. Suddenly the boat was jerked about, water swirling through her smashed timbers.

"Cut!" Chase yelled. "He's dragging us under!"

The harpooner's hatchet severed the line. The whale churned off, leaving the boat settling.

They crouched, waist-deep, ducking their heads against the spray.

The other boats were out of sight, the *Essex* mastheads barely visible above the horizon.

Cautiously they urged the sodden wreck through heavy combers. As a big sea lifted them, it seemed the *Essex* was closer. A white speck fluttered at her masthead.

" 'Vast paddling," Chase said thankfully at last. "She's seen us."

They clung until the ship ran down to them, made fast the sinking boat to her cranes, and hauled her aboard.

"Cap'n's fast!" the cabin boy shrilled from the masthead.

"Get that boat patched," Chase shouted.

The boat crew had their craft bottom-up and were tacking canvas over sprung planks when the cabin boy slithered down the mainstay yelling:

"Blo-o-o-ws! Breaches!"

"Where away?" Chase snapped.

"Close ahead, sir!" The boy's voice rose to a panicky scream. "Coming right at us!"

The crew stared open-mouthed and horrified at the ram-like head charging at them out of a welter of roaring water. Chase spun the wheel hard up to steer clear of the infuriated monster. But it was too late.

There was a tremendous crash as the whale struck just forward of the forechains. The *Essex* fetched up all standing as though she had run into a cliff. The crew sprawled, clawing for hand holds as lines snapped, masts whipped, and the deck tilted, as the brute scraped along her keel.

At once she began to settle by the head.

"Pumps," Chase gasped.

The wild-eyed hands, reeling across the rocking deck, glared in horror at a sperm bull as long as the *Essex*, rolling alongside on the surface as though stunned.

"Hoist the recall!" Chase ordered.

As the signal to call in the boats jerked to the masthead, the harpooner pointed grimly. The whale was "pitchpoling," bobbing upright like a fishing float, and turning as he searched for his enemies—his long, tooth-studded under jaw snapping viciously. Then he sounded.

"Get the boat over," Chase snapped.

"She's bad stove, sir."

"Lower the spare, then!"

"Here he is," a hand shouted. "Making for us again!"

"I turned around," Chase later wrote in his report, "and saw him about 100 rods directly ahead of us, coming down apparently with twice his ordinary speed, and to me at that moment it appeared, with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. A line of foam a rod in width was made with his tail which he continually lashed from side to side marking his oncoming."

Chase at once ordered the helm hard up but the waterlogged ship had scarcely changed her course when the mighty head crashed again into her bows, staving them in completely directly under the cathead.

The *Essex* was settling rapidly. Under Chase's orders the spare boat was carried to the waist, and the captain's and mate's trunks, two binnacle compasses and some navigation instruments were put aboard.

"All hands," Chase shouted. "She's going!"

The spare boat slid down the canting deck and eight men scrambled into her as the *Essex* fell over on her beam ends and lay, masts in the sea, deck vertical. Two cables off the whale breached, spouting blood, and thrashed off to the westward.

Stunned by shock, the eight men gazed at their wrecked ship.

"Ahoy! *Essex* ahoy!"

The other boats plunged toward them.

"What in God's name happened?" Pollard gasped.

"Stove by a whale, sir," Chase said. "Orders, sir?"

"Cut her masts away and let her swing back to an even keel," Pollard said at last.

Cautiously, ready to jump at the slightest lurch, the hands cut away stays, knocked out wedges, and slid the masts clear. The *Essex* righted sluggishly.

"Deck awash, sir," Chase called. "Can't get below. We'll have to scuttle."

"Go easy, then," Pollard sighed. "Save what you can."

The carpenter cut holes in the deck and the hands reached below to pass out hard-tack, fresh water, the small store of turtle meat, a musket, powder, and a few tools. For two days they stood by, cutting light canvas and planks to raise the gunwales of the three boats heavy-laden with stores they had been able to salvage. On the third day, heavy seas began to break up the ship.

"We're 120 degrees west longitude, and 13 minutes north of the Line. Nearest land is about 1,500 miles, the Marquesas," Pollard informed them grimly.

"Cannibals!" a hand yelled. "They'll kill us all!"

"It's over 2,500 miles to the Peru coast," Pollard told them. "Make your choice."

All chose the South American coast. Then there was a murmur from all as the *Essex* gave a lurch and sank in a swirl of oily water.

For long minutes they sat, numb with dread, in their rocking boats, their security in the midst of the ocean gone.

They had 600 pounds of hard-tack, 200 gallons of fresh water, a musket, a small canister of powder, two files, two rasps, two pounds of boat nails. Each boat had two masts and light sails and the gunwales were built up about six inches. In the captain's boat was a quadrant, a *Practical Navigator,* and a compass. His boat carried seven men. The mate's boat, patched and leaking and smaller, carried only six men with quadrant, navigator and compass. Matthew Joy's boat was stout enough to hold seven but was without instruments.

"Rig lines," Pollard ordered. "We must keep together. Food and water will be rationed. Any man caught stealing will be shot. Give way!"

Soberly the three open boats commenced their long, long—and what would be—terrible voyage.

That night a squall hit them. All through the blackness the men fought to keep their food covered and to trim their overloaded boats against the smashing breakers. The lines parted. The squall died before morning and daybreak found them miles apart. It was noon when Joy fell in with Pollard. Then Chase's boat crawled to them. But the patched little spare boat was low in the water.

"We're sinking," Chase said quietly.

A sea broke over them and they bailed frantically.

"No room here," a hand whispered in the captain's boat. The sinking men looked on wistfully.

"We'll have to heave her down," Chase said at last. "Come alongside and take off our cargo."

Stores were transferred from the leaking boat. Then the hands capsized her, clinging like limpets in the tossing sea while they caulked the rotting planks with canvas. The sea was rising as they righted her. At last the cargo was taken aboard but a dangerous amount of the hard-tack was soaked with sea water.

"We'll eat that first," the captain decided, "before thirst gets to be a problem."

They choked down the bitter pulp, nursing jealously their tiny rations of water.

More squalls drove them south- [*Continued on page* 88]

After the lots were drawn, the unlucky cabin boy laid his head on the gunwale to receive the Captain's final and merciful shot.

CERTAIN WOMEN

A new novel by the author of "God's Little Acre"

ERSKINE CALDWELL

The seventh woman—VICKI—complete in this issue

Vicki is a bride with a past, and out of that past

came a demanding Clint . . . he had known her when—

It had begun snowing in the early afternoon, after low-hanging gray clouds had drifted down the valley from the north during the morning, and by nightfall, at 5 o'clock, the snow was already several inches deep on the frozen ground.

At 6 o'clock, when Jeff put on his heavy coat and galoshes and left the house to go to work, the powdery snow was blowing in swirling gusts over the vacant lots and unpaved streets; and on a winter night like that in January, the windswept hill, where row after row of small houses were being built, was bleak and lonely in the darkness. Street lights had not been installed and no signposts had been put up and only a few of the houses were occupied. Jeff and Vicki, who had been married for a month, had been among the first to buy a house in the new settlement, which was about half a mile east of the city limits of Claremore, but still, since so few of the dwellings had been completed and sold, their nearest neighbors were almost four blocks away.

It was not long after 7 o'clock that night when Vicki, having finished washing and drying the dishes and putting them away, opened the kitchen door and looked outside at the drifting snow. For the first time since moving into the house, she was fearful of the darkness all around her. There were no lights to be seen anywhere, not even a reassuring glow from the town at the bottom of the hill, and the only sound was that of the wind whistling in the eaves of the house. It had almost stopped snowing by that time, but the night seemed to be getting colder by the minute, and she shivered in the freezing draft of wind sweeping over the hilltop.

After locking the door securely, Vicki turned off the kitchen light and went to the bedroom at the end of the hall. It was one of the nights when she would have to sleep alone and she had dreaded the thought of it ever since waking up that morning with Jeff in the warm bed. Jeff and his partner, Harry Bass, took turns working alternate nights at the gasoline filling station they operated on the highway at the west edge of town, and it was Jeff's turn to work that night. Jeff had said that if business continued to improve, he and Harry Bass would soon be able to hire a night manager and then neither of them would have to be away from home at night after that.

Vicki had undressed and combed her hair after carefully closing the curtains over the windows, and she had just put on her pajamas and her warm bathrobe when the doorbell rang with a startling clamor. It was the first time in the month they had [*Continued on page* 78]

"Why don't you shoot me, Vicki?" Clint said calmly. "You're never going to have a better chance."

Illustrated by Barye Phillips

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Bange

True Adventure

The Lions That Made War on a Railroad

R. O. Preston laid the track for his 1,000 African railroad across swamps, up cliffs, over mountains, and nothing stopped him till he hit the man-eating lions

The lions weren't content to bushwhack solitary workers. They even jumped the boma, grabbing men from the tents.

By J. A. Hunter

Illustrated by John Scott

What it will cost, no words can express,
What is its object, no brain can suppose.
Where it will start from, no one can guess
Where it is going, nobody knows.

This poem, which appeared in a London newspaper in 1896, gives a fair idea of the public reaction to plans to build a railroad from the East Coast of Africa to the central lakes. Nearly 1000 miles of track would have to be laid across deserts, through jungles, over rivers that were in flood during the rainy season, and among mountain passes inhabited by still untamed tribes. These difficulties seemed insurmountable for the engineers of the time, yet a small group of men determined to go ahead with the project. If these men had known that, in addition to their other problems, the "lunatic line" would be held up for three months by man-eating lions, they undoubtedly would have reconsidered.

I have decided to tell the story of this remarkable line through the eyes of an old friend of mine, R. O. Preston. Preston followed the railroad from its start in Mombasa until the day, eight months later, when his wife drove in the last spike on the shore of Lake Victoria. To Preston also goes credit for killing at least one of the man-eaters who bid fair to stop the [*Continued on page* 93]

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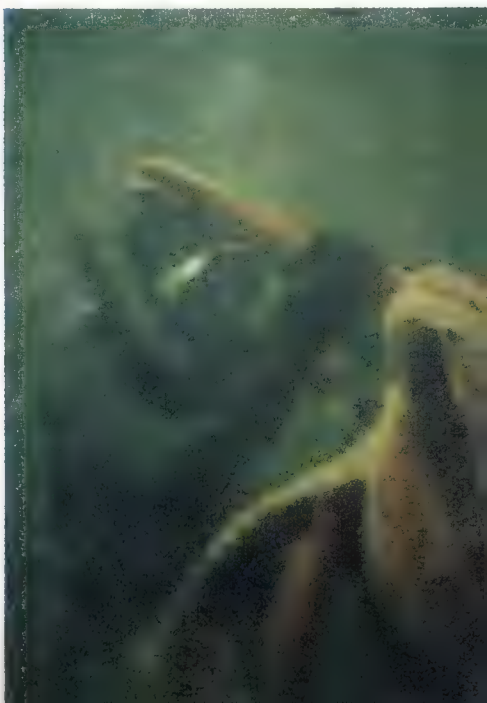
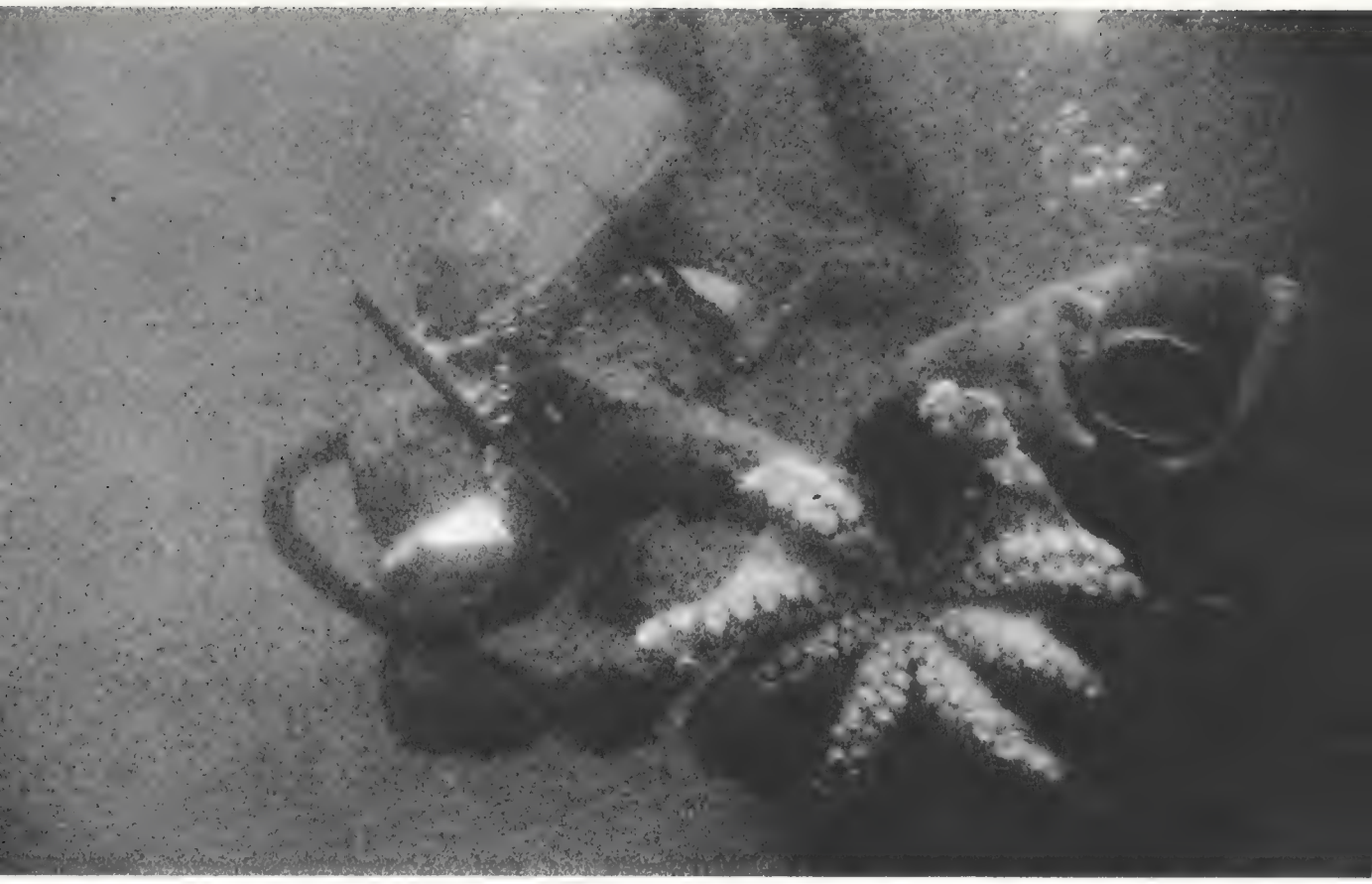
Wrestling Match With An Eight-Armed Grappler

How dangerous is an octopus? Can it really pin a man and strangle him? Two divers who wanted to know went hunting for an octopus. Here's what happened when they found one, eighty feet down

Deep in the water, Keffler struggles to keep one tentacle from ripping off his mask and air hose.

Near victory, Gary Keffler drags the octopus toward shallow water. The octopus is still trying to drag Keffler under.





Eighty-feet down in frigid Puget Sound, Keffler and Grymes struggle for a grip on octopus as it emerges from pilings.

Photos and Text

by Gene Daniels

Of all the creatures in the sea, probably the most frightening is the octopus. The idea of an encounter with the bulbous body, cruel, staring eyes and the eight, sucker-studded, slimy arms is something that haunts a landlubber's nightmare. However, marine experts say the creature, in spite of his awesome appearance, is actually a timid, shy creature, content to mind his own business of eating crabs and clams and leaving man and danger behind in a cloud of ink. Nevertheless, a large octopus can be plenty dangerous to the underwater swimmer for a frightened octopus will sometimes clutch a diver with five arms and latch onto the bottom or a piling with the rest in a death grip, eventually and inadvertently drowning his victim.

Well aware of these risks, a club of steel-nerved

Tense moment comes as lashing devilfish yanks at Keffler's mask and mouthpiece.

Most dangerous moment in battle came when octopus managed to get a grip on bottom. This can be impossible to break.

Pacific Northwest skindivers called the Puget Sound Mudsharks are passing up the relatively tame giant codfish of Puget Sound to go after giant octopuses in their cold and gloomy underwater lairs.

Two members in particular, Gary Keffler and Gary Grymes have become experts in snaring the elusive creatures. The pictures on these pages show what the pair goes through on a typical octopus hunting foray.

This hunt started when Gary spotted four-feet of tentacle lashing out from a sunken piling. Unable to resist the challenge, he and Grymes prepared for the struggle. Donning two sets of woolen "long johns" under their rubber diving suits, they plunged into the 42° water of Puget Sound and swam out to where they had sighted the octopus. Since it was high tide, they found themselves in 80 feet of water as they swam in close to the submerged pilings. A huge red arm lashed out at them and the struggle was on. Suddenly, in a cloud of mud, not only the arm, but five tentacles and part of the body swirled out of the pilings to give battle. The two made a grab and pitted all their strength against the octopus.

According to plan, Grymes let go of the octopus and acted as safety man for Keffler as he strained to keep the octopus from the pilings. Once the octopus managed to gain a leghold on the bottom but the combined efforts of the two skindivers worked him loose.

Then, to their amazement, the octopus shifted his tactics and suddenly jerked the mouthpiece of the aqualung from Keffler's mouth. However, Keffler kept his head and soon was breathing again. By now, the battle was in comparatively shallow water and the frightening creature began to lose fight. It merely changed colors like a kaleidoscope.

Slowly, Keffler and Grymes wrestled the octopus 100 yards to shore and triumphantly carted an octopus with a 15-foot, eight-inch spread up the beach. Once rested, however, Keffler and Grymes towed the battler back out in the bay and let him go to fight another day.

In case you have any ideas about applying for membership in the Mudsharks, you can practice putting an inflated inner tube into a truck tire under an ice-cold shower for a starter. Once you can do this, the Mudsharks might consider your application.

Right now, Keffler and Grymes, slightly bored with the little fellows, are looking for real monsters. After all, say the two Garys, what would be the fun in octopus wrestling if there wasn't a little calculated risk? •

Wrestling Match With An Eight-Armed Grappler

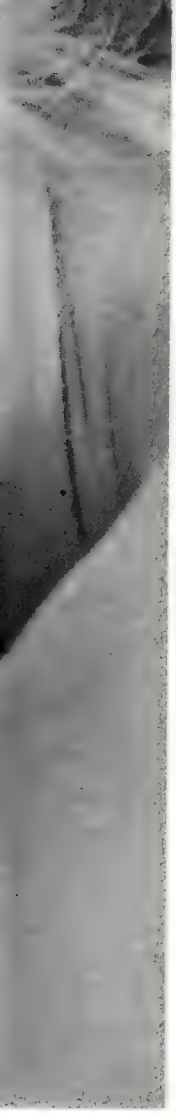
Octopus, temporarily slipping from grip of diver, watches alertly from bottom.

Keffler triumphantly holds exhausted creature over his head as he wades ashore at long battle's end.

As Keffler tows whipped octopus to shore, its only sign of protest is to change colors kaleidoscopically.

Joyful Jody

Jody Warner is a 21-year-old actress who is tempting in any pose, as these pictures reveal. She has appeared on "Burns and Allen" and "I Love Lucy," and in the movie "The Barney Carr Story." For a sample of her versatility, study the pictures on these pages which show Jody in poses ranging from a willing ingénue to a seductive dragon of the night, breathing fire. Her measurements—35″-23″-34″—will fire you, too. ●



Photos by
Don Ornitz, Globe

Ever since I got back from Hong Kong people have been asking me about my flight into Red China. Here, to answer all the questions, is the full story of . . . . . .

THE PILOT Henry Bush. Above, the PBY amphibian.

My Mystery Flight Deep into CHINA

by Henry Bush

Henry Bush, the flier who made the daring flight and rescue he describes here, is no stranger to China or high adventure. After WW II he flew for the Nationalist Air Lines in China. Later he flew for a small Venezuelan airline whose customers paid their way in diamonds. Bush himself also tried a hand at diamond digging there. Now he is a pilot for the Venezuela Air Line flying Constellations on a run that includes New York, Lisbon and Caracas.

It was a glorious morning in Bangkok, and I felt like $1,000,000 in cash. Amazing what a three months vacation can do for a man.

My job is flying airplanes, and though flying is the joy of my life it certainly was great to relax for a change with both feet firmly planted on the ground. I was more than willing to let the other fellow worry about the dark clouds up ahead, the below-minimum weather at destination, or the starboard engine that was ready to let go. No sir; what flying I had to do on this round-the-world trip of mine would be done in one of those comfortable seats back in the cabin.

In this spirit I took a ricksha into town to see the local travel people. I still had two months time remaining, and wanted to see the great temples of Angkor Wat in the jungles near Siem Reap in Cambodia before moving on to my next major destination, Hong Kong.

I presented my letter of reference as an airline pilot, and asked for the usual half-fare ticket granted among airlines. The clerk asked me to wait, and returned, shortly, with the manager who told me they would be happy to grant me a pass. He then asked me some questions that left me a bit puzzled. He was interested in my flying experience. What type of aircraft had I flown? Had I ever flown in China? Would I be willing to do a special job of flying if the price was right? Since he had been nice enough to give me transportation, I told him a bit about my flying —that I had flown both land and water-type aircraft, and that I had flown in China under the old regime. He noted this and said he might have something further for me on my return from Cambodia. We shook hands and I left.

Angkor Wat was a wonderful sight, and I was glad I'd taken the time to see it. Returning to Bangkok, I made a final round of the city's sights, said farewell to my new found friends, and prepared to leave the following night for Hong Kong.

It was near midnight when the airline bus called at the Erewan Hotel to pick me up, and when we arrived at the airport I was surprised to see that it was dark and mysterious with only a few flickering candles illuminating a group of figures, and worried faces. The airport's main power supply had failed, and they had no auxiliary plant. Airline operations had come to a grinding halt, and the interior of the terminal was a seething, steaming mass of dark shapes and strange voices.

When the lights finally went on, I was ushered along with 50 other characters of what seemed like 50 different nationalities, aboard one of the old darlings of the air—a plushed-up C-54. It was now early morning, and having faith in Donald Douglas' old wartime packet I slipped

Daring Flight Bared

Yank Rescues Boy From Red China

TOKYO, April 23 (AP)—An American pilot told how he and another American flew deep into Red China this month and rescued the son of a wealthy Chinese businessman from Communist hands.

Henry Bush, 42, a mild-spoken graying man of 19 years flying experience, related the details of the eight-hour adventure into Hunan Province and out. The rescue of the boy, who had been held as hostage, was accomplished without incident.

The story, as Bush told it, had all the elements a movie producer would want—a beautiful Chinese girl go-between, a secret meeting at a Chinese restaurant, delivery of a map with the flight plan to a hotel room in Hong Kong, a midnight boat trip to Portuguese Macao, and a dawn take off.

After the adventure, Bush said, a Chinese he presumed to be the father presented him with a gold watch, a sap-

THE JUNK that was Bush's rendezvous point was just like any other junk except for one feature he recognized.

THE ACCOUNT of the story that appeared in U.S. papers was questioned by U.S. officials, verified by Americans in China.

My Mystery Flight Deep into CHINA

into a window seat, fastened my seat belt and was off to dreamland.

As the first rays of the sun struck my face, I awakened, yawned, and swung around right into a pair of smiling blue eyes set in a map of Ireland. The map wore a big grin, a hand came out of nowhere hitting me in the chest, and the strong, friendly voice was ringing in my ears again. Had I died during the night? "Shouldn't take those Bangkok gals so much to heart!" His name was Mike and we were friends from the start. He had been a professional boxer, and a prisoner of war of the Japanese in southeast Asia. He had escaped a number of times, and had had experiences that had me running hot and cold. Despite his warm friendliness, Mike was a pretty hard guy, and I was glad he was my friend.

When he learned that I was a pilot, and had flown the four winds of the earth, he sat up suddenly and asked me if I had ever flown in China. When I told him I had before the Commies took over, he settled back in his seat and unwound a tale that had me rocking.

On a recent trip to Phnom Penh, in Cambodia, in his official capacity as special representative for Asiatic Airways Mike had met and talked with a local travel booking agent who during the course of the conversation had indicated his interest in locating a suitable pilot for a hazardous flight into Red China with the object of rescuing a young boy who was held captive there. The agent said that he had been asked to do what he could to find such a pilot by an extremely wealthy, and influential Chinese business man. That's all he would tell, but he stated that if Mike would agree to attempt to find such a man he would arrange to have him contacted and given further details on his arrival in Hong Kong—and that he, Mike, would also probably have to continue on to Taipei on Formosa together with such a pilot if he was found. Mike had to go to Hong Kong on airline business anyway, and so would be met by representatives of the wealthy gentleman on his arrival there.

When Mike had finished talking, I asked him if he had visited the same opium den that I had the previous night. We both laughed at this, but he said that he had definitely been given such a story, and that he was just as much inclined to believe it a pipe dream as I was. We did agree to play along with the story, and check it out.

Mike left me, and went up to the flight deck, and shortly after I was called up front and introduced to the captain. The captain, a fine-looking Siamese, turned to me with a smile, and said that we were in the vicinity of Hong Kong, but that we would not be able to land due to below minimum weather, and that we would proceed to Taipei, and remain there until the weather improved. This seemed odd to me for Taipei was at least two-and-a-half hours away, a rather long stretch to an alternate airport. But we turned northeast, and soon were over the slate-grey water of the notorious Strait of Formosa, ancient home of pirates and

THE COURSE of the flight led from point off Macao (Macau) to point near arrow's end. Though Bush was well briefed, he had no idea of what sort of Red installations and air patrols he'd run into.

cutthroats of a dozen nationalities.

We landed at Taipei, disembarked, and headed for the restaurant. Mike placed our orders, and I buzzed off to see if I could reach any of my old friends connected with the local island airline.

When I returned to our table, I noticed that there was another man seated with Mike. He was dressed in black, had military bearing, and looked very efficient. We were introduced and he got right to the point. He told us that we would probably be returning to Hong Kong very shortly, and that upon arriving there we should immediately proceed to the Peninsula Hotel. We would be contacted there, and when questioned should relay the message that it was impossible to obtain an aircraft on Formosa, and that arrangements would have to be made elsewhere. That was all, he arose, shook hands with us, wished us a pleasant flight and took leave. We had hardly finished our meal when a voice came on over the intercom announcing the departure of our flight for Hong Kong.

The return flight to Kai Tah airport in Hong Kong was quite uneventful.

As we entered the lobby of the dignified Peninsula Hotel, Mike went over to the airline office, and I stepped up to the reception desk to inquire about rooms. Oh yes indeed! There was a reservation for us. We had a suite on the fourth floor, and our baggage would be taken care of immediately.

As we started to unpack the phone rang, and Mike went over to answer it. Judging by the expression on his face, and his voice I knew he wasn't talking to the hall porter. He turned to me and said, "Hank, come over here. A very lovely voice wants to talk to you." It was a lovely voice, very feminine, cultured, and speaking perfect English. She asked if we'd had a pleasant journey, and if we would be her guests that night for dinner. It didn't take much doing for me to make up my mind, and a date was made to meet her at 8 o'clock at the Green Pagoda club on the Hong Kong side. A car would be waiting for us at the ferry exit at 7:30. Nice as he was, Mike looked more and more like a plant, though he would never admit it.

Mike and I strolled down to the Kowloon ferry house where we boarded one of the trim little ferries that make the crossing between Kowloon and Victoria. On reaching the other side, we were met by a trim chauffeur in spotless black uniform. Ten minutes later we stopped in front of a brightly-lit building with green neon lights in the shape of a pagoda. We entered and were greeted by the major-domo who escorted us to a secluded corner in an elaborately-decorated salon.

At 8 o'clock sharp, there was a bit of a flurry at the entrance, and we saw the major-domo bowing before a figure that walked with such grace that all eyes followed her. They were moving directly toward us, and we almost dropped our drinks as our eyes roamed over this gorgeous creature. She was not small like the average Chinese woman, but tall and straight and walked with an exquisite carriage. The structure of her face was perfect in every detail, and her skin had the creamy complexion of ivory. Her eyes were large, dark, and beautiful, in direct contrast with her other features which were small and finely molded. The curve of her breasts fell away to a small trim waist, and her limbs were long and slender. It is hard to estimate the age of a Chinese, but I estimated her to be 25 or 26. Our thoughts must have been in our eyes for she smiled beautifully, and said, "I hope you are pleased for I am so pleased to meet you." With that we came to life, and introduced ourselves, and then she was seated between us, and talking in such a manner that we were completely at ease. A cocktail was placed before her, and seconds later we were being served an array of tempting, exotic Chinese dishes brought before us by at least a half-dozen white-clad waiters.

[*Continued on page* 61]

THE ADVENTURER in other days. Bush (with spade) dug diamonds in Venezuela at the time.

THE REWARDS Bush was given were this ring and wrist watch. Note the Chinese engraving.

Col. Jarrett's fondness for guns like this machine gun created world's largest private arms collection.

The junkman who stopped ROMMEL

by Arch Whitehouse

Most people thought that George Jarrett with his backyard full of planes and cannons was just a harmless eccentric till he showed them how to stop Hitler's *Afrika Korps*

George Buerling Jarrett, who used a junk yard to help stop Rommel's *Afrika Korps*, would like to describe himself as a museum curator, which in a remarkable way he is, but such a description is lacking in a great many details. It does not include, for instance, the fact that his museum concerns itself almost exclusively with curios devoted to the slaughter of mankind, nor does it include the fact that Jarrett, a roundish man with owlish, amiable eyes set in a round, friendly face, has a more than academic interest in watching his curios work.

During Prohibition days, when Jarrett's collection of machine guns was the most complete in the world, all in perfect working condition with live ammunition to match, he sought to promote a little interest in his collection by letting his visitors fire a few bursts on his private proving grounds at Moorestown, N. J. Not until the alarmed city fathers pointed out a high percentage of Machine Gun Kelly-type gangsters among his guests, and even more pointedly suggested that some enterprising beer baron like Al Capone might like to add the collection to his own arsenal some dark night did Jarrett hastily and reluctantly strip his machines of some of their more vital parts.

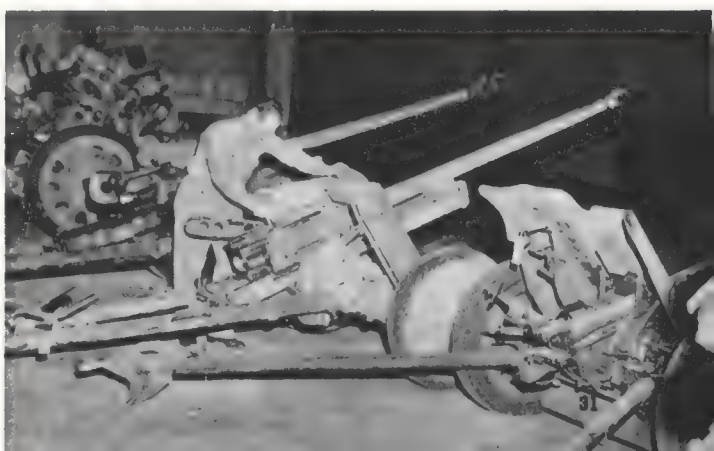
A few years later, his museum now grown to cover several acres of otherwise good farm and orchard land Jarrett's catalogue included just about every type of tank, combat plane, cannon, bomb, mine, and portable weapon introduced by the 1920's. What was more, in his scholarly quest for authenticity, the airplanes had been made airworthy, the tanks were ready to roll, the cannon and mortars were combat-ready, and the bombs needed only arming. As just one example of Jarrett's conscientious attention to detail, he had spent two months dismantling the fuses of that faithful piece of artillery, the French "75," to learn why and how the shell detonated.

However, before Jarrett's tinkering could blow him and his arsenal to bits, World War II—and the U.S. Army—

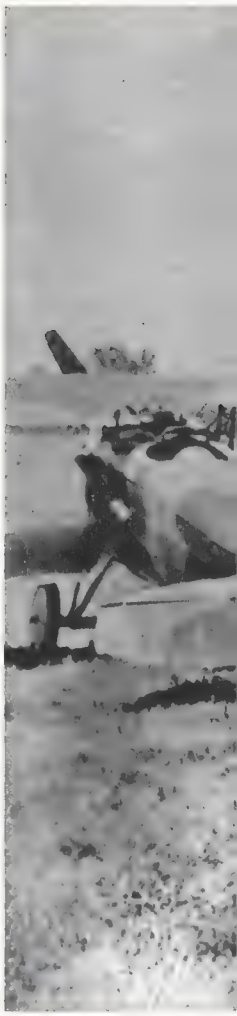
Antique shells like these were ingeniously modernized by Jarrett to help win the battle for North Africa.

Jarrett loves to putter in the small arms section of the amazing arms museum he runs for the Army at Aberdeen, Md.

Jarrett's knowledge of guns like these German anti-tank cannon proved invaluable to hard pressed allies.



The junkman who stopped ROMMEL



stepped in. By the time the Army had briefed and indoctrinated Jarrett into the refinements of the new war, Hitler's *Afrika Korps* had swept across North Africa in one victory after another, and was now threatening Cairo itself. The only entrance to the city was through the back door which the British had managed to keep open by defeating the Italians earlier in Eritrea.

That is one terrible region. The world has some bad deserts, like the Sahara, the Arabian, the Sind, and Australia's Great Sandy, but that lifeless stretch of dead volcanoes, volcanic glass, and drifting sand between Khartoum and the Red Sea can make them all look like a fruitful paradise. To make matters worse for the rather sedentary Jarret, the only desert transportation available was an aged Grumman flying boat that was definitely not made for emergency landings on sand, glass, or volcanoes. By the time he landed in Khartoum he had referred so frequently to his new, pocket-sized edition of the New Testament that most of his suffering fellow-passengers thought he was a chaplain.

But once he was in the land of the Nile, Jarrett felt as much at home as in his own museum. Egypt was the end of the line, but so desperate had grown the battle for North Africa that every weapon, new, old, or obsolete, was being pressed into service. Worst in the lot, according to the complaints of the British, was a lot of Lend-Lease "junk" sent over by the United States, and it was with the correction of this rather unflattering impression that Lt. Jarrett was primarily concerned. So was our State Department, who saw the day coming when our support might be more substantial, in which case the good opinion of our allies would be valuable.

Brigadier General R. E. Maxwell, in command of the United States North African mission made it bluntly plain that the trouble Jarrett faced was not trivial. "I sent for you," he explained, "because I need a specialist in everything. I'm appointing you Ammunition Advisor to the British, and I must say they have a real problem. Frankly, unless something is done immediately to 'surround' this problem, they can lose this war right here in Africa. They are having trouble with our tanks, with our anti-tank guns, and with our ammunition. Now you know this lend-lease stuff is not the most modern equipment in the world, but when the British say they can do more damage throwing kippers at the Nazis than they can with stuff marked 'Made in U.S.A.'—well, that's not good, you now. Get up there to Heliopolis and find out what's wrong."

Jarrett's acquisitive heart pounded when he saw the foul-up at Heliopolis. Spread out for acres were such an array of English, French, German, Italian, Russian, and American weapons, only a few alike and most of them of World War I vintage, that his

Jarrett delighted in firing off guns in his backyard collection much to the dismay of neighbors.

Collector Jarrett was in seventh heaven at huge German proving grounds at end of World War II.

Jarrett's backyard in 1939 was a nest of vintage warplanes. From left are a Spad, Fokker D-7 and Pfalz D-12.

Realistic sham battles went on regularly at Jarrett's farm. Here, in vintage French uniform, he fires away.

collector's soul ached to think of their being destroyed in combat. At the same time his long-subdued gadgeteer's instinct wanted to see everything belching smoke, and with that his dander rose. If there was something pathetic about trying to pit these aging relics against Rommel's modern, fast, heavily armed tanks plated with shell-deflecting Krupp tank steel, Jarrett did not think so. These were his pets, and he knew what they could do.

Fortune favored Jarrett on his first contact with the British. Ordnance officers were puzzling over the fact that some of their men had apparently been machine gunned with their own bullets. "The only difference," said a major, "is that these are stamped 7.7. Otherwise they are identical to our .303 ammunition."

Jarrett hefted the bullet and peered owlishly at its collar. "Easy," he said. "In World War I you British supplied the Italians with Vickers and Lewis guns, and .303 ammunition to match. They ran out of ammunition long ago, but with the guns being as good as ever, Mussolini just ordered more of the same ammunition from his own munitions factories. Everyone [*Continued on page* 54]

The Women God Forgot

Just one year ago Hungarian refugees fleeing Red terror roused the world's sympathy. Many found freedom. Here is the shocking story of the refugee girls who didn't

By Leslie Bain

Against the grim walls of the Vienna Police Department, a line of wretched human beings extended all the way around the block. Men, women and children, poorly dressed and carrying all they owned in bundles and suitcases, huddled together in a vain attempt to find shelter from the bitter winds of the Austrian winter.

They were among the lucky ones—a few hundred of the 193,000 Hungarians who had fled their homeland last November when the Soviet Army brutally suppressed the revolt of the Freedom Fighters against Communist rule. They, at least, had escaped with their lives. They had made their way to Austria before the Soviet forces sealed up Hungary's borders with shoot-to-kill patrols. Bone-tired, hungry, freezing and—many of them—sick, they waited to be registered by the Vienna police and assigned to one of Austria's overcrowded refugee camps. Many were too disheartened to think beyond the immediate prospect of shelter, something to eat and drink, a place to lie down. Some dared to hope that they and their loved ones might one day be among the lucky few who would find asylum, safety and a chance to live in freedom in the United States.

A tall, well-dressed man walked slowly along the line. Of distinguished appearance, he might have passed for a representative of a refugee-relief organization. He was, indeed, a Hungarian and a refugee himself—though of an

Weeping for her lost land, Hungarian girl crosses Austrian border. Alone, desperate, she is fair bait for vice rings.

Hair-breadth escapes like this one led many women not to freedom but into the arms of white slavers.

Hungarian women, masked to protect families at home, give testimony. Over 3,000 have fallen prey to vice lords.

Hungarian Beauties in the United States

Two Hungarians, Ilona Massey, as she demonstrates against Russians (above), and Zsa Zsa Gabor, show clean, classic beauty that have made Hungarian women famous.

earlier era than that of the Freedom Fighters, and of a far less valorous breed. A member of a prominent family of former landowners and aristocrats, he was legitimately entitled to call himself Count Pálffy. The uses to which he put his title and his courtly manners, however, were something else again.

Count Pálffy seemed to be looking for someone in particular as he made his way along the line. He was—but not for anyone he actually knew. His practiced eye quickly passed over each man and woman who were obviously married or part of a family. He was interested only in the sort of refugee who, in the cold phrase of the official reports, is listed as "unattached female."

Not every unattached female interested Count Pálffy, but he had not gone very far along the line before he spotted one who did. Katherine M.'s parents and a brother were casualties of the Battle of Budapest, and now, after a harrowing 130-mile trek from Budapest to Vienna, she could hardly believe she was safe. Her clothes were bedraggled, her hands and face dirty, her sturdy young body bowed over with fatigue. She slumped against the building in an attitude of dejection, edging along a foot or two at a time as the line moved. Yet, under the grime and the weariness, Katherine was a most attractive young woman, high breasted, smooth-skinned, with the fresh bloom of youth and a maidenly shyness that Count Pálffy rated, in a quick, professional glance, as highly appealing.

"Excuse me, Miss," Count Pálffy said to her in his cultured tones, "but I could not help noticing that you seem to be alone and in need of help. Permit me to offer you the assistance of a fellow-countryman."

Katherine's response was at first guarded, but the Count was not long in overcoming her reserve. He would be honored, he went on, if she would accept the help of a group of Hungarians, of whom he was one, who were well situated in Vienna. Through their influence, the tedious process of securing the papers a refugee needed could be speeded up. They would provide her with lodging, meals and clothing and do their best to find her a job or a chance to be placed with a family in another country, without having to endure the miserable life of a refugee camp.

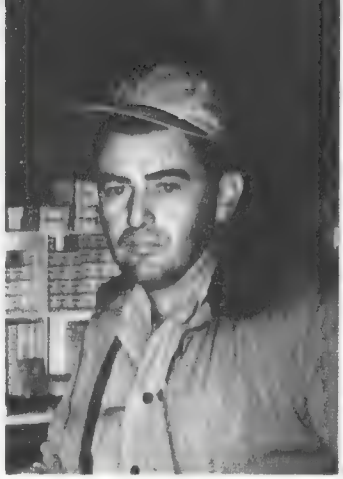
Nothing in Katherine's experience gave her reason to suspect the genuineness of the Count's offer, and she gratefully agreed to go along with him. He showed only a protective interest in her as he drove her a considerable distance through the city to a small *pension*, or boarding house. There, with the word that he would see her as soon as he had made "arrangements," he left her in the charge of an elderly woman, who proposed that Katherine first have a drink and then a hot bath. She took the drink, a strong one that made her feel warm and relaxed for the first time in weeks, and then luxuriated for a full half hour in the bath. Then she dried herself and walked, naked, into the adjoining bedroom.

Two men were waiting for her in the room. When she started to scream, one of them was ready with a gag which he clapped on her mouth and tied tightly at the back of her head, while the other wrenched her arms behind her back. She kicked and struggled with all her strength, but she was no match for her brutal assailants.

In the living nightmare that followed, Katherine was forced into submission so often that she lost all count of the number of men who used her, and even of the number of days and nights that she was [*Continued on page* 72]

thirty inches away from DEATH BY FIRE

by David Landman



Lawrence John, fire-suppression hero. Five lives depended on him.

First the foreman had to build a 30-inch pool as a refuge from the onrushing fire. Then he had to make the men use it

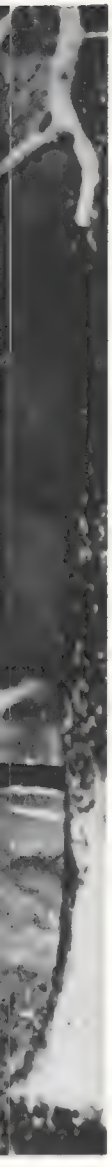
thirty inches away from DEATH BY FIRE

The five men struggling through the canyon were tired. Dog tired. As they stumbled over the little boulders on the trail and crossed and recrossed the trickle of water beneath their feet, they kept their heads down.

Suddenly the heads came up all at once, the tired eyes popping at the sight ahead of them. A giant streak of flame was shooting across the sky. Now a blast rocked them.

"Curr—eepers," someone said quietly.

The short wiry man who'd been leading the group turned and looked at the men behind him. He was the one experienced man in the group and what he had just seen hit him hard. He had seen a lot of fires, but Foreman Lawrence John had never seen a fire like this in the Sierras. It looked hot as burning greasewood and judging from the smoke plumes it was being chased down the canyon by a powerful wind.



With axe and machete (left), hose, rakes, and bulldozers (above), Forest Service regulars and volunteers fight the fires that constantly threaten to destroy forests. No matter how good the equipment and how experienced the men, danger is ever present because a changing wind can make a haven an inferno —as the owner of the charred truck found out.

His job had been to stop the fire. Now it was to save the crew. It was a good pickup crew. The Malone brothers, Stan and Loren, were a couple of able, husky, wise-cracking youngsters from a sawmill camp, good men. Jack Hudson, a little bit older, could take care of himself. Larry Wagner, from the Kern River powerhouse, was in his forties, built wiry and strong; he'd been on fires before. Chuck Phillips was the oldest of the lot, a slight man of close to fifty, not especially capable, but willing.

They'd done all right. Of course, if the brass at the Forest Service had known what they were in for, they'd have given him more experienced men. But at the beginning it had looked like just another of the small fires that had been ravaging Sequoia National Park that dry August. When it had started, they'd sent one fire guard to suppress it. But he'd misjudged the dryness of the grass and timber and underestimated the strength of the wind that came in from the northwest. The fire had blown up and ran—and the guard had called for help.

And that was how Lawrence John got into the act. He was suppression foreman of the hot-shot crew of the Sequoia National Park's Forest Service unit—the man to answer such calls for help.

The hot-shots had fought a big blaze way out at Manzanita Knob, a third of the distance to Mount Whitney, and as soon as they checked it, the fire control officer had them hike 15 miles back down Kern Canyon and then out to the ranger station, ready to be redeployed.

At 2 a.m. the Fire Control Officer phoned: "Boone Meadow fire out of control. Four men go in, investigate, establish fire-camp, size up the situation."

They piled into a pickup truck [*Continued on page* 90]

Cavalier Sports Classic

THE BOOTLEG BRAWL NO COPS COULD STOP

While the militia tried to find the fighters to put them in jail, Sullivan and Kilrain staged, in 106 degree heat, an epic 75-round battle for the crown

By Charles Samuels

Through the hours of that hot day most of the country seemed to be holding its breath. The sports had started gathering in their favorite hangouts and saloons as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. In the joints that never closed, along San Francisco's Barbary Coast, New York's Bowery and New Orleans's Bourbon Street, some of the boys had stayed up all night, drinking, making last minute bets, arguing themselves into fists fights.

This was the long awaited day—July 8, 1889—when John L. Sullivan, Boston's fabulous Strong Boy, was to meet his toughest rival, Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, another Irish shamrock who packed a punch like the kick of an elephant. A bareknuckle fight to the finish it was to be with high stakes—Sullivan's heavyweight title, the gold, diamond studded belt the *Police Gazette* had given Kilrain and a side bet of $20,000, the largest in sports history.

The contract stipulated that their battle must start in the morning. When no authentic news came by noon, and even by one o'clock, the followers of the pair began to wonder if the authorities hadn't kept their threats to stop it at all costs. Though "scientific boxing exhibitions of the manly art" for "educational purposes" were permitted in many cities, bareknuckle scraps were banned by law all

In the 68th, Kilrain went down from a Sullivan uppercut. Falling, he grabbed the champ by the knees.

Illustrated by Harvey Rosenbaum

THE BOOTLEG BRAWL NO COPS COULD STOP

in every state of the Union, as they were in England.

Interest in the battle had been building up steadily for two solid years. Neither man had ever been beaten. Kilrain, that walloping devil of a man, had once stopped seven burly giants in a week, taking on a different bruiser each night. He had gone to Europe and fought a slashing 106-round bareknuckle draw with Jem Smith, the British heavyweight champion. At least the English officials had called it that, though every American who saw the slugfest said Jake was ahead at the end by an Irish mile.

But it is taking nothing away from the Baltimore slugger to say the real interest in the fight revolved around Sullivan, who then was, without doubt, the world's most popular man. In the seven years since he won his American heavyweight title from Paddy Ryan, who afterwards complained that being hit by John L. was just like being hit by a telegraph pole, the Boston Strong Boy had knocked out his challengers, not one man or two, but dozens of them. Many of them boasted of it, saying that John L. was unbeatable, which let each claim to be the world's second greatest fighter. Thousands of other Americans he had merely shaken hands with bragged of the brief contact to their dying days. "Shake the hand," they'd say with a grin to any stranger, "that shook the hand of Sullivan."

The first sports experts who ever saw Sullivan in action acclaimed him to be a physical marvel. John L. agreed. He'd been a ball player before taking to the ring in Boston, and after one of his early one-round knockouts, he had told the crowd,

"I'm John L. Sullivan, of Boston, and I can lick any man in the house—and *in the world!*"

Richard Kyle Fox, the owner of the *Police Gazette*, was Sullivan's enemy because John L. refused to kow-tow to him as did the other prizefighters. Fox searched the country, then the world, for a bruiser who could humble Sullivan. Fox had started with John Flood, the Bull's Head Terror. After Sullivan put Flood away, Fox backed Paddy Ryan. The Strong Boy quickly made Ryan an ex-champion. Tug Wilson, of England, managed to last four rounds only by falling to the floor every time Sullivan scowled. John L. beat Charley Mitchell, the British middleweight champion, to such a state of helplessness in three rounds that the police stopped the exhibition to save Mitchell's life. Herbert Slade, a gigantic half-breed Maori from New Zealand, failed to stay even three rounds.

Kilrain was Fox's latest and brightest candidate for the job of dethroning the Strong Boy. Two years before, when the first negotiations for a title bout fell through, the arrogant Fox had blandly turned over to his man the gold, diamond-studded *Police Gazette* belt and pronounced him "champion of the world." Fox, in making this claim, was far outside of his rights; neither fighter had any right to the world title. For that matter, the Strong Boy had never claimed it, being satisfied until then with the honor of being American champion. But Sullivan's fanatical followers were so outraged by Fox's act that they had a much more expensive diamond-studded belt made for their idol. The belt of solid gold and studded with 397 diamonds cost $8,000. The classy bauble bore likenesses of John L. (both in fighting pose and evening clothes), the Irish harp and the American shield. The diamonds had been arranged so they spelled out these words:

> Presented to the Champion of Champions, John L. Sullivan, by the People of the United States!

It was presented to the Strong Boy at a benefit which netted him $4,000. Holding it up, he said, "Compared to this, the *Police Gazette* belt is no better than a dog collar."

Soon afterwards both men had gone to Europe, each hoping to meet Jem Smith. Smith accepted a match with Kilrain but turned down the chance to fight John L., who ruefully accepted a rematch with Charley Mitchell. This time the little Englishman, a clever, tricky boxer, managed to hold the mighty man from Boston—who outweighed him by more than 40 pounds—to a 39-round draw.

Though he was acclaimed on his return to Boston, some of his most sincere admirers there began to fear that Sullivan was past his prime. Since the day when he whipped Paddy Ryan the Strong Boy had been after the world's drinking and eating championships as well. Most nights his dinner consisted of three large sirloin steaks, washed down with a quart of bourbon, which he drank straight, and usually out of a beer-stein to avoid the trouble of constantly re-filling a shot glass.

There is little doubt that John L.'s boozing and gormandizing added greatly to the widespread belief that he was a superman, and therefore unbeatable. On tour after tour, Sullivan would meet all comers, offering $1,000 for any man who could stay four rounds with him. Then he'd rush to the nearest saloon, throw money on the bar and call for drinks for the house, and drink himself unconscious. Scores of times he would remain in a drunken stupor through the whole next day right up to a half-hour before his evening's ring appearance. But all his trainer need do was throw a pail of ice water in his face. Coming to with a start, the Strong Boy would hurry to the ring, slug the local Hercules unconscious, often in less than a minute or two, then toddle off again to some saloon close by.

He always did and said exactly what he pleased. He even traveled everywhere, living in open adultery, with his husky chorus girl-mistress, Ann Livingstone. That was something to get away with in that day of Victorian morals.

The Strong Boy's generosity was as fabulous as everything else about him. No one ever saw him pick up change from a bar or a store counter. He handed out $20 and $50 dollar bills to widows, orphans, drunks, unemployed youngsters—anyone at all who asked for help.

Some months after Sullivan's return from Europe he went on the most expensive and prolonged toot of his hard-drinking career. Reporters who went to see him found him "a bloated, sodden, pasty-faced wreck of a man."

Sullivan belligerently declared that drinking had nothing to do with his condition. It was all due to a bad cold he had caught on a recent vacation. If he looked bad, he said, it was because the bad cold had brought on "typhoid fever, gastric fever, inflammation of the bowels, heart trouble and liver complaint." The only drinking he had done for a long time, he added, was on his doctor's orders, for medicinal purposes. But the newspapermen refused to believe him. One said about the Strong Boy's many terrible maladies that he had never heard so many new names being given to the d. t's. A short while later, Sullivan himself decided his end was at hand. On October 15, 1888, which was his 30th birthday, John L. moved into his father's house. He had decided to die there, surrounded by the beloved objects he had had around him as a small

CHAMPION John L. Sullivan. In his prime when he met Kilrain, he was 5'10½", 207 lbs., packed punch of an ox. Before fight he laid off drink, trained for six months.

CHALLENGER Kilrain bet John L. an extra $1000 before fight, sure he'd win.

boy. Unable to get around without crutches, he announced that he was suffering from "incipient paralysis." Even his staunchest fans were coming to believe that the Strong Boy would never fight again.

As it happened the only thing required to get the Strong Boy back on his feet and yelling he could lick the world was a statement from Kilrain. This expressed the opinion that the cowardly Sullivan was merely feigning illness to avoid a dreadful drubbing by him, Baltimore Jake.

The contract was signed early in January. It was typical of other men's faith in Sullivan that, though 100 pounds over-weight and apparently on the point of collapse, he had no trouble in finding backers to pay his training expenses and the $10,000 he needed for a side bet with Kilrain. He was broke himself, of course, having frittered away the hundreds of thousands of dollars he had earned in fights and personal stage appearances.

It was also typical of Sullivan, half-dead though he might have been, to raise no objection to fighting under the London Prize Ring Rules, which gave his opponent many advantages. Nor did he complain about a 24-foot ring being used, instead of the 16-foot square that had been the traditional size for title bouts for years. Kilrain, two years younger and faster on his feet than John, would obviously find it easier to escape the bull-like, hurricane rushes of the champion in the larger ring. Assuming, of course, that Sullivan would be able to get into shape to make any rushes at all. He had six months in which to train, but observers doubted that he'd be able to get into fighting condition if he had six years. July 8 was the date set, but the location was identified only as "somewhere near New Orleans."

As Sullivan accepted the pen to sign the fight agreement, he let out an earth-shaking roar. "Take this out!" he said, pointing at a passage that described him as "the challenger" and Kilrain as "the world champion." Turning to Kilrain, he said, "You are champion of nothing, and we both know it!" Without waiting, he struck out the offending words himself, then signed the articles with a flourish. Incidentally, the fight—bare knuckles to a finish—was advertized as being for the [*Continued on page* 58]

Eye-Witness

When a young foreign correspondent wants glory and raises, anything goes—except tricking the boss into a night mission over Korea

by Walt Sheldon

Illustrated by James Minnicks

Just yesterday I was in the Pentagon with my recorder waiting to tape an interview with General Mickies about ballistic missiles when out of the General's office walked Marcus Hemming.

"Bob, old boy!" he said. "Still got the old recorder, eh. Well, give it a whirl, but you know who's really got the general's story."

He tapped his head and winked. "Bye, now. Hah!"

He was gone, and I realized that, as always, he had done all the talking. Some people never change, and Marcus Hemming was still playing the Big Wheel role, just as he had in Korea, six years back. Seeing him brought it all back, and I remember just how it was. . .

I was working out of Tokyo at the time. Maybe you

Account

think sixty-seven fifty a week was enough to get married on in those Tokyo days. I would have been willing to try it if Ellen and I hadn't talked it over so much.

Ellen works for Air Force public relations at the Meiji Building, just around the corner from the Tokyo Foreign Correspondents' Club, where I hang out. She's a Department of the Air Force Civilian, or a DAF, and her title is Assistant Director, Copy Division, Press Branch, Office of Public Information. The title is supposed to make up for some of the salary she doesn't get.

Now, I'd never discuss any of this with Marcus Hemming, my boss and bureau chief (that's the whole bureau: Marcus and I) except in what you might call an oblique way. I approached him one night just before the 10 o'clock overseas broadcast from our cubbyhole office.

"Marc," I said, "this is as clear an explanation of our over-all strategy as I ever saw. It's something short of brilliant." I meant his one minute of broadcast copy, which he'd just zipped from his typewriter and handed me to read. I didn't say just how much short of brilliant it was.

"Oh. You like it, Bob?" He beamed. He has a round, reddish face that always reminds me of that globe with the moving rays coming out of its mouth in the travelogue movies. He keeps it very close-shaven and well-lotioned and he wears a tie and a British cut jacket even in the hottest weather. He has heavy black-rimmed glasses.

"Why wouldn't I like it?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes I get the impression you'd

like a few changes."

"What a fantastic notion, Marc." Yeah, what a fantastic notion. Keep him off-guard now, the teeth of the trap will snap shut in just a moment. Me, Bob Wade, The Schemer. Only the schemes never seem to work out. Take the way I maneuvered myself out here to the Far East. I wanted to go the minute I saw the first war news come ticking out of the teletype printer in the news room back at Continental Broadcasting's studios in San Francisco. I was Assistant News Editor for the network then. Another title in lieu of salary. And in lieu of future, I felt I wanted to get out here and be another Ernie Pyle—only better. I pulled strings. I thought, when they finally sent me to be Marc's assistant, that these strings had moved and shaken things upstairs, but the truth finally dawned on me. The Korean War had become page eight stuff and they were pulling all the big boys out of the Far East and replacing them with young clean-cut lads. That way they were getting coverage and didn't have to pay so much. "I wouldn't change a word of stuff like that," I said to Marcus Hemming.

"Well—it does sort of analyze the situation," he said, trying to be modest and not succeeding. Maybe the network actually liked all Marc's analytical, high-strategy stuff. Maybe it sounded profound. He'd been on the air a long time and people knew his voice and expected it. He kept himself on the air, too—he wouldn't have let me near that microphone. I did the dirty work, gathered the facts and figures, then brought him my notes and he put it all together into a nightly page of copy that always began thunderously: *"Tokyo here. And this is Marcus Hemming!"*

I said, "Now that you've got all the people squared away on overall-strategy, Marc, I'm anxious to see how you're going to explain tactics to them."

"What do you mean?"

"Well—take our portable tape recorder. We've hardly used it. I could go out and carry it in a two-seater jet and go up to the Yalu and record the chatter of the Sabres fighting the MIGs. Then you could put it all together—"

"Now, Bob, I thought you'd forgotten about that. You know we haven't got a big enough bureau to send men chasing out on missions. You've got too much work here in Tokyo, covering everyday news."

"Oh, brother," I said, but he was already up and on his way to the broadcasting booth. I hung around Radio Tokyo just long enough to hear the beginning of his report:

"Tokyo here. And this is Marcus Hemming! It was clear to observers here today that coordination is the keynote of both the military and diplomatic effort against the enemy. An examination of the over-all strategy of the United Nations reveals . . ."

I urped mentally and went downstairs and caught a taxi for the Press Club and my nightly date with Ellen. I waited for a small 70 yen taxi, too, instead of one of the regular hundred yen ones. When I arrived, Ellen was working on a plain rickey.

" 'Lo," I said, not feeling very original.

"What's the matter?" said Ellen right away.

I sat down and we held hands. We *like* to hold hands. "Oh, the same old thing," I said. "I want to get out there and do things—make a name for myself—get out of this sixty-seven-fifty a week class."

"Look, darling," she said, "you'll get out of it. But it takes time. Everybody has to start somewhere. We can wait if we have to. Have a rickey."

I did, and we talked about it some more. I told her how I wanted to go up to the Yalu in a jet and she said anybody who would voluntarily go up to the Yalu in a jet for sixty-seven fifty a week ought to have his head examined. We talked about the money and marriage business. The subject was an obsession with her.

"If we're going to do it, dear," she said, "let's do it right. Let's have a backlog in the bank, and all the things we need to start."

I reminded her again we had some money in the bank, and she reminded me again that that was only a start. We went round and round.

"Suppose I got even a small raise," I said. "Wouldn't that put us over the hump?"

"It might."

"And we could get married right away instead of waiting?"

"Well . . . I don't know."

She was weakening; I could tell that. But raises with Continental Broadcasting are like medals with Marines. I think if Continental could get away with it they'd give all their raises posthumously.

I had to *do* something. I had to *distinguish* myself.

Just before it was time for the bar to close I said, "Look, honey, Marc wants me to hop down to Kyushu tomorrow and cover this tin medal thing for General Cuddyback. Will you get me some invitational orders and a seat on the Air Force courier plane?"

"All right. But give me a call to remind me. I'm up to my ears in this flare ship thing. Intelligence finally decided to release it."

Reporters have ears the tips of which stand suddenly upright and quiver when they hear a thing like this. Mine did. "What flare ship thing?"

"It's our answer to night interdiction." So help me, her voice took on a professional sound. She was selling airplanes to the press now. "The light bombers and the fighter-bombers couldn't go in and destroy enemy supply trucks at night before because they could seldom see them. Well, there was a flock of C-47 transports over here not doing much of anything and a lot of administrative men with pilot's wings and time to spare. They were put together. The transports circle high and drop million candlepower parachute flares, and these light up the countryside and the fighter planes go in and get the trucks. Many of the officers right in headquarters fly one mission a week.

"You mean these ships fly right out of Tokyo?"

"That's right. It's only a few hours to Korea. You'll see them when you go out to Tachi to get the courier tomorrow. They have little tailpipes by the rear hatch for dropping the flares through."

"Ellen—do you realize what this could be? A grandstand seat!"

She said, "What?"

And then it took a little talking. She said after all it was a real combat mission and combat missions were dangerous. She said Marcus wouldn't stand for it, and I said Marcus wouldn't know about it. But he'd go for the tape recording I'd made when he heard it, I said. She said what about General Cuddyback's medal and I put it politely and said General Cuddyback could take his medal and throw it into the Amakusa Nada, which lies just off Nagasaki.

She finally said, "All right, Bob. I'll try to get you on a flare mission. Maybe it'll get something out of your system."

I said, "I love you," which was not unreasonable.

I got out of the Press Club and out of Tokyo early the next morning. The Nisesi switchboard girl smiled prettily and said Marcus Hemming had been trying to get me late last night. He wanted me to call him at nine at the office. I said thank you.

Ellen had ordered a blue Air Force staff car and it was at the door. Even at sixty-seven fifty a week I am still a correspondent and therefore a VIP as far as the publicity minded Air Force is concerned. I got to Tachikawa, one of the air bases just outside Tokyo, in about an hour. A Major Dunphy met me. We'd spend the morning briefing and familiarizing, then that afternoon he'd fly me personally on the mission.

I slung the portable tape recorder over my shoulder and we walked out to the line. I felt heroic. Target for today, and all that sort of thing—I wonder if the guys who do it all the time feel heroic. I missed [*Continued on page* 86]

World's Greatest Do-It-Yourself Project

In the summer of 1905, a pint-sized prospector named William Henry Schmidt discovered what looked like a vein of copper in a remote mountain on the edge of the Mojave Desert. A man from the East and inexperienced in the ways of desert prospecting, Schmidt concluded that he was going to be rich.

A week later he brought two friends of his, both Westerners, up the steep slope to the outcroppings. "There she is," he said proudly.

One friend frowned, the other spat on the ground and said, "Look here, Schmidt, maybe there is copper here but how in hell are you going to move it? You'd never make a nickel taking it down this crazy mountain by burro. And it's too steep to take out any other way."

"That's easy," Schmidt said. "Come along." Scrambling ahead, he led the pair to the top of the mountain and pointed to the plain four miles away. "Look there. That's the old borax freight route. We'll take it out that way."

"Schmidt," one said, looking at him as if he were a retarded jackass, "the borax route is on the *other* side of the mountain."

"That's easy too. All we have to do is drive a tunnel through the mountain, tap the copper vein on the way through, and come out right above the borax trail." He smiled happily.

The two friends turned as one man and started down the mountain side. "What's the matter?" Schmidt called.

"You fool," one Westerner said. "This mountain is solid rock. How you gonna run a tunnel through a solid rock mountain?"

Schmidt flushed. "Well," he stammered, "I figured we'd dig it."

"*Dig* it? It would take an army of engineers years to blast through that mountain." Shaking their heads, the Westerners started down the slope. "*You* dig it," one of them hooted.

The little man stood watching them, trembling with rage. "I'll show 'em," he whispered. "Just wait."

The next day William Henry Schmidt, armed with a four-pound hammer and a steel chisel, went to work on a mountain. By nightfall his hands were blistered raw and his chisel was showing signs of wear. At the end of seven days he had hammered out the faint outline of a tunnel entrance—all of one-foot deep.

No sane man would have continued, especially if he had had to overcome Schmidt's disadvantages. Henry weighed no more than 125 lbs. His health wasn't good—he had come West because he was tubercular. He knew nothing about mining. He had no money, no equipment. His closest link to the tunnel engineering was third-grade arithmetic.

But Schmidt had been scorned and he was fighting mad. He stuck to his impossible job. At the end of the summer, he went down to the farms and worked as a field hand, saving his money. In spring he returned with a new chisel to the mountain to start chipping away, like a woodpecker attacking a redwood. At the end of the second year, he had hewd a fair-sized cave.

He did everything himself. He built a crude wheelbarrow, with a keg hoop for a wheel, to trundle out shattered rock. He learned to sharpen his drills by first heating them over a campfire, then hammering the tips and tempering them in water. He captured wild burros to haul his supplies, eventually acquiring, through his comic teamsteering, the nickname "Burro." His clothes were the castoffs of prospectors, patched until they looked like quilts.

Teddy Roosevelt served his second term as president, Woodrow Wilson planned the League of Nations at the White House. Burro Schmidt toiled on.

He taught himself to use dynamite, but because he was always short of money, he scrimped on the fuses. He would drill the blast hole, insert the dynamite, light his short fuse and dash for the tunnel exit. He developed a sort of built-in timer that would warn him to throw himself flat just before the blast. More than once he miscalculated and was lucky to escape with his head.

The Roaring Twenties and Calvin Coolidge came and went. The stock market crashed. Burro Schmidt was halfway through the mountain.

He complained of king-size headaches. More important, to Schmidt, his candles kept going out.

"Of course they do, Burro," a storekeeper told him. "Haven't you heard of ventilation?" Burro answered by buying a flashlight. He would put up with the headaches.

With only a man-mole's instinct to guide him, Schmidt drove his tunnel straight as a surveyor with trim sides and a level floor. As Roosevelt took his first inaugural oath, Schmidt had reached a point 1,600 feet in the mountain.

One day in 1938 Schmidt lit another of his uncounted thousands of fuses. The dynamite boomed, but Burro felt no concussion. He raised his head and peered into the gloom. Through the smoke and dust, Burro Schmidt saw sunlight.

He had pierced the mountain, driven a tunnel five feet wide and seven feet high through 1,872 feet of solid rock. He had even, according to his crude engineering plan, made one right angle turn in the tunnel—all this entirely by hand and without machine-powered equipment.

It had taken him 38 years.

Engineers and miners from all over the country and around the world came to inspect and gape in disbelief. "The greatest one-man mining feat in the history of engineering," one technical journal said. There was only one gloomy side to it: he never found the copper vein.

To Schmidt, it no longer mattered. He lived until 1954, dying just three days short of 84. To the last he savored his real triumph.

"I showed them two guys," said Burro Schmidt.

—Sam Campbell and Jim Phelan

How to Stop Smoking

drawings by
Eric Gurney

Many a man, scared by the statistics, decides to swear off smoking. But he can't forget that coffin nails taste good, like coffin nails should. Here are some realistic rules to help him during those terrible days after he first quits the wonderful weed

It's much easier to quit if you pamper yourself. Get a new habit and indulge in it to your heart's content.

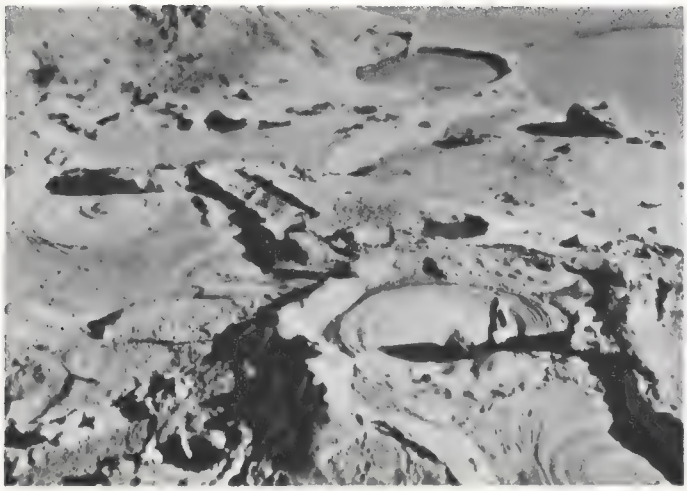
Look temptation right in the eye. Stand up to it! Whatever you do, don't run away when you see cigarettes.

You'll feel strong and superior.
A warm glow of accomplishment
will radiate from you—and
singe your wife's hair.

Wait for a calm, happy time,
like a vacation, to stop.
Out in the open air,
breaking the habit
will be easier.

Frequently, the urge to smoke will return. Resist it, and avoid sly tricks to fool yourself. Above all, don't bum.

Like most men,
you'll probably end by throwing
the book away and reaching
for the cigarettes. Oh well,
who wants to live forever?



The waters of the Colorado boiling up in Salton Sink as river rampages.

He Tamed the River That Left its Bed

When the runaway Colorado River swept away towns and people and grew a waterfall in the California desert, only soft-spoken Harry Cory was big enough man to stop it

by Edward Ainsworth and Griffith Borgeson

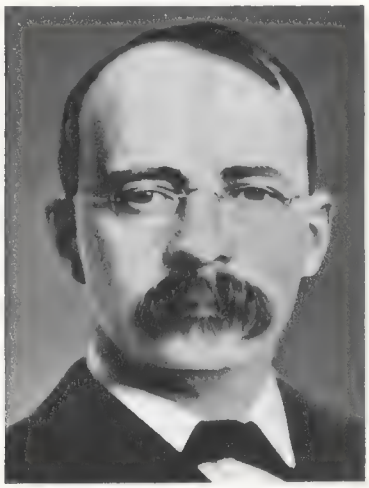
On a hot spring morning in 1906 a hard-faced young engineer named Harry T. Cory stood on a high butte in the Southern California desert and surveyed one of the mightiest messes ever created by the tampering hand of man.

Below him lay the Imperial Valley, tortured, ravaged and dying. The wild and swollen Colorado River, turned miles from its normal course by an error in engineering, was roaring through the Valley from the south, dumping an incredible nineteen billion gallons of water into it every 24 hours. To the north, where months before there had been barren salt flats, a giant inland sea was rising and spreading, threatening to turn the farms and towns of the Valley into a latter-day Atlantis. Now the river was changing the surface of the planet with a massive geological facelift, now was gouging the loose soil of the Valley, cutting deep, ragged gorges, creating rapids, cascades, thundering waterfalls that ate their way upstream, widening as they receded, and destroying everything that stood in their tumultuous way.

Dozens of engineers had been called in to look at the chaos and find a way out. They had declared it "unprecedented," "impossible," "hopeless." Cory's job was to prove that they were wrong. His assignment: put the raging Colorado back where it belonged.

Grimly Cord rode back through the Valley to his headquarters, past farms where teams stood hitched 24 hours a day, ready to carry women and children to safety on higher ground, past sweating, exhausted crews of men who were filling sandbags, plugging levees, patrolling against new breaks. Now their homes and their lives were his responsibility. Now, after a year of sitting around helplessly watching a disaster in the making, he had authority and the power to make decisions. A year ago it would have been easy. But a year ago the engineering decisions for the Imperial Valley were being made not by Cory but by Charles Rockwood, the man who had had the vision that created the Valley and the blind spot that nearly destroyed it.

MONEY MAN behind fight against river was railroader E. H. Harriman.



GIANT MAT of interlaced cushions of arrowwood and willow was to keep rock loads out of sand so river would be dammed.

THREE THOUSAND flat cars of rock were brought in, poured into river in 15 days. This plan also failed.

He Tamed the River That Left its Bed

RETREATING WATERFALL, on the New River, gobbled up towns, was stopped by dynamite

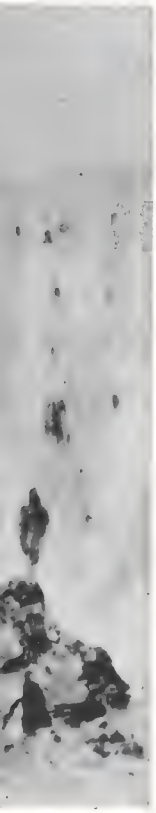
Rockwood had come to the desert west of the Colorado decades before, when what later became the Imperial Valley was a 6,000-square-mile area as bleak and blasted as the surface of the moon, a place of mirages, blistering heat, and almost total lifelessness. He was an engineering student, a quiet young man who had been sent west for his health, and he saw the overwhelming desert with the eye of an engineer. The Colorado Desert was actually an ancient delta of the Colorado River. Much of it was below sea level, and the blinding miles of bare white salt at the lowest point of the desert, the Salton Sink, testified to the fact that the area had once been an inland sea. Now it was almost completely waterless, one of the hottest, driest places on earth.

But to the east, just over a range of low mountains, was the Colorado, weaving its turbulent way south to empty into the Gulf of California. Branching west from it and then north, down the crumbly, loose-soiled hills at the southern end of the desert, was the bed of the Alamo, an ancient tributary that the erratic Colorado had created and then abandoned. The Alamo had carried no water for centuries; it was choked with sand and sediment. But Rockwood believed it could be used to irrigate the arid saltflats of the Colorado Desert.

This was a time when almost everyone regarded the notion of irrigating desert land as a joke or a fraud. When the subject was introduced in the California Legislature, one assemblyman said with heavy-handed humor, "I can see no great obstacle except the porous nature of the sand. By removing the sand from the desert success would be insured at once." But Rockwood was not about to be talked out of the idea or laughed out of it either. He spent years trying to get financing for the project, mostly from Easterners who were long on business acumen but short on imagination. He shuttled back and forth between the Colorado and New York, between New York and Europe. Finally in 1900 he found enough investors to form a company, charter it in the U.S. and Mexico, and start digging.

The new company was called the California Development Co. and it operated on a threadbare shoestring. Working with a bare minimum of money and equipment Rockwood and his crew cut the dirt banks of the Colorado and hacked a short canal to the Alamo. For controlling the flow they used a cheap wooden headgate at a point

BATTLE MAP. The American Canal brought water to irrigate the Imperial Valley. When mud choked the Canal, Rockwood's Cut was made to give the Valley water faster.



BATTLE CASUALTIES were these homes near the Salton Sea that were swallowed up when the Colorado River broke into the Salton Sink and sent waters rising, out of control.

called Pilot's Knob, just above the Mexico-U.S. boundary line. The rest of the canal was the bed of the Alamo, meandering west and south through Mexico until it turned north down the slopes leading to the below-sea-level Colorado Desert. At the international boundary line Rockwood built a rough dam and headworks.

It was the equivalent of baling wire and chewing gum, but it worked. The water that flowed from the Colorado through the Alamo and then through a network of primitive wooden canals in the desert was a murky, silty stream —but it meant life. The promoters renamed the area the Imperial Valley and started advertising it all over the U.S. In 1902 settlers began to arrive. Tents dotted the desert. Then shacks. Then farms, towns and cities: Imperial, Brawley, El Centro, Holtville, Calexico, Mexicali. And almost overnight the desert bloomed. Green fields stretched in every direction; alfalfa, vegetables, melons and corn flourished. The farmers burned and blistered in the 120° sun but the Valley was a horticultural hothouse. The crops were big and lush and early and everybody prospered. The men who had invested in the California Development Co. collected their dividends and congratulated themselves on their foresight, judgment and financial acumen.

But Rockwood had his bad moments. The company was his baby and he was its chief engineer but he had no real control of its policies. As more settlers came into the Valley, the need for water grew—and the Colorado was anything but cooperative. It was, for one thing, muddy. Mud clogged the headgate at Pilot's Knob and raised the floor of the canal. It took constant work with inferior equipment to keep any water running through the Alamo. Then a long dry spell far to the north cut off most of the river's flow. The Valley got hotter and drier, the lush crops began to wither, the settlers began to murmur about suing the water company or even petitioning the Federal government to take over the whole project.

The man on the hot spot was Rockwood. On a day in 1904 he was summoned to the office of Anthony Heber, president of the company.

"We've got to get more water to the Valley," Heber said. "If we don't we'll be ruined and the farmers will be too. The only way to do it is to by-pass the eastern part of the canal and make a cut lower down the river in Mexico. Our attorneys are negotiating [*Continued on page 75*]

THE JUNKMAN WHO STOPPED ROMMEL

Continued from page 33

knows that in the metric system, 7.7 is the same as .303 in British inches."

"They do?" Somewhat dazed, the British major looked at Jarrett with new respect.

"Of course, these did not come from your guns," continued Jarret as though he were lecturing in his museum. "These came from an Italian Fiat machine gun. Every weapon leaves its own particular identification on . . . ."

"We know that, but in this man's war there are hundreds of different kinds of weapons. We'd have to set up a Scotland Yard here to identify them all."

"Not at all," said Jarrett modestly. "I know every single one."

And when he called upon his photographic memory to provide such vital information as range, penetrating power, and rate of fire for a score of machine guns, including the latest German models, the British, who were prepared to be suspicious of anything made in America, welcomed him warmly into the fold.

"Now what's your biggest problem?" asked Jarrett.

"Those lend-lease 75mm. shells of yours," said the colonel in command. "At long range, with a high trajectory, they work fine on a stationary target. When they come bang-on down on the nose, they are quite satisfactory, but it so happens we did not order them for that. We need them against tanks, and I must say we take a dim view of their performance there."

"Tell me exactly what happens."

"Nothing, dammitall. Not a dashed thing. You must know these tanks are fast. You shoot 'em like you shoot rabbits with a shotgun. Figure out the range, lead 'em a few feet, and blaze away. Hardly proper for artillery, shooting from the hip, as it were, but this war is hardly proper from the beginning. Now here's the thing in a nutshell—at a flat trajectory, your shells bounce off those tanks like peas, and when they explode, if they explode at all, it's when they ricochet into the ground a mile or so beyond. I will say this for the Heinies—they hang their armor plate on their tanks at so many angles that it is almost impossible to score a direct hit."

The two months Jarrett had spent exploring the secrets of the French "75" fuse raced through his mind. The word was "creep." Those World War I fuses were so sensitive that the mere brushing of a shell through the tree tops was enough to jar the "creep" into sliding up to detonate the charge. The Americans, vexed at so many premature bursts, had taken the creep out of their fuses, and were gratified thereafter when their shells exploded only upon making direct, nose-on contact with the target. That was fine when all artillery targets were stationary, but for World War II, against racing tanks, that old creep or "graze" fuse could be mighty handy. Even though a shell only kissed an angled plate of armor, it would explode fast enough to rattle a few teeth.

"The last of the creep fuses were made in 1918," announced Jarrett from his stock pile of obsolete knowledge, "but if I know the French, they did not throw away the surplus of old fuses when the new models came in. Aren't there a lot of French Foreign Legion outposts around the Sahara somewhere?"

The British colonel had not achieved his rank through being dim-witted. "Better yet, old chap," he announced. "A lot of the French forces from Syria have joined us, bringing in their old French "75's" with them. Seemed a little hopeless at the time, but now that you mention it, our RAF blokes can fly you up to their encampment in a couple of hours."

Within 24 hours of his arrival, Jarrett had master-minded his first triumph. At the French encampment he located a store of 90,000 "creep" fuses, No. 1898/09, and had them airlifted back to Cairo. It marked the turning point. With Rommel within 90 miles of Alexandria on his "unstoppable" drive, the Tommies went into action with the Jarret-improved shells. It was a slaughter. On modern shells the old museum-piece fuses, some of them dating back to 1915, acted with uncanny assertiveness, needing, as one Tommy said, "only a whiff of sauerkraut to go boom." The supply lasted all through the Libyan battles the following May, and Egypt was saved.

In the meantime Jarrett had anticipated the depletion of his supply of antiquated fuses, and had cabled Washington for a fresh supply of ultra-modern M48 shells with one modification. He wanted the newfangled M48 fuses demodernized a quarter of a century so they would contain the same creep element discovered in 1915. There was a lot in an old museum to teach new boys old tricks. As a matter of record, creep-fuse ammunition finished the war with a top reliability rating, and played a vital part in Montgomery's victory at El Alamein.

But that brought no rest for Jarrett. While he worked on one problem, the rest were piling up until they loomed as high as the Pyramids. The British Royal Field Artillery had a 40mm. anti-tank gun developed in the early thirties, but in the frank opinion of the Tommies, who can be emphatically frank; "it was too weak in the poop to stop a bicycle." Jarrett was inclined to agree with them, but at the same time, as an American, he was not about to offer them the new U.S. 37mm. weapon. In the interest of British goodwill, he wanted no report that it wouldn't stop a roller-skate, which he feared might very well happen. He had restored the faith of the British in "Made in U.S.A." with his fuse trick, by giving a few lessons to cure the Tommies of their bad habit of shifting American tank gears into reverse when they wanted full speed ahead, and by convincing the anti-tank gunners that British weapons were not necessarily ideal for firing the wrong-sized American ammunition. Now he did not want to ruin the effect by giving them a weapon inferior to their own.

Jarrett wanted time to get his requests through to Washington, get the stuff made according to his prescription, and have it shipped back to him. Time was the one thing World War II did not provide. It had to be now or never.

"All right," he conceded. "I know that the minute we improved our anti-tank shell, the Jerries improved their armor to match us. The stuff Krupp is putting out now, we can only stop with a high-velocity shell that will penetrate before it explodes."

The "stuff" he was referring to were the Panzers III and IV tanks, the most formidable pieces of mobile equipment yet encountered. Ordinary artillery scoring direct hits did little more than cause a mild "boing" in the ears of the German tank crews. Rommel wasn't advancing, but with his new tanks neither was he retreating very fast. In the meantime he was tying up thousands of troops in a North African campaign when the major part of the war had to be fought in Europe.

"We know the problem," was the colonel's impatient reply. "What we want is the answer."

Lt. Jarrett did not have the answer, so he substituted an owlish blink that seemed to impress the British. "I'm working on it," he said.

He began by prowling over the acres of old weapons and equipment that had turned this part of the desert into the junkyard of North Africa. He explored mountains of old shells, some of them green with a patina dating back to 1912. For a time he almost forgot the urgency of his task as he gave himself over to the sheer delight of letting his collector's mania run wild.

It was quite a mania. For George it had burst into full bloom one Fourth of July when he was five years old. To celebrate the holiday properly, his grandfather had fetched out his Civil War rifle, choked with rust and cobwebs, and fired a blast that nearly rattled the old gentleman apart. Not to be outdone, George's father brought out his Colt .31 cap-and-ball revolver and nearly blew off his hand when he used more powder than caution. George was delighted. These were just the kind of lethal toys to delight his mind, and when he begged for a chance to restore the relics to perfect working condition, the senior Jarretts raised no objection. They thought the weapons were beyond repair, and not until they caught their five-year-old heir gunning for woodchucks with both toys in prime condition and loaded for bear did they lay down the law. By that time it was too late. George had the bug.

Except for mathematics and military history, school brushed lightly over George. He lived mainly for his collection, using such funds as other kids squandered on jaw-breakers and all-day suckers for adding to his collection of arrow heads, bullets and rusty cannonballs from Civil War battle fields.

At 16, with an after-school job to augment his income, he moved to bigger things by haunting John Kreider's old gun shop at Second and Walnut in Philadelphia. His first purchase was a .69 caliber musket used at the battle of Bull Run. The price was enough to exhaust his income for a month, but not his collector's mania. As his gaze roved through the shop, he saw item after item he simply had to have, and the thought that some other customer might buy them first was too antagonizing to contemplate.

"Save them for me," he pleaded. "I'll be back." And he always was, though at one time the amount of stuff marked "hold for Jarrett" threatened to devastate his salary for the rest of his foreseeable career.

World War I caught Jarrett short by a couple of years, a frustrating circumstance he partially relieved by commissioning all his older friends to bring back all the souvenirs they could get their hands on. Fortunately, by 1918 he was big enough, if not old enough, to get a job with the New York Ship Building Co. By spending his days at the yards, and his evenings at nearby Camp Dix, he was able to buy up hundreds of trophies brought back from the front by returning soldiers. Machine guns, belts of cartridges, Mauser rifles, helmets, trench mortars, Mills bombs—all the little knick-knacks soldiers brought home.

Between gifts from friends and outright purchases, he should have been satisfied with the two barns full of loot he had back on the farm, but a mania like his is not that easily subdued. All he could think of for the next four years was that war-torn Europe was one vast museum of military equipment, all falling apart for lack of a Jarrett to give it protective ownership. "Kid," he was told, "all you gotta do is go over there and pick it up—if you don't object to a few booby-traps, land mines, and touchy dud shells that are all over the place."

Definitely he did not mind, and in 1922 he wangled a job in Antwerp with a New York importing firm. It is doubtful that he earned his salary. Most of the time he was off on a bicycle, touring the battlefields and keeping the shipping companies happy with crates full of his acquisitions. As an example of his methods, at the famous Ypres battlefield, better known to the Allies as "Wipers," he roomed for a week with two elderly sisters who were eking out a gentle living making lace. "That's nonsense," he told them. "Why don't you just collect a few bombs and things like that for me? I'll buy all you can send me."

For eight years the lavender-and-lace Haellert sisters made an incongruous team as they minced around the shell-pocked battlefield, but they shipped Jarrett thousands of items, and wealthy spinsters they were when they retired. Elsewhere Jarrett had a score of other "agents," but none to compare with the frail lace makers. "To see them disarm a mine," he said admiringly, "why, you'd think it was as safe as threading a needle. For them I guess it was. We certainly could have used them in World War II as advance men in some of the German mine fields."

"Now don't be silly. . . . It's just a costume."

By 1930 Jarrett was back in the United States, the proud owner of more workable items than could be found in any other military collection in the world. Other ordnance experts might know more about their highly select fields, but as the man who had restored Russian, German, French, Italian, British and American equipment to working order, he knew more about ordnance in general than did all the experts of Krupp, Woolwich Arsenal, and the Aberdeen Proving Grounds combined.

His timing was about perfect, and a fortunate thing that was for his exhausted bank account. Ten years earlier the veterans of World War I wouldn't have paid a nickel to tour a military museum, and the major part of them had sworn, in fact, never to look at a gun again. But by 1930 nostalgia had set in, and with wives and children to impress, they came in increasing numbers to display their skills with weapons that really worked. It was at this point that Jarrett became too realistic by adding live ammunition to his too-faithfully reproduced machine gun nests, to the dismay of his neighbors and the country sheriff. Still, the publicity did not hurt, and in the ensuing years his modest entrance fee enabled him to add an orchard full of the world's fighting aircraft, all in working order and complete with bombs in the racks and machine guns perfectly synchronized. If his neighbors could be grateful for small favors, and they rarely showed such an inclination, it was that not once did Jarrett deviate from his loyalty to land forces. To this day not a battlewagon, cruiser, destroyer or submarine mars the landscape of his present museum.

Jarrett's collector's mania continued to grow. Not satisfied with stocking one museum to overflowing, he started another on the famed Steel Pier of Atlantic City. By 1939 he was the Barnum of the ordnance world, and still thinking of himself as a museum curator.

At this point Colonel Julian Hatcher, then in charge of the Ordnance School at Aberdeen, made his startling discovery. Confronted with a war of truly global proportions, he suddenly realized that Jarrett's collector's mania, knowingly or not, had made him the only man in the world familiar with all the world's

weapons. Even more to the point, to broaden his technical background, Jarrett had once obtained a commission in the Army Ordnance Reserve, and had spent a summer training period with the 304th Ordnance Company at Aberdeen. The rest was a mere military formality that, with scarcely a rustle of red tape, dumped the eager Jarrett into the middle of an Egyptian junkyard where his curious talent could have full sway.

With that background, one can understand why Jarrett paused in his tour to pat a familiar weapon here, and toy fondly with another there. At length he came to an ammunition dump, and there, leaning disconsolately against a mound of captured shells, he met a Major Northy, ammunitions expert with the Australian forces. Instinctively Jarrett looked first at the shells.

"High explosive ammunition used in the 7.5 cm. tank cannon of the Panzer IV," he catalogued aloud.

"Righto," agreed Major Northy. "And what bloody chance do we have with our pea shooters when the Jerries have got ammo like this?"

"But they haven't got this pile," observed Jarrett, blinking. "We have. Let's toss it back at them."

"Wrong size. I suggested once that wars be fought with inter-changeable ammunition, but nothing ever came of it."

Jarrett measured the shells with nothing more scientific than his eye. Except that the rotating band looked a little thick and wide, he had just the gun to fire it. "The old M2 tank gun," he mused. "Frankly, I've always said the tank and the gun were better than their ammunition. If you don't mind, this is my chance to prove something."

Major Northy could see no reason why he should mind. An hour later they were in Cairo requisitioning an old engine lathe from a British-owned machine shop. It was not self-powered, but that little detail meant nothing to Jarrett. Back in his junkyard he had enough old trucks, belts, gears, and other incidentals to power a dozen machine shops. By mid-afternoon of the next day his borrowed lathe was hooked up to the drive wheel of an old truck, and a crew of mechanics who knew better but didn't give a damn were busy trimming the rotating bands of the captured shells to fit the M2 tank gun. Among the minor miracles of the war is that not a single shell exploded while being spun furiously on the lathe.

Out on the Suez Road Test Range even Jarrett was surprised at the results. In its native German gun, the captured ammunition had a muzzle velocity of 1,650 feet per second; in the M2 gun it blasted out at 1,950 feet per second, with an increase in its power to penetrate that was truly fantastic. When tested on a captured Panzer tank, it not only pierced the armor plate, but with its high explosive burst it scattered the tank over the desert as though it were blowing scales off a tarpon.

"Wow, that's better than our best ammunition," exclaimed Jarrett, picking up a twisted chunk of "invulnerable" armor plate. "Back in Aberdeen there's a big argument about armor-piercing shells. One group claims the shells have to be high-explosive to do any real damage and the other says a standard charge is plenty. We can settle that little debate right now."

Another Panzer IV was rolled out onto the range, and this time Jarrett let the tank have it with the latest M61 shells. The penetration effect about equalled the German ammunition, and while there was little doubt the shell would knock out the tank crew, the tank would be in fine shape again after a few repairs. This was the proof Jarrett wanted. The shells had to be high-explosive to decisively knock out a tank.

"That does it. I'm sending a cable to Aberdeen tonight, and we'd better get a photographer out here so the boys can see for themselves the difference in the damage. This is going to change a lot of thinking back home," said Jarrett.

"Back home?" exclaimed Major Northy. "It's changed a lot of thinking right here. Let's get those 15,000 captured shells processed."

Within another 24 hours the British Royal Armored Ordnance Corps had a score of lathes in operation, all patterned after Jarrett's original model and powered by old trucks.

With that operation in high gear, Jarrett started one of the weirdest and potentially the most dangerous munitions operation in the world. Calling upon his wide knowledge of explosives, fuses, and shell cases, he began turning out a hybrid ammunition made up of a little bit of everything. With the Ordnance Corps improvising shell pullers and crimpers, and with Arabs for labor, he began taking shells apart for their assorted parts. American M72 and Mkl high explosive shells provided the primed cartridge cases and charges. German shells were pulled and their cases disposed of. And then, to get the desired velocity of 1,950 feet per second, all sorts of recovered gunpowders were carefully weighed, dumped into cleaned oil drums, and there blended under the hot desert sun with wooden paddles. At one point in this safety-last operation, with Jarrett himself stirring up a barrel of powder with an oar, it is estimated enough propellant was being mixed to blow the whole junkyard into bits should so much as a small spark be struck on one of the steel drums. And there was no shortage of flint-like rocks being kicked around. But the inevitable never happened, and when the hybrid shells went into action they performed so far beyond anything yet on the field that Jarrett was awarded the Legion of Merit medal.

By that time he was deep in his next task. Rifles and all sorts of small arms, plus ammunition, were in desperately short supply. In his dash across North Africa, Rommel had made a point of striking first at supply depots, and by the time he had the Tommies backed up against the Pyramids, most of them were reduced to the few weapons they had been able to carry with them, and the few rounds of ammunition that remained in their belts. What was more, the wily Desert Fox had done an excellent job of severing all their supply lines. Rising to this crisis, Jarrett recalled the stacks and stacks of Italian materiel he had seen during his brief stop-over in Eritrea. Included had been thousands of rifles piled up in the open, and slowly being covered with drifting sand.

The admiring British at this stage were willing to grant Jarrett anything he asked for, knowing in advance few of his requests would be either sane or reasonable. They were not surprised then when Jarrett called from the Eritrean Service Command requesting an Alpha Romeo automobile assembly plant and a score of machine shops left over from Mussolini's Ethiopia campaign. Nor were they surprised a few days later to learn that Jarrett had cut across national lines, and that British and American armament men were working side by side in a fast-operating weapons reconditioning factory. Sand-choked weapons were being fed into one end of the converted automobile plants, dismantled, cleaned, inspected for worn parts, and reassembled at the rate of several hundred a day.

Factory organization was but a small part of Jarrett's job. The captured Italian weapons were of all shapes and sizes, and in all state of disrepair. Until he got his machine shops going making spare parts, as many as three rifles might have to be dismantled to get enough parts to make one good one. All told, he found 53 types of rifles requiring 13 different kinds of ammunition, and he could only wonder how Mussolini had ever managed to defeat Emperor Haile Selassie's spear-carrying warriors. He produced order out of this chaos by combining the useful parts of a dozen obsolete weapons to make a half-dozen efficient hybrids. For example, he found several hundred old Vickers and Lewis machine guns that had been stripped from old aircraft. The guns were useless as ground weapons, the whole firing mechanism of each weapon being dependent upon power supplied by the aircraft engine in synchronization with the propeller. But Jarrett had made them work in his museum, and now, by taking parts from other, less-efficient machine guns, he was able to put them back in action, complete with a new spade-grip hand-trigger component and tripod mount.

His biggest triumph came when he reconditioned thousands of Mauser rifles and assured the British their own 7.92 mm cartridge would fit perfectly. "It has to," he informed a skeptical British ordnance man. "You might not know it, but your British Besa gun is an adaption of the old Czech Brno, and the Czech gun was originally designed to use Mauser 7.92mm ammunition. So you see, Major, in copying the Czech gun you copied the German ammunition, and I happen to know we have plenty of 7.92 mm ammunition in Cairo."

As a walking encyclopaedia of ordnance knowledge, Jarrett astonished British and Americans alike at every turn. Nor was his knowledge always in the realm of forgotten history. One day he found a collection of 105mm howitzers that looked worth reclaiming.

"We're ahead of you on that one, old chap," said the British officer accompanying him on the tour. "We tried it. The trouble is, when the Italians abandoned these guns they drained the glycerin out of the recoil cylinders, and there's not a drop of glycerin to be had in Egypt."

"On the contrary," said Jarrett, "our base hospital right here in Asmara is practically out of everything else, but it has hundreds of gallons of glycerin."

Where or how Jarrett encountered that bit of information he does not recall to this day, but that very night some 50 howitzers in prime condition, and with recoil cylinders filled with glycerin, began their journey toward the front and ultimate fame at Tobruk.

Now for the astonishing part of Jarrett's foray into the Eritrean junkyards. To classify all the Italian weapons and ammunition, sort them out according to usefulness, cross-breed those necessary to produce his hybrids, organize his reconditioning factory and machine shops, and start the flow of desperately needed weapons to the front had taken two weeks. He was back in Cairo just sixteen days after his departure, and spent the night writing a handbook translating American technical terms into British nomenclature. The next day he was out organizing a tank school at Mena Camp in the shadow of the Pyramids. Yank instructors were already there with the new U.S. Sherman tanks, but as usual, there was trouble. Complained one Yank instructor to Jarrett, "These Limies just don't dig English."

In one of the big diplomatic feats of the war, Jarrett produced a technical jargon that was a sort of a mutual language, understandable by Yanks and Tommies alike, and acceptable to both. In the end it was the Yankees who were "changing down," and the Tommies who were "shifting gears," but regardless of the nationality of the crew in charge, the tanks rolled with an inspired harmony.

As a captain and then as a major, Jarrett continued to follow Rommel's retreat across North Africa. When he discovered German shell cases made of blued steel instead of brass, he was the first to announce that Hitler's copper supply was nearing exhaustion. By taste and smell he was the first to discover Hitler's motor fuel was *ersatz*, a synthetic substitute that would break down on a long haul. Both of these discoveries enabled the Allies to increase the pressure on the Germans at a time when such pressure would have been suicidal had Jarrett been wrong. Just how much this hastened the end of the slaughter no one can estimate, but if it helped by so much as a day or an hour, the saving in human life alone is beyond measure.

As a final stroke before being recalled to Aberdeen to put his battlefield experience to work on the development of new weapons, he discovered at Daba the first specimens of the now famous German recoilless gun. One was a 7.5 cm., and the other a 10.5 cm. weapon, and both were so light, compared to conventional artillery of similar power, that he at once suspected they were intended for use by parachute troops. He immediately alerted British and American Intelligence of his discovery, and with this clue they, in turn, were able to interpret some otherwise meaningless orders as instructions for a parachute drop on Cairo, behind our lines. In whatever mysterious ways Intelligence moves, it moved, and somehow the Germans got the impression that a drop on Cairo would be downright disastrous. It was never made.

In the meantime, Jarrett was on his way to Aberdeen with the recoilless weapons and a substantial supply of their ammunition. Just what part these working models played in the development of our own superb recoilless weapons has yet to be made public, but it is safe to say they helped, if one doesn't mind an understatement.

Now a retired light colonel, George Jarrett works for the Government as the director of the Army's weapons museum at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds where he couldn't be happier augmenting and tinkering with one of the finest collections of tanks and guns in the world. The museum is open to the public and anyone with a hankering to look at German Tiger tank or a Russian T-34 has only to drop in—the price of admission is on the Government. About the only thing you won't see in Jarrett's Aberdeen museum is an atomic bomb or a Russian general. To paraphrase the old Army song, men like George Jarrett never die, they just become museum pieces. •

THE BOOTLEG BRAWL NO COPS COULD STOP

Continued from page 48

world championship. And after the battle, the winner was generally recognized as the global title holder.

The backers who had such faith in John's miraculous comeback powers were Jimmy Wakely, a former manager of his, and Charley Johnston, a Brooklyn saloonkeeper. They had an ace up their sleeve. Before putting their money on the line they had extracted a promise from Sullivan that he would put himself completely in the hands of Wrestling Champion Billy Muldoon, a teetotaler, a celibate and a physical trainer who would work Sullivan like a slave driver. Sullivan loved to have people around him, admiring him, feeling his muscles and patting him on the back, and was horrified when Muldoon took him in the spring to Belfast, a hamlet in upstate New York. The wrestling champion ate with him, trained with him and slept in the same room with him. During the first week he refused to let John L. get out of bed at all, then started him on mild exercising routines. Week by week, he increased his hours of training until he had the cursing Sullivan running over rough, hilly roads up to 20 miles a day, punching the bag, skipping rope and boxing from morning until night.

During his three months in Belfast Sullivan only got away twice. The first time Muldoon caught him in the local saloon, the fight trainer took the Strong Boy back to the gymnasium and made him run extra miles each day for a week as well as punch the bag 1,000 extra times. The second time he ran off with Ann Livingstone, who was traveling with Forepaugh's Circus. This time Muldoon didn't chase him. Instead he wired the bad news to Charley Johnston, a gun-carrying type. "I'm going up there and blow off the top of Sullivan's skull!" thundered Johnston. He and Wakely had put up 5,000 of the side bet money and this would be forfeited if Sullivan did not appear for the fight.

But when the two indignant backers arrived at Belfast, they found their champion back in camp, docile and penitent. He also seemed to have regained much of his punching power, and had his sparring partner, Mike Cleary, begging for mercy during their daily workouts. Of course, whether he could do as well against the fast, tricky and hard-hitting Kilrain remained the big question.

As July 8 came closer and closer, doubts began to grow that the battle would be permitted. Feelers were put out to the governors of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. Each promptly announced he would call out the state militia if any attempt was made to put on the battle in his territory.

Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, in fact, tried to have Sullivan and his whole entourage arrested just for riding on a train through his state on the way to New Orleans. A tip-off from newspapermen enabled the party to switch trains at Meridian just in time to escape being tossed into the hoosegow.

On reaching New Orleans on the Fourth of July they found that the promoter of the fight, Bud Renard, was a true optimist. He had plastered the city with posters announcing the fight and for days had been selling tickets at $10 and $15 each. Purchasers were told they'd be informed only on the evening before the fight where it would take place. Both the champion and the challenger continued their training at New Orleans gymnasiums. On the morning before the fight Sullivan ate for breakfast a seven-pound bass, five soft-boiled eggs, a half-loaf of graham bread and a cup of tea. That afternoon he, Kilrain and their parties secretly left on a chartered train that whisked them into Mississippi, even though it was known that Governor Lowry had stationed his troops at the border stations of each railway. On entering the state the engineer of the fighters' special chuckled. Ahead on the track were the rifles of the militiamen, stacked into tripods to stop his train. He merely tooted his whistle disdainfully, opened up the throttle, and bowled over the rifles like so many toothpicks.

Without further incident, the train reached its destination, a hamlet called Richburg, 103 miles from New Orleans, though locally it was often referred to as Rich's Mills. The town consisted of six houses and a general store.

As the fighters got off the train, they could see the arena being constructed around a turf ring. Mr. Charles Rich, a wealthy lumberman for whom the town was named, assured the fight people that the pine arena would be finished by morning if his Negro workmen had to keep sawing wood and hammering rows of seats together all night. There would be accommodations, he said, for 2,500 spectators. He thought this would be enough to seat the fans who would be coming in on three chartered specials before fight time in the morning. Renaud had informed him he had sold 722 of the $15 tickets and 1,400 of the $10 ones. The Queen and Crescent Railroad had agreed, he explained, to bring the fans from New Orleans for $2 a head.

Rich apologized to Sullivan for having accommodations at his mansion nearby only for Kilrain. "I've arranged for your party to sleep in a comfortable place a mile away." To everyone's surprise John L. did not protest. Later he told Muldoon, "Let Jake be the one to be kept up all night by that hammering. A mile away I'll be sleeping like a baby." And it turned out that way. As Sullivan snored happily, his challenger was kept awake for hours by the hammering as Rich's carpenters completed the 400-foot square enclosure. It had pine pickets and looked like a stockade.

Meanwhile, at New Orleans, there were riotous scenes as each of the three "fight specials" pulled out of the Queen and Crescent Railway Terminal. Renaud, by promising the battle would take place outside Louisiana, had got officials there to let the trains leave the city without interference. There was endless confusion with each departure, though, because hundreds of roughnecks without tickets jumped on the cars. Those the railway men managed to eject climbed atop of the cars and rode to Richberg, getting covered with soot en route.

The discouraged Mississippi militiamen near the state line made only desultory attempts to stop these trains. One or two shot their guns into the air but drew merely jeers from the men on the trains. At the arena there was more confusion as each train pulled in, with 5,000 persons in all trying to jam themselves into seats built for half that number. But nowhere was there such dissatisfaction as in the front press rows. The first reporters on the scene had discovered there were no telegraph facilities at the scene of America's most important prizefight in a generation. The Western Union Telegraph Company had demanded free accommodations be supplied 15 or 20 employees. When Renaud insisted the company buy tickets, Western Union dropped its plans to put in special wires at the ringside. And this is how it happened that, after waiting six months to find out who was the better man, gents with sporting blood all over America were kept in a state of maddening suspense. One of these frustrated fans was the recently inaugurated President, Benjamin Harrison. The White House was unable to learn anything authentic that morning either.

The fight started at 10:17 a.m. Though it had rained all of the previous night, the mercury had already soared into the mid-nineties. During the fight it went to 106° and stayed there.

Just before the battle began, the local sheriff stepped into the ring and announced jovially, "I got orders from the governor to stop this here fight, but I'm gonna have to tell him I wasn't able to arrest all you people." Somebody yelled, "What about the state militia?"

"None of the railroads, I understand, will give them transportation." Later Renaud revealed he had slipped a $200 bribe to the sheriff.

After some discussion between the seconds, John Fitzpatrick, a prominent New Orleans citizen, was chosen referee. Then Charley Mitchell and Kilrain's other handlers went to the Rich mansion and accompanied Jake to the ring. He was greeted by applause, but nothing like the mighty ovation that hailed the arrival of John L. He was wearing a towel bathrobe. As Kilrain had done before him he cast his beaver hat, or castor as it was called, into the ring before climbing through the ropes himself.

When Sullivan removed his robe, it

was obvious how well Muldoon had done his job. Wrote *The* (New York) *World* reporter, "Sullivan presented an almost perfect picture of the ideal fighter. Neck firm, head set squarely on the shoulders, massive shoulder-blades, great width of chest, perfectly rounded, properly developed arms, and that grim, savage determination that marked the man of strong, animal courage and extraordinary physical endurance." Kilrain, a man with handle-bar moustaches, was described as "admirably proportioned," but having none of the champion's massiveness.

Both were the same height, 5′ 10½″. Sullivan weighed 207 lbs. against Kilrain's 195. But many an expert who had seen Kilrain in action agreed with the reporter who wrote, "He's the most deceiving man I ever saw. When I first saw him he seemed to me a big, loose-jointed fellow, not at all athletic. But when fighting, his chest seemed to bulge, and he hit like a man who could kill a mule with one blow." The fact is that only men with brute strength and staying power could take the battering that was usual in bareknuckle fighting. Though the rules forbade butting, jumping on an opponent when down, "gouging, or tearing of the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting," the rules were not too strictly enforced.

The referee stood outside of the ring during the fight. He knew, and so did the fighters, that the crowd had come to see blood spilled and bones broken, and would bitterly resent stopping a battle so long as both men were physically able to continue and even after. Grabbing a man by the hair and smashing his face in with the free fist was a favorite trick, and most scrappers were careful to go into the ring with their hair clipped short. The rules said that spikes on the shoes could be worn, but must not be pointed and must not exceed three-fourths of an inch in length. Fighters, though, were seldom disqualified for "accidentally" stamping their spikes on an opponent's instep. However, trying to strangle a man by crushing his throat down hard against the ropes or one of the eight ring-posts was frowned on as uncouth.

No one knew better than Charley Mitchell, Kilrain's chief second, the many foul ways that the London Prize Rules could be used to best advantage. But just before the referee called "Time!" he tried psychology. He sent Kilrain over to John L.'s corner with $1,000 in cash for an added bet between them.

The attempt to intimidate the champion by this evidence of confidence backfired. "Great!" exclaimed Sullivan. "But what about doubling it?" He asked Muldoon to find Wakely and get $2,000 from him. But poor Kilrain had to admit he was unable to raise more than the money in his fist.

A line had been scratched across the center of the ring. The men were supposed to come out of their corners at the call and "toe the scratch." A round was ended only by a knockdown. The fighter's seconds were allowed eight seconds to drag their fallen boy back to the corner where he sat on the knee of

"Empty it out."

one of them. There were 30 seconds rest periods between rounds. Thus a knocked down fighter had 38 seconds to recuperate instead of the 10 seconds allowed under modern rules.

"Time!" yelled Fitzpatrick. Sullivan, the bloated wreck of a few months before, had walked forward like a man on springs. But now Kilrain leaped forward, and belted him on the chin with a left. As Sullivan countered, Jake grabbed him by the shoulders, back-heeled him, and threw him heavily to the turf. The first round was over after only five seconds. During the rest, Sullivan refused to sit down in his corner. "I only have to get up again, don't I?" he snarled. But he looked less confident as he walked to the scratch line for the second round. Kilrain countered his first blow, a left, then started wrestling with him. Try as he would, the champion could not break Jake's hold. Then, as though to show his contempt, Kilrain released him. This turned out to be an error. After a brief exchange of blows, Sullivan got a cross-buttock hold on him and threw the Baltimore man. The second round action lasted only 20 seconds.

In the third round Sullivan got in his first solid blow, a right to the ribs. There was a cracking sound as though Jake's ribs were broken, then another punch on Kilrain's belt line. This brought cries of "Foul!" from Jake's corner. When Referee Fitzpatrick failed to allow the claim Kilrain rained punches at Sullivan's groin, and ended the round by throwing him heavily to the ground. This round lasted 45 seconds.

That humiliation seemed to convince Sullivan he was in for the fight of his career. At the cry of "Time!" Jake ran in, clinched, and in breaking away slugged John L's stomach with a hard right. Cursing and grunting, Sullivan grabbed Kilrain by the neck and tried to throw him over his hip. But Kilrain not only got away but scored with a stinging blow to John L's jaw. Having established an advantage, Kilrain then began to taunt Sullivan by pulling back each time a blow was thrown at him, and backpedaling from the champion's bull-like rushes.

"Why don't you stand up to me, you bastard?" Sullivan kept demanding. "Fight like a man, you cur!"

Kilrain merely laughed in his face. And though against the rules for a second to call to a fighter during a round, Mitchell jeered loudly. Once having smacked Kilrain back on his heels, Sullivan stopped and said to Mitchell, "I wish I had you in here, you English sonofabitch."

Then as though to demonstrate what he'd do in that case, he started throwing haymakers with both hands and Kilrain had to keep circling to the left to avoid them. Though both men were sweating profusely, the spectators sitting in that broiling sun seemed to be suffering more. But they were fascinated by the spectacle, as this fourth round went on and on as though it would never end. Jake would step in, slug, then jump away.

Kilrain was drawing far ahead, much to the champion's disgust, and now his hit-and-run tactics seemed to be gaining him the day, as five minutes went by, 10, 12, 14. Then making a supreme effort, Sullivan ducked a hard blow, and threw an arm around Kilrain's neck. His other around Jake's waist, he started forcing him back, back, back towards the ground.

Many who saw this display of brutish power later swore they could hear Kilrain's backbone crack. Sullivan may have thought he'd finished his man for the day. But to make certain he slammed him with all his strength to the ground and then fell on his hip, hoping to break it.

Kilrain's seconds rushed into the ring, dragged the unconscious fighter to his corner. They lost no time in dousing him with ice water and massaging his arms, legs, and head.

Kilrain, however, came out for the fifth almost as strong as ever. Now sure of himself Sullivan started hammering at Kilrain's mid-section. But Jake retaliated

by tying up John and getting in half-a-dozen hard punches including one on the nose which drew from Sullivan the first blood of the fight. As the angry champion felt the hot blood stream down his face he picked up his right from the floor and caught Kilrain squarely on the button. This time when Kilrain was carried to his corner, he looked out for the day, with his head hanging down limply.

He came out, seemingly dazed and terrified, and collapsed with Sullivan's first punch. Though this was a light left, Jake's face was chalky and his eyes were bulging with pain and terror when he staggered out once more. But he managed to keep away from the finisher Sullivan kept cocked and ready. Once John dropped his hands, and demanded, "Why don't you come out and fight?" Kilrain answered with a wallop to his right ear. Though it seemed to have little force, it too drew blood. Then he missed with a left, got repeatedly slugged in the ribs. A right to the jaw dropped Kilrain. Time: two minutes.

By this time the heat in the ring had soared to 106, and it remained there. The fight after the ninth round began to assume the opposite pattern from the one universally predicted by the experts. It had been expected that Sullivan could only win if the fight lasted no more than 20 minutes, or at the most a half-hour. But the amazing Strong Boy actually seemed to be getting stronger with every round and Kilrain weaker.

It seemed so one-sided that Jimmy Wakely ran around the ring offering ten to one on John L., with no takers. Again and again, on Mitchell's advice, Jake fell without being hit. In the 11th, Mitchell rubbed resin on the challenger's fists, hoping thus to blind Sullivan. But from the champion's corner Mike Cleary detected this, and insisted the referee have the resin washed off before the men continued.

In the 11th Sullivan broke a finger of his right hand, though Kilrain never knew it until after the fight. In the 13th Jake spiked Sullivan's instep. Yelling in pain, John smashed in Jake's cheek, dropping him on his face, and falling on top of him.

"What do you want to do, race, wrestle or fight?' demanded Sullivan in the next round after chasing Kilrain around the ring. "I'm not a sprinter, you dog, I'm a fighter."

The truth was, however, that never in ring history has a bruised and battered fighter shown more courage or endurance. Later it turned out that several of Jake's ribs had been cracked in an early round and his side looked raw from John's slamming and hammering.

And now the crowd was joining in Sullivan's demands that Kilrain make a stand-up fight of it. In the 23rd, when Jake fell, Sullivan jumped on him with his knee on Kilrain's throat. Mitchell's protests of "Foul!" were not allowed.

It seemed impossible that Kilrain could come out after that. Not only did he manage this, but repeatedly, when seemingly exhausted, he managed to throw Sullivan to the ground. But mostly he collapsed under a couple of blows or without even being hit.

He had avoided punishment by ending in this way at least a dozen rounds before Referee Fitzpatrick, at the end of the 38th warned Kilrain he must fight. Actually, it seemed more a matter of whether he could survive or not.

In the 44th, Sullivan who had been given some tea with whiskey in it became sick to his stomach. One reporter whispered to another "You can bet Sullivan isn't throwing up the whiskey. He's keeping that, and just throwing up the tea!"

While he was vomiting, Kilrain gasped, "See I'm not hitting you, John, while you're sick like this. Are you willing to draw the fight?"

"Me, the champion!" demanded Sullivan as soon as he was able to reply, and knocked Kilrain down again. He seemed to brood over Jake's impudence during the rest period. This time as they toed the scratch, Sullivan snarled, "Are you gonna fight like a man now, or run like a rat?" Kilrain answered by slugging him heavily on the neck. That seemed to cause John to lose his head completely. Quickly battering Jake to the turf, Sullivan jumped high in the air and landed on his knees on his prostrate enemy's stomach. This was a clear foul and Charley Mitchell demanded that Kilrain be awarded the fight there and then. Many fans, in every corner of the arena, also yelled "Foul! Foul!" But Referee Fitzpatrick merely gave the champion a stern warning.

Two rounds later Kilrain's corner was again screaming "Foul!" Kilrain had managed to get in a bruising stomach punch when Sullivan grabbed him, wrestled him to the ground, and fell on him. But the referee disagreed, saying the champion had fallen involuntarily.

Now in the heat men in the stands were toppling over. But weary, groaning with pain, running away when he had the strength, or falling after a few seconds, Jake Kilrain managed to continue. Never was gameness less appreciated. The crowd was yelling and acting as though they'd like to lynch him for keeping alive and going, through the 50th, 55th, 60th. . .

Occasionally, he astonished even the men in his own corner by managing to wrestle the powerful Strong Boy to the turf. But to everybody there, the 68th round seemed the round that must spell the finish for the gritty man from Baltimore. For the first minute, Sullivan chased Kilrain around the ring, battering again his ribs which were now turning purple. On being cornered, Kilrain attempted to drop. As he was falling Sullivan nailed him with a smashing overhand left and a killing right uppercut.

When Kilrain stumbled out to toe the scratch after that double-barreled assault, the crowd stopped jeering. And in this round when he fell after taking more stiff wallops he tried to bring down John L. with him by grabbing his knees. But he was too weak to manage it, and his hands merely slithered down Sullivan's husky legs.

And still no one tried to stop it. In the 71st it was a smash to the ribs that brought him down, but in each of the next three rounds he fell without even being hit. A left to the jaw ended the 75th round. The fight had lasted two hours and fifteen minutes!

Now, with Jake, a man with everything beaten out of him but his heart, waiting only for the cry of "Time!" to go out to endure more torture, a New York physician walked to his corner, and told Mike Donovan, who was working as Kilrain's other second. "If you let your man continue one more round, Mike, you will have a dead one on your hands beyond the shadow of a doubt. Kilrain, whose eyes were almost closed and whose whole body was a mass of lumps and red and purple bruises, shook his head doggedly.

Ignoring him, Mike Donovan threw in the sponge.

And the greatest bareknuckle fight in the history of the sport was finally over. It was not only the greatest, but the last ever permitted anywhere.

Though the fighters had escaped from his state after their battle, Mississippi's Governor Lowry pursued Sullivan with writs of extradition for almost a year. In the end, John L ruefully returned to that state, pleaded guilty to the charge of prize fighting and was fined $1,000, though he always claimed that, including legal fees, the case cost him $18,670. His purse had been only 60 per cent of three-fourths of the gate receipts, the other one-fourth going to Renaud. As the gate receipts had amounted to $24,830, the champion's end was $10,574.10, plus the $1,000 last-minute side bet. The original $10,000 side bet went to his backers, and out of this they paid Muldoon a fat fee. Some reporters asserted that the trainer got the entire $10,000.

During his career Sullivan made many times more money from theatrical appearances than fights. His biggest prize-fight fee was $14,000 for his three-round knockout of Herbert Slade, the half-breed Maori, at Madison Square Garden. Yet Sullivan made more than a million dollars from stage appearances. He never fought bare-knuckle style again. In 1892, when he lost his title to Gentleman Jim Corbett in a winner-take-all bout at New Orleans, it was with five-ounce gloves. Corbett, a brilliant boxer, knocked out Sullivan in the 21st round.

All over America men who loved Sullivan cried in the streets. He had gone into the ring a three to one favorite. In 1905 the Strong Boy, however, beat his doughtiest opponent, John Barleycorn, and became a temperance lecturer. He died on February 2, 1918, and was mourned like an elder statesman. Shortly before he passed on, John L. said:

"I'm ready. I've seen it all. I've lived from A to Z, traveled the world, and met all kinds of people."

So nothing had changed in him from the day he stepped before a crowd and announced "I'm John L. Sullivan of Boston, and I can lick anyone in the house—and in the world!"

Nothing had changed for he died as he had lived—a champion of champions. •

MY MYSTERY FLIGHT DEEP INTO CHINA

Continued from page 29

Her name was Maya, and after an exchange of small talk she got down to serious conversation. Her father, she said, had been a great and honored man in the old China, and her family had been held in high esteem for a score of generations. When the Communists had taken control of the country he had been compelled to flee with his immediate family, taking with him his wife, and his sons, and daughters. At the last moment, just as they were about to board a boat for the water crossing, a servant nurse had disappeared with one of his sons. Since that time, she said, he had had to pay dearly, both in wealth and anguish. Seven years had passed since he had seen his son who was six years old when he disappeared. Reports had been received that his son was in good health, but never any mention that he might be returned. His location had at last been learned, but the possibility of rescue via land or water ruled out. So arrangements had been carefully made for an attempt to reach his son by air. Just how this had been accomplished she would not say, but she left no uncertainty in our minds that a tremendous amount of time, money, and effort had already been spent arranging the groundwork for such an undertaking.

Mike gave her the message we had received in Taipei, but this apparently did not disturb her for she said, "So be it. We will be able to make arrangements elsewhere." It seemed that the evening had just begun when Maya said that she would have to leave us, but our disappointment was tempered when she told us she would call us again tomorrow at the hotel. One last question she had for me—had I flown amphibious aircraft, and if so what types. Then she bade us goodnight and departed.

Our car was waiting for us, and we were driven back to the Kowloon ferry.

The next day Mike and I did a lot of thinking and checking. For one thing we could not see how an airplane could take off or land at busy Kai tak airport without the knowledge of operations and the British immigration and customs officials. Then, too, why were they looking for a pilot so far afield when there must be many good pilots familiar with Chinese terrain right in Hong Kong, we asked. How could we know that this wasn't just another smuggling operation and that we weren't being played for a couple of suckers. No question about it, this was a mighty suspicious set of circumstances, and Maya would have some answering to do.

Maya phoned, and asked us to meet her, that night, in a different club in Kowloon. When we arrived, she informed us that they had located an airplane. I asked her what airport we would use, where we were going, and when. She said we would leave from the vicinity of Macao, that our destination would be approximately 300 miles north of Macao. That's when I thought we had found a flaw in the plan—for I had been told that there was no landing field in Macao. With a smile she said that this would not be a problem because we would be taking off from the water, and that it would not be right in Macao, but some distance offshore. As for why they had picked me instead of some other better known pilot, she explained that they did not want a pilot who was known in the region, or one who would be remaining there.

I then questioned her concerning maps, and how we might expect to penetrate that far into the Red Chinese mainland without observation. And finally I told her that I did not think we could make the flight without protective cover, or some form of communication that would enable us to locate our destination. Maya quietly listened to all of these arguments and then told us that all of these points would be taken care of before we were permitted to go, and that we would be shown maps and a flight plan that would give us a better understanding of what we had to accomplish. She also said, with a smile, that the flight would not be as difficult as we imagined. All this was pretty hard to take, but I was convinced of Maya's sincerity. I agreed to continue with her, however, holding off our decision until we had had a chance to look at the maps and the flight plan.

The following morning we admitted a tall, handsome young Chinese in crisp, white sharkskin. His bearing bespoke efficiency and intelligence as he opened a case and placed some maps on a table in front of me, together with what turned out to be a detailed and carefully-prepared flight plan of the route we were to follow.

I then proceeded to thoroughly question him about the terrain we were to fly over, the weather we might expect, headings, type of aircraft, range, the type of field we would have to land on, how much chance there was of our being intercepted, whether a radar net was in effect, and just how much chance we had

"Look Wilbur, BINGO!"

of getting by with this venture. He had an answer to all my questions, and I could find nothing that might indicate deception, or that the flight was not technically possible. We could get no more out of our friend other than that we had to make our decision that night. There was to be no change of heart, thereafter, for elements on the mainland had to be notified of the impending arrival, and the whole operation gotten under way.

The greatest unknown factor was whether there actually was a young boy in China, or whether we were being used as goats for some illegal job. Of this we had no positive proof. The only thing we had to go by was the evident sincerity of Maya, and the other people we had met along the way. I asked Mike what he thought, and whether he could handle the operation with me, and as I expected he said that he believed in Maya, and that with the proper briefing from me he would be able to assist me in operating the aircraft. So we decided to take the flight unless something very suspicious occurred before we were scheduled to take off.

When we talked with Maya that night, she told us that the boy's father would reward us with the sum of $10,000 if we were successful. We told her that we would undertake the flight, but did not refer to the reward. That decided, she told us that our visas for entry into Macao, and our passage on the Macao boat would be taken care of the following day. The boat would leave at midnight, and we would not hear from her until our arrival in Macao.

After a good day's rest, we headed for the Hong Kong side to have a real good meal. The city never looked better, and the glittering lights were warm and friendly as we contemplated the dark, hilly, and mountainous land to the north. As the hands of the clock drew closer to midnight we paid our check, and took a cab to the dock where we boarded the *Star of the Orient*.

Within three hours we would reach Macao, and we went below to get what rest we might, but it seemed we had hardly settled down when a short blast of the whistle awakened us, and we felt the ship gently lurch as she was made fast to the dock at Macao.

As we made our way to the dock, I noticed that it was 10 minutes past three, and we had hardly descended when a squat little man approached and asked us to follow him. As we did so, I saw a car parked halfway up a dimly-lit street. When we reached the car, a door opened, and there was Maya and the tall young man we had met at the Peninsula. We climbed in, and were whisked out of town to a large estate set some distance off the main road. There a neatly-uniformed servant led us into a cheerful oriental sitting room where we were soon joined by a very distinguished-looking gentleman, dressed in expensive western attire. He had a kindly face, and his eyes were wide and humorous. His hair was graying, and his face was wrinkled with care. I judged him to be in his late fifties, or early sixties. After a brief meal, we returned to the sitting room where maps and papers were brought forth, and the young man gave us our final briefing.

He told us that the weather would be relatively good, and that all was in readiness for our arrival. If all went well we should not have to be on the ground more than 15 minutes, and that if we were not met within 20 minutes, we should get out of there fast. It would be a holiday in China—Ancestors Day—and this would be to our advantage.

The aircraft, a PBY amphibian, was moored off one of the islands in the vicinity. It had been thoroughly checked and run-up. All that remained for us was to make a quick run-up of the engines and a check of the instruments. There would be a mechanic on board who would give us a cockpit familiarization, and acquaint us with the particular characteristics of this aircraft. We were given a detailed description of the landing area, and were told it would be relatively easy to locate if we maintained the headings that were given to us. We would be flying over hilly country, some places mountainous with elevations of as much as 7,000 feet. This terrain would extend almost all the way to our destination, and our first indication that we were reaching it would be the appearance of the first valleys of suitable size for a landing. The landing area was a deserted strip used during the last war. There would be four small wooden sheds, and three larger hangar-type buildings, all constructed of wood but now in various stages of disrepair. The winds en route should be negligible—none stronger than eight knots, and our flight path had been so chosen that we would avoid all major cities and densely populated areas. We should remain as low as we could at all times, and if we saw columns of smoke, we should avoid them if at all possible. Our altitude should be held to within 500 to 1,000 feet above terrain. The briefing came to an end, we were wished Godspeed, and the elderly gentleman embraced each of us with tears in his eyes.

We left the house, and climbed into the car with Maya and the young man who said we were driving to the coast where we would board a launch, and be taken out to the Catalina.

Catalina or "Cat" is the trade name for the PBY, and despite my anxiety I found myself looking forward to getting behind the controls of one of my old friends again. The old boats must be 25 years old now, but they are a real seapilot's airplane, sturdy and dependable.

We approached the shore of what appeared to be a small cove or lagund.

Leaving the car, we proceeded along a small dock. At the end of the dock we saw a long, fast looking launch. This we boarded and started up.

Thirty minutes later a dark mass loomed up ahead, and the young man told us that this was one of the islands. Its actual ownership was unknown. It had in the past been used as a haven for pirates and smugglers, and just what its status was now no one could say. The boatman blinked a light tree times, and three answering flashes came in quick succession from some point up ahead.

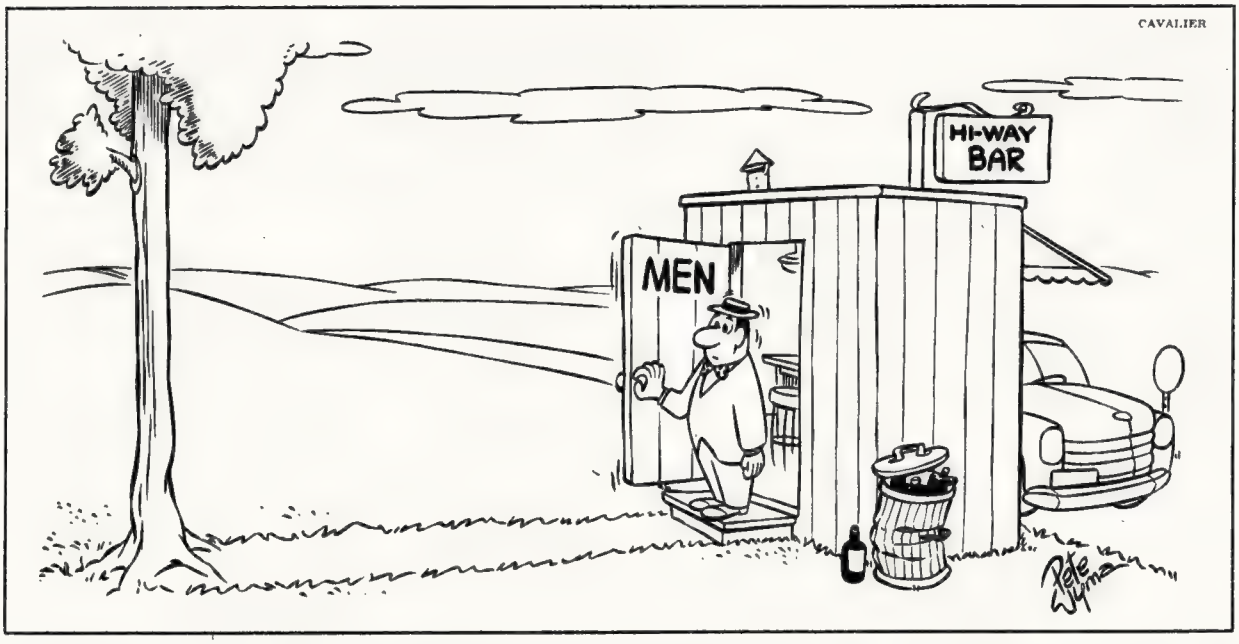
The launch slowed its engines, and we crept forward to another shape that began to loom out of the darkness. Then I made out the shape of the Cat with its great wingspread, and wing tip floaters. The twin engines mounted in the wings above the hull, and the soaring tail assembly in the rear. The bow, as in all Cats, was low in the water, and the three-bladed propellers looked like the claws of an eagle coming in to land. There she rested with the water lapping gently at her sides. . . . and this was it! No time to back out now.

The plan was for us to make the take-off along the lee side of the island. There was very little wind so the take-off run would be quite long. The launch would run up a couple of miles ahead, and stop between the path we were to follow, and the shore of the island. We would take off, keeping the launch slightly off our nose, along a predetermined heading, and the launch would show its lights until we were airborne. After that we would be on our own. After the take-off, we would turn to a southwesterly heading, and maintain a course well offshore, but paralleling it, until we had passed well outside range of Macao, and Canton. Then we had to turn to a northwest heading, and maintain that until we intercepted a major river. At the interception of the river, our next turn would be due north, and would continue so over the hills and mountains for approximately 300 miles. Then we would come upon open valleys, spot the airstrip, and land as quickly as possible. Clandestine radio would be used to mark our departure and arrival. But this would be restricted to one minute intervals—12, and 42 minutes past the hour. If we were intercepted, we had to take whatever action we could to save ourselves. No help would be forthcoming, and no recognition would be given us.

A quick farewell, and we clambered aboard the Cat. True to the young man's word, a mechanic was aboard, and with a nod of greeting he immediately launched into a rundown of the aircraft, its engines, fuel supply, peculiarities of the aircraft, an inspection of the log, squawk sheets—that would tell us what malfunctions had been reported and what effort had been made to correct them—and a quick cockpit check. He told us that he had personally checked the condition of the hull and the landing gear. He had run up the engines, and said they should perform like Swiss watches. He shook hands with both of us, and disappeared down the walkway.

One . . two . . three lights flashed up ahead, and I poured the coal to the old Cat, and away we went. The timing was perfect for the first faint streaks of the approaching day had already become visible on the eastern horizon.

We soon passed the launch off our wingtip, and right after that passed beyond the protecting limits of the leeward side of the island. This gave us just the proper swell to break the surface of the water, and we were up and out like a seagull.



We took up our first heading which was southwest. This would enable us to parallel the coast some 20 miles offshore, and at the same time avoid Macao, Canton, and some populated settlements along the coast. We held this heading about 20 minutes, and then turned northwest in order to cross the coast and begin our penetration of the mainland.

Then the sun rose up out of the South China Sea, and it was day. And with the day the protecting cloak of darkness fell away, and we were exposed—feeling naked before the whole world. A nice juicy morsel we were for some scouting Red Mig.

The Cat was purring along smoothly, and all the instrument pointers were pegged right where they should be. We leveled off at an altitude that would just enable us to clear the hills and mountains ahead of us, and about 45 minutes later a great river appeared below us. This was our next heading change point so we swung due north, and now we were really flying into the dragon's den. Hard as I tried, I could not help thinking of what might be happening below if a ground observer had seen us.

The terrain rose ahead, and so we had to increase our altitude accordingly. Now here and there we could see clouds of smoke or dust rising from the ground, and so we banked behind hills, and flew along the sides of deep valleys in order to avoid flying directly over what might be road junctions or populated areas. From this point we had approximately one hour and 50 minutes of flying time left ahead of us, and I had a feeling it would seem more like 15 hours before we reached our destination. I told Mike to keep a sharp lookout from a point directly in front of our nose to as far back as he could see from the window on his side, and all the while I was searching for likely spots where we might put the ship down if we were pounced upon by interceptors. I could see us now trying to outmaneuver a pack of Migs in those canyons down below. But where there is life there is hope, and we certainly were hoping.

About 50 minutes further north I sighted a mountain that seemed to extend to 7,000 feet with no way of going around it unless we detoured considerably to the east or west. So we climbed and skirted the top of it, and then descended once more. So it went first turns to the right, then to the left. Now climbing and now descending, and all the while timing everything so that we would not drift too far one side or the other of our intended track.

Suddenly I noticed a bank of clouds up front, and if that stuff was solid we'd had it, but good. Whoever did the meteorological job for this flight hadn't put that soup on the map. Soon we were in it, and I put on climb power to get on top. Instrument flying isn't even for the birds, and over Red China it's out. So up we went, and burst out into the bright sunlight above the clouds. This was better, but if we did not see the ground soon we would have to turn back for we were depending on visual contact flying to locate our landing strip.

Now we really began to sweat it out, every minute seemed like an hour, and I thought we must surely be coming up on border of Mongolia. I took a quick vote on going on or turning back with Mike, and, like the stout-hearted fellow he was, he voted to go on.

Then just as suddenly as it had appeared, the veil of cloud was brushed aside, and we were in the clear again. I now began to see lower country ahead, and wider valleys, and then we came up on a broad valley, and the mountains dropped right out from under us. Thinking this must be it, I pulled off power and began a steep descent. Then sure enough, just as we had been briefed, there on the floor of the valley, and almost in its center, was a small cluster of buildings, and the almost erased outline of an old dirt strip. As we dropped down lower, and came up on it, it appeared as though at one time an effort had been made to pound stone into the ground in what appeared to be the runway direction. So we lined up with it, and didn't fool around with any long airline approaches. Other than the wooden sheds there wasn't anything about to indicate a settlement or ground activity. I hauled the ship around into a short final, and hardly completed the turn before we were on the ground.

We had no trouble on the ground so I let her roll, ready to pour the power to her and take off if we saw anything suspicious. Then, too, with the little wind we had I could always swing her around and take off again in the opposite direction. There was no sign of life whatsoever, neither human nor animal so I turned her around at the end of the strip, and told Mike to run aft and open the hatch. I kept the engines idling for if we had to make a run for it we couldn't take the chance of having trouble starting them up again. I remembered our instructions not to wait longer than 20 minutes, and made a mental note of the time.

I must have looked at my watch ten times in the first 15 minutes. Four minutes, and I knew we were face to face with another problem. Nobody could show up in the next minute, and after having come so far were we to give up and run now. I glanced at Mike, and when he nodded I knew he was with me again, so I reached up and cut the switches, and the props spun to a stop.

Ten minutes more went by, and we were both ready to scream when a small cloud of dust rose above a cluster of trees at the far corner of the clearing. My hand leaped for the switches, and I had the port engine running before you could count to three, but when I slammed the mixture to the starboard engine it gave a great cough and whistled to a stop.

From then on the cockpit was a mass of fingers and hands until I got that baby going again. But go she did, and I was just about to shove the throttles forward when I saw what appeared to be a truck, just barely able to keep ahead of its own dust trail, come out of the trees. As it came closer it looked to me like an old World War II lorry truck, and the closer it came the worse it looked. It was battered and rusted, and it was rocking and polting like an old prairie schooner. It had a tattered piece of white cloth flapping in the breeze above the cab, and as it came to halt under our wingtip I saw that it only had two occupants. One small figure, and another even smaller. The smaller one jumped from the truck, and came running toward us with leaps and bounds, and waving its arms in the air. The other got down slowly, and as he came closer I could see he was a little, wrinkled old man.

I waved my arm in a motion for them to hurry, and the little man pulled the boy over to where Mike was leaning out of the door to reach him and pull him aboard. The old man then pulled himself up into the truck, waved, and was off in his own private cloud of dust. Mike came forward with the boy, and jumped into his seat. I shouted, asking if all had been made fast. He nodded, and almost before he had his seat belt fastened I had the throttles hard forward, and we went up.

We had hardly cleared the ground when Mike yanked the gear up, and I rolled the old girl into a turn that would get us out of there right now. Then rolled her out again when we had reached a south-southeast heading, and climbed as steeply as I could hoping to reach the protection of the hills without having to circle. Those hills sure looked good. I didn't like those wide open spaces.

We held this heading for about an hour and 15 minutes, and then swung southeast. By now my curiosity was getting the better of me, and I wanted to see what the little guy, who was behind all this trouble, looked like. He came forward, hesitantly, and when he made a little bow I almost broke right there. He was dressed in worn, but clean clothing, and had a cherubic face that spoke of health. Above all I noticed that he had rosy cheeks, and that was something new to me, for I had never seen a Chinese with red cheeks before.

When he smiled at me, I fully realized, for the first time, why I had done this strange thing, and for some unknown reason I was covered with a feeling of warmth and genuine happiness.

Half an hour later we again picked up the river, and I knew that if our luck held out we should be over the coast in another 40 minutes. The open sea would be a welcome sight, and I pushed on more power knowing that this was probably the most critical time of all. If the Red birds had been alerted this was just about where they would pinpoint us. And then it happened! . . . . The starboard engine let go, growling, and vibrating until I thought it would drop out of the nacelle. I lost about 10 years right there, and my hands flew to the mixture control, and the propeller feathering button. I was just about to shut it down when it cleared up, and started to purr like a kitten again. I shuddered as I contemplated our trying to put out an engine fire, or making an emergency landing in this terrain.

I took the Cat down as low as I could, and we were skimming over ridges, and swooping down valleys like an old pelican looking for fish. Where was the sea? We should have it in sight by this time. I found myself hunched forward in my seat as though I would see it sooner that way. Another 10 minutes passed, and I rechecked my figures. Heading . . airspeed . . . wind correction . . . everything checked. I squint, again, out toward the distant horizon . . . and . . . There! There up ahead is the sparkling sea!

Great God, we are going to make it—if we can only reach the water without being knocked out of the sky, I'm going to bring this old bird right down over the whitecaps, and won't pull her up until we spot our home island. There should be a black junk hove to off our island, and as we come into sight it is to raise a white flag, and we are to land as close as we can to her. Ten miles more and we should be over the coast. Now it's five miles. Three miles. . . . two miles . . . one mile . . . and we're over the water. But we still must hold this heading for another 20 miles in order to get far enough off the coast before turning east-northeast, and up to the island.

Now we are down very low, but we are going to have to climb again for there are quite a number of islands around here, and we've got to spot that black junk. Mike is slapping me on the back now, and I am slapping him. Another 15 minutes, and we should see the island, but damn it all, this place is lousy with islands. The junk has just got to be there. I pull her up to 1,000 feet, and begin to sweat again. We can't slip now, not after having wormed our way out of the very belly of China. Mike and I are both peering ahead, and suddenly we both shout as we spot the junk. I yank the power off and down we start again, but this time it's for a landing. We are both shaking a little now, and my voice begins to choke. We fly over the junk, and can see the white flag at her masthead. I turn the Cat downwind, haul her around, and point her right at the spot I think we ought to touch down in order to come to the end of our run on the water as close to the junk as possible.

We descend lower and lower until finally we are just skimming above the small waves, and then slowly, ever so slowly we can hear the hiss of the water as the keel touches the sea, and then the thump of the water against the hull tells us that we have lost our flying speed, and that we are now a boat, and no longer airborne. When the spray runs off our windshield, we can see the junk a couple of hundred yards off our port bow. We slowly taxi in that direction, and at the same time we see a launch coming out from the island with our young friend standing in the bow waving. Now we know that we haven't landed into a trap, and the flight is over.

There are three other men on board the launch, and we recognize one of them as the mechanic who had been aboard the airplane before our departure. They come up along side of us and climb aboard. Mike, the little boy, and I make our way to the hatch, and go over the side. Two other men go aboard whom I had never seen before, and make their way forward to the cockpit. I hazard a guess that they are probably the pilots who are going to take the Cat back to wherever she came from. As I go over the side I pat the sleek hull, and say, "Thank you . . . thank you for a job well done, old girl." Then I board the launch—and it is all we both can do to hold back the tears—for there before us are father and son, with arms around one another, and tears and laughter at the same time. We look at one another, and this is all the reward we need. The launch is heading over toward the junk, and pretty soon the ship's ladder is over the side, and father and son are aboard her. The little boy is waving to us and shouting something in Chinese over and over again. The father waves and they disappear below. Mike and I remain aboard the launch, and we turn about heading north in the direction of Macao.

Our young friend is aboard, and he puts his arms around our shoulders, and says, "You did it. You did it. You boys really did it." I don't see Maya, and I am disappointed for I had been hoping to see her on our return. I ask him about her, and he says, "Don't worry she is waiting for you. You will see her very soon." Then he descends to the cabin, and when he returns presents us with two beautiful solid gold watches and a sapphire, and ruby ring. He says that a sum of $10,000 has been held for us. This may be a little hard to believe, but Mike and I had already discussed the matter of the money, and we had decided that the acceptance of this money would spoil a great adventure. So we thanked him, and tell him that we cannot accept the money, but know that someday our little friend will be a great man, and an asset to his country. He then says that even though we will not know their whereabouts, ours would be known, and that we would always have a true friend, and that there would be ways, other than monetary, of showing their great appreciation and gratitude for our help.

Some time later we pulled into the cove, and Maya came running out along the dock. She is standing there with the wind in her hair, and the sun in her eyes, and the sun is reflecting on something moist, and I see the tears flowing down her cheeks. But her face is beaming, and her smile is glorious, and there is nothing to be said for her silence speaks for itself.

We walk down the dock together, and halfway down I come to a halt, hardly knowing why, and turn around and look out to sea. There is actually nothing to be seen, but I do see a father, and a little boy with their arms around one another, and a great old airplane rocking gently on the swell of the South China Sea. •

THE STORY OF A DOUBLE AGENT

Continued from page 11

"Sit down, Boris," Zubilin said. "Meet Jack Soble, your boss."

It was a promising start. Morros sat down. "Now that you introduced me to my boss, do you mind telling me what my job is?" Morros said.

"It's right down your street—music." Zubilin never elaborated. The rest of the evening he talked about women, guzzling vodka from a bottle he had brought with him. Jack Soble was the silent type. From a few remarks Morros gathered he had come over from Russia in 1941 and was now in the bristle and animal-hair business in New York. But not exclusively.

"I'll meet you tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 on 57th Street just across from Carnegie Hall," Soble instructed Morros at the end of the dinner. "We'll look into this music venture Zubilin mentioned. If I'm not there at four-thirty, don't hang around. Walk away and be back at five. I'll do the same if you're delayed. One can't be too careful."

There were no delays. Soble arrived driving a black rented Ford. Morros got in.

"We're going to visit friends," Soble said. He swung over to the West Side Highway and headed out of town. An hour-and-a-half later he entered Ridgefield, Conn., a luscious little town much in favor with capitalists. Soble pulled up in front of a vast and gracious home, an unlikely setting for revolutionaries of the proletariat.

An English butler ushered Morros and Soble into the presence of their tall, slightly graying host—Alfred K. Stern. Boris had heard of Stern, a millionaire investment banker and housing promoter from North Dakota and New York, and from all accounts a scorching Red.

Almost at once, Stern's pert, brunette wife breezed in, no stranger to Boris. She was the former Martha Dodd, daughter of a one-time U.S. ambassador.

In 1934, when her honorable father was ambassador to Germany, she became a fiery Nazi. German friends thought Hitler might enjoy romance with her and, as she never tired telling at parties, arranged a love tryst. Even willing as Martha was, Hitler just sat in a corner, scowling, and ill at ease. She decided he was impotent. Then she moved from Berlin to Moscow. She fell in love with the Bolsheviks. Back in the States again she married Alfred Stern. Before the honeymoon was over, the two sounded like Radio Moscow.

To Boris Morros he talked mainly business, the music business. He knew of a jazz recording company out in Los Angeles. It was small but could be expanded with several branches in America and come peace, in Europe as well. He was prepared to invest $100,000 up to $150,000, as a starter. Boris, he felt, was the man to get behind it, knowing music, languages and business conditions both here and abroad.

"This company will make an ideal cover for our other activities," Stern added, deadpan.

In other words, the recording business was to be a front for Red espionage.

Morros stalled. He said he was interested but before committing himself would like to look into the business aspects more closely. After dinner at the Sterns, Morros rode back to New York with the taciturn Soble.

During the next two days Morros attended to personal matters. With alarm he noticed that suspicious characters were trailing him every step of the way. On the third day his mind was made up. He went to a phone booth and nervously called the FBI. An hour later, he was met by two agents in a private apartment the shadowers would have no reason to suspect.

Morros told his story. The sly hints, then pressures and finally threats through which they had tried to induce him to become a Soviet spy. He talked of Stern's proposition. The FBI men seemed familiar with most of the characters in the plot, except Jack Soble. The "boss" had a lily-white record.

Morros wondered why the Red gang should want to take chances with him, an enemy. The FBI men explained that espionage is always risky business. In recruiting a new agent, the Red spymasters embroil the man through threats, and once he has made the first step they threaten him with exposure unless he continues to toe the line. The method seems riskier than it really is.

After consulting Washington, the FBI men had another meeting with Morros. There are two ways to cope with a spy ring. Arrest everybody at once, or let them carry on under surveillance. The latter method is preferable. You get to know all the ramifications of the ring. From the type of information they are after you can learn much of the enemy's aims and weaknesses. And you keep vital secrets safe by feeding them doctored information through undercover channels.

The agents asked Morros if he wanted to supply the U.S. with a stream of information. He said this was the least he could do. The agents warned of the strain of constant play-acting.

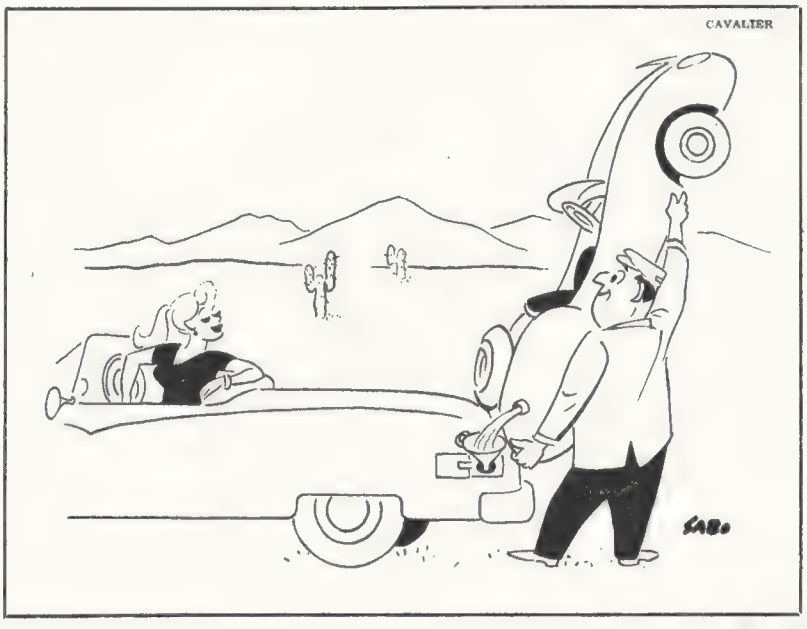
"I have directed quite a few actors in my life," Morros answered. "I think I can be an actor myself."

Nor did the danger to relatives or himself frighten him any longer. This was his challenge—and he was ready.

The FBI men went over the plan of action with him. He was to go along with the spy mob. He was to pretend that step by step he was being won over to their vicious creed till he sounded and acted like a real Communist. All along the FBI would give him the guidance and protection he might need. But under no circumstances was he to get in touch with the Bureau directly. For messages, a "drop" would be established. As Morros had frequent dealings with broadcasting companies, the FBI decided to place an undercover agent, a young girl, at NBC in New York, in an inconspicuous job. Boris could phone her and leave messages with her without arousing attention.

The FBI men shook hands with Morros and wished him good luck. The pint-sized, roly-poly Hollywood producer was off on a trip into the shadows.

Morros now gave his okay to the recording deal. After several conferences, Stern made $130,000 starting capital available. Morros mapped out plans for expansion, musically and commercially, which would have made the company a



sound investment under any circumstances. But somehow the business never quite got off the ground.

Maybe Martha Dodd was the trouble. Boris had known her in her wilder days. Now that she was married and mother of a boy she seemed to resent close association with him. At any rate, she made difficulties and seemed to influence her husband against him.

Or maybe the project had never been anything but a come-on to give the Red wire-pullers a chance to test Morros, watch which way he would turn and if there were any FBI reactions.

When Martha Stern continued to be troublesome, Morros—on the advice of the FBI—chucked the whole deal. He explained to Soble that jazz records were not really his line of business and he returned the $130,000 in full. As far as any future ventures went, he would be glad to consider them.

Upon this he returned to Hollywood. For a while an item he found one morning in the Los Angeles Times was the only news he had of the spy ring: The U.S. Government had asked Moscow to take back their Second Embassy Secretary Vasili Zubilin for behavior unbecoming a diplomat.

The recall of the drinkingest diplomat must have been expected by the Soviets, and no doubts were cast on Morros. Soble and others got in touch with him from time to time. They kept tab on him in subtle ways and brainwashed him with satisfying results. Under their tutelage Morros turned redder and redder, till he was a joy to behold: another millionaire communist eager to work for a communist revolution.

Yet no job materialized. Obviously the Russians intended to keep Morros on ice. He was, in espionage parlance, a "sleeper," a hibernating spy who could be thawed out when needed. It wasn't till early 1947 that Soble called him to New York and told him that his time had come. Actually, there is a mystery about Morros's relations with the Russians from 1935, when he contacted them about his father's visa, to 1947 when he starts to detail his activities.

Morros learned that the Soviets intended to operate two types of spy networks: local ones, active in one city or area only. And international ones, which take in half a dozen countries at once and leap the seas. Agents assigned to international setups keep on the run. They do a job in California one week and another in Switzerland the next. In between, they stay as much as possible in countries where they are relatively safe. Morros was told to pack his bags: he was to be an international agent with headquarters in Europe.

His cover would be movie dealings. Aside from production, he would sell American movies abroad, Russia included, and Russian movies to whoever wanted to buy the dreary stuff. As false fronts go this was perfect, justifying travel, meetings, and furtive stopovers in relays of international hotels.

His orders would come from Soble who too was slated to go to France. The Soviets stuffed his pockets with $125,000 with which to open a brush factory in Paris—as a cover. There may be a Soble brush right in your closet. The factory's entire output was marketed in the U.S. "as an aid to French economy."

Before leaving New York, Soble had a last meeting with Morros. It was pure cloak-and-dagger stuff. The locale was Central Park. They sat down on the same bench without greeting or sign of recognition. Each put a copy of the Journal-American next to him. When Morros left, he took Soble's paper. Inside were microfilm copies and some 20 typewritten pages of information relating to national defense.

When Morros left by plane for Europe the spy material—rather stale stuff—was at the bottom of one of his eight suitcases. In years to come he was to carry information for the Soviets hundreds of times—always put away in one special bag. In hotel lobbies, waiting rooms, check rooms, on trains or planes—FBI agents borrowed this grip, microfilmed the documents and returned them, in never more than a half hour's time.

His first trip took Morros to the Soviet zone of Vienna, where he handed the material to a Soviet courier. This mission completed, he went to Paris where he let it be known in motion picture circles he was buying pictures for distribution in America.

In his espionage errands he bumped into an old friend—Zubilin. While generously supporting the French vodka industry, the ex-secretary was now masterminding things from France. Here Morros finally met "Helen," the woman behind the voice that once had summoned him to a Chinese restaurant. She was Zubilin's wife, Elisaveta, a tireless recruiter who had lined up several top-notch agents for the Russians during her husband's diplomatic tenure in America.

The Zubilins invited Morros to a movie showing at the Russian embassy in Paris which was entirely consistent with his cover as a film buyer.

"To make it look even less suspicious," Morros suggested, "I would like to take my assistant along."

"Da, da," Zubilin burbled happily. "Bring your assistant."

Both Morros and his assistant, introduced as Mr. Smith, enjoyed the picture tremendously. For it was about a Russian spy who for cover opens a brush factory. After the showing Morros cornered Zubilin.

"You people are nuts—to make a picture about Soble."

"Soble?"

"Yes, Soble. He has a brush factory just like the character in the picture."

Zubilin sheepishly confessed he had slept through the showing. When the facts finally penetrated his vodka-soaked brain he broke into sobs, embraced Morros and thanked him for having saved his life. If Moscow found out that he allowed a picture like that to go out, he would be dead, dead.

Morros joined his assistant and together they faded into the Paris night.

"The boys in Washington will never believe me when I tell them," Smith muttered. "Me, an FBI man invited to the Soviet Embassy . . ."

Morros was soon ordered to make Vienna his personal residence. The city was then still divided into four separate zones controlled by British, American, French and Soviet troops. There never was or will be anything like Vienna in those days. An estimated 15,000 spies, double-spies and part-time spies, many of them just starving tipsters desperate for a buck or a Russian *ruble*, were plying their grim trade there. Brawls among lower-echelon spy crews daily shattered the peace of Vienna's friendly coffeehouses. A never-ending procession of corpses went bobbing down the not-so-blue Danube river. Kidnapings in the streets were so frequent that a sudden gang-up, cries, the thud of gun butts and quick getaway by car attracted little attention. Once-gay Vienna was the city of the "Third Man," of terror, despair and mystery.

Upon this scene burst roly-poly Boris, complete with flashy Oldsmobile convertible, top hat, big talk, playing the debonair gay blade and cosmopolitan from Hollywood. Wherever he went, champagne flowed, though he himself never drank anything harder than mineral water. He squired beautiful actresses and forever bubbled over with talk of big deals. Some even came off he produced, like "Tale of Five Women," starring Gina Lollabrigida, during this period.

Every so often he would vanish from Vienna—on business trips as he told everybody. He flew to America 68 times, to Paris over 100 times, just as often to Switzerland, conveniently wedged between Austria and France, and dozens of times to just about every corner of Europe.

Meanwhile, the Russians in typical fashion, never stopped shadowing him. Each time he made contact with the FBI abroad could be the last. In conferences with the hard, shrewd men who run the Soviet security police, a careless word, a flicker of a give-away expression, just anything, could give rise to doubts and end his effectiveness to the FBI and perhaps his life.

Through all these shadowy days, Boris traipsed in waltz time—always ready for a deal, a gin-rummy session or the latest joke.

At the beginning of his Viennese stay—which ran from 1949 to 1950—Soviet thermo-nuclear weapons were little more than talk. Therefore the Russians never stopped pressing for information. And they were to get it from Boris Morros—with FBI approval.

About this time, Vitaly Tcherniavsky, the chief of Soviet espionage in Vienna, sent for him. A Russian car, camouflaged as a taxi, picked up Morros on a deserted street and took him to Vienna's legendary *Prater*, a vast public park in the Soviet zone. On its fringe is an amusement concession with the world's largest ferris wheel, cafes and lovers' walks. But further in, the *Prater* is a maze of narrow, wooded roads, without signs, pitch-black by night, sinister. You can easily

lose your sense of direction and drive round and round for hours without seeing a soul to tell you the way.

Morros' sham cab stopped before a dark, shuttered structure. Silently, a door leading to an underground garage swung upward—the only way in which the building could be entered. It was what is known in the language of intelligence as a "safe house," the most secret center of a spy web.

Tcherniavsky, a big-limbed Russian with a booming laugh, seemed easy enough to get along with. He handed Boris coded instructions concerning the H-bomb information he wanted him to get in the U.S. A vodka toast—and Morros was off for New York.

There FBI nuclear experts examined the Tcherniavsky paper and burst out laughing. As they put it, the Russian was presenting the matter "unintelligently." Morros returned to Vienna with an amended set of questions and for the second time saved a spy from expiring in Lubiyanka Prison.

Exuberant Russian that he was, Tcherniavsky threw his bear paws around Morros. "You saved my life, Comrade Morros," he cried, tears streaming down his cheeks. "I'll be forever grateful to you." Then he sent Morros back to the U.S. to pry out in a hurry the answers to the corrected questions.

The way the FBI proceeded further was typical of many similar instances. Let's say the information would have to come from a nuclear laboratory in Oakland, Calif. As a first step, the FBI planted in the laboratory someone Morros either knew or could easily meet. The FBI would even facilitate meetings while preparing the spy dope—diagrams, photos, formulas and descriptions. Usually the information would be pretty complete—but not quite. Some vital detail, perhaps of technical knowhow, was missing. Sometimes it was necessary to yield information better kept secret. But such a concession was a small price to pay for having an entire spy network in the palm of their hands.

Another time Tcherniavsky dispatched Morros to New York to secure the blueprints of an electronic steering device. FBI research showed that a friend of Morros', a top man in the radio industry, could be a possible source. Once more, loaded with more doctored information, Morros returned to Vienna and the "safe house" in the *Prater*.

"Who do you have the information from?" Tcherniavsky asked.

Morros dropped the name of the radio executive.

The Russian grinned. "Very good. I know you're telling the truth. We watched you in New York."

Morros had taken the precaution of getting in touch with the New York radio man as often as possible. He had lunched with him in restaurants where they were easily seen and had an item planted in the columns. The friend will never know that circumstances forced the FBI to credit him with being an unwitting source of intelligence information. Incidentally, the information was passed on unchanged to the Soviets, as it was outdated.

"Before we get too friendly, Mrs. Frelish, just how good a shot is Mr. Frelish?"

After this there was a tense wait. Would Moscow find out they had been hoodwinked? More than a week passed before Tcherniavsky sent for Morros again.

"Congratulations," he said. "The director,"—the top blood hound in Moscow is always called the director—"asked me to tell you that the last information you handed in was first-rate."

Soon after, Soble asked him to fly to Paris and look him up at a certain hotel.

When Morros arrived, Soble had two young women with him. One, known as "Julie" in the network, was Parisian and worked for the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The other, a vivacious brunette, was American, code-named "Slang."

"Show them the town, Boris," Soble suggested. "Slang doesn't know Paris. She lives in Vienna."

In the course of the gay evening, especially after the French girl left, Morros wormed quite a bit of information out of Slang. She was the former Jane Foster of California. Back in 1943 Martha Dodd introduced her to George Zlatovski, an engineering graduate of Duluth, Minn. Love blazed and they got married. Jane Zlatovski had been a Russian spy as far back as 1940. When Soble arrived in America in 1941, she proudly told Morros, she had been among the first people he had looked up, on Moscow's orders. For the last three years both she and her husband had been in Vienna.

"What cover do you use there?" Morros asked.

"Cover?" she smiled. "I'm with U.S. Army Intelligence. So is my husband. He is an Army lieutenant."

Soble had engineered the dinner for a reason. Morros was to act from then on as a courier for information the Zlatovskis dug up in Vienna.

Though they all lived in the same city, they were careful never to be seen together there. On weekends one or both Zlatovskis would hop over to Zurich, Switzerland. The information they brought went into Morros's grip, was microfilmed by the FBI, then taken by Morros to the "safe house" in Vienna's Prater.

The intelligence the Zlatovskis passed on covered many subjects, including defense data, U.S. security in Austria, sex and drinking habits of U.S. military and civilian personnel, and data on Iron Curtain refugees.

Toward the end of 1948 this pipeline dried up when Lt. Zlatovski was returned to the States to be discharged. His wife quit her army job at the same time and settled in Paris. Her plan was to make spying a full-time job along fresh lines.

It was about this time, in Paris, that Morros took Jane out again. The champagne was delicious, the lights low, the violins soft. Jane felt uninhibited. She leaned across the table and said gayly, "Boris, somehow I think you're a phony."

"Jane," Boris said gravely, "that's just what I've been thinking about you for some time."

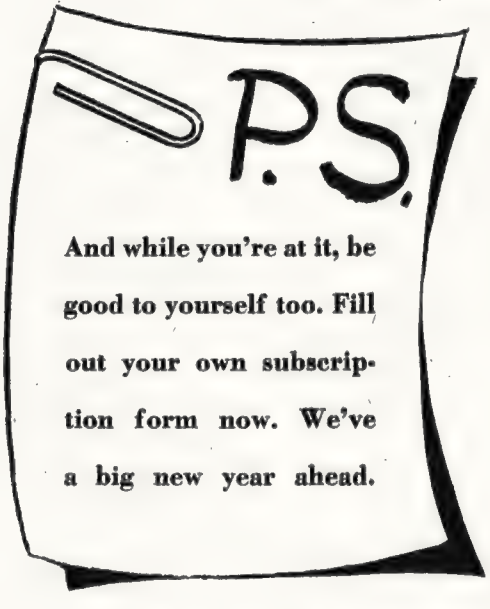
The subject was dropped.

Before a month was up, Soble summoned Morros to Lausanne, the pleasant Swiss lakeside resort. This had at first seemed like a routine mission. But when Morros arrived at Lausanne's "safe house"—a Swiss chalet—he found himself looking into the ugly face of Alexander Korotkov, dread hatchetman of the MVD, the secret police, come especially from Moscow.

Korotkov snarled he had come to investigate two complaints. The first was that Boris Morros was anti-Soviet. Morros had Jane Zlatovski to thank for that. The second complaint was that he knew no Russian. For this Morros could be thankful. Boris blasted that complaint to bits in eloquent, vibrant Russian. (But that didn't take him off Korotkov's hook altogether. For two solid days, 16 hours at a stretch, the Moscow brainwasher and browbeater worked over Morros. In the end Boris won—mainly he thinks, because of his flawless memory which saved him from ever slipping into the slightest contradictions. Korotkov declared himself satisfied, and told Morros he could continue with Soble to nearby Geneva, supposedly for a meeting with agents at the "safe house" there.

When Morros arrived, he again faced

They're Pierre's. He's in the den reading Cavalier



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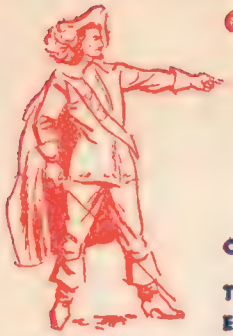

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Korotkov, ready to plunge with sadistic glee into a repeat performance of the grilling. Apparently the idea was that the first going-over must have been followed by a let-down that would make Morros more vulnerable to the brutal questioning techniques. The reasoning was doubtless correct, but again Korotkov didn't get to first base and wound up giving Morros a clean bill of health.

That night Morros stayed at a Geneva hotel which like so many hotels in Europe had chains of connecting rooms with locked doors between them. In the room next to his were two harassed-looking Americans, part of the FBI detail of guardian angels. When they had a chance, they engaged in some fast key work and entered Morros' room through the connecting door.

Morros smiled at them wearily. "When Korotkov started on me the second time you probably thought you'd lost your special agent."

"We almost sent out a rescue expedition," one of the FBI men said.

"Don't give me that," Morros grumped.

"If the Swiss police had received a phone call reporting a burglary in the house where Korotkov was grilling you, they would have come on the run. Right? Good thing the phone call wasn't necessary."

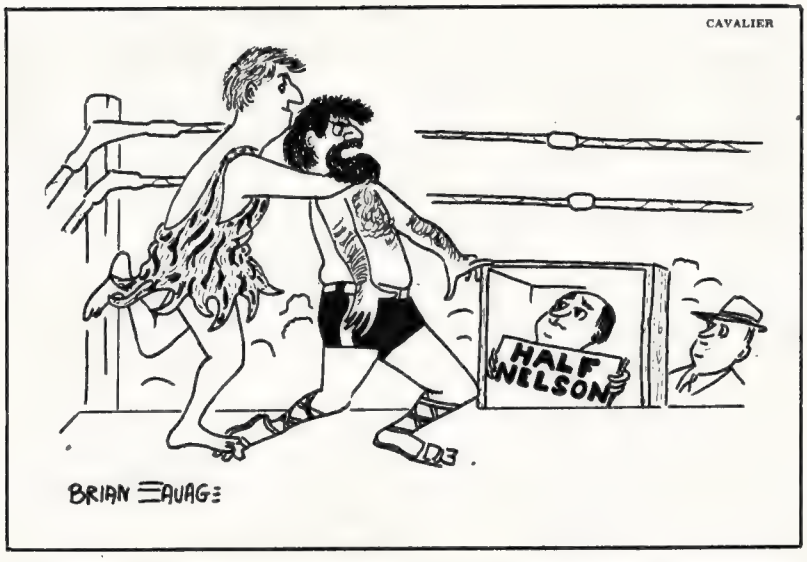
The FBI men interpreted the Korotkov interlude as a sign that Russian security was being tightened. It's a law, fatalistically accepted by secret agents everywhere, that the longer a man's good luck lasts, the closer he gets to the final, almost inevitable payoff. Seasoned agents on either side of the fence counteract this race toward disaster by steadily getting more cautious and wary.

Soble offered a good example. Up until a year before he had worried little about shadowers, wire-taps and long-range cameras. Now he used every dodge known to spy craft to camouflage his activities. He switched cabs, double-backed, and ducked through stores with two exits to throw off any pursuers. Before talking to one of his agents, he would draw the curtains, peer under the bed, unscrew lightbulbs, check phone wires and flush the bathroom sink and toilet—not taking a chance with the most unlikely hiding place for a microphone. Rather than meet with key agents directly, he used "cut-outs" – intermediaries – or message drops.

He had a nifty one, a flowershop in Zurich, Switzerland. Each time Soble went inside to leave or pick up something, he also bought flowers for his wife. Morros usually went in with a droopy carnation in his buttonhole, and replaced it with a fresh one.

It was through that very flowershop that before long, early in 1950, Soble summoned Morros to an urgent meeting in Paris. For a day Morros waited in his hotel room. Then Soble arrived unannounced. He locked the door, flushed the toilet, unscrewed lightbulbs—the usual routine. Then he announced brusquely. "You're going to Moscow. Orders from Beria."

Morros' deadpan expression remained unruffled. Lavrenti P. Beria, officially



Soviet Minister of Internal Affairs, was the top spymaster, terrorist and purger. The call to Moscow smacked of a trap. What could Beria want of Morros? "You have to think up a cover for your trip," Soble went on. "And it had better be good enough to fool the FBI."

It was nice of Soble to be so concerned about his safety, but it could be a sham, Boris thought. Morros talked to his FBI contacts. Whenever danger threatened, as it did now they suggested it might be wiser for him to pull out. But the final decision was always his. Again he rejected their offer. "I'm going," he told them.

The cover he picked was the story that he was selling American pictures to the Russians. Soble fixed things at the Moscow end so that he would be received in a manner befitting a foreign movie mogul. Morros called in Paris newsmen, including American correspondents, and announced with a fanfare that he was off to explore Russia as a big new market for Hollywood's collective genius.

On the afternoon Morros boarded the Paris-Moscow train, his glum mood matched the leaden winter sky. Twenty-four hours later, Russian army police swarmed over the train. Boris was inside Russia, wondering whether he would ever get out again.

As soon as the train pulled into Moscow's railroad station, four grim figures converged on Morros' compartment. Were they Beria's boys? No, they were official greeters, dispatched by the Soviet motion picture industry. After welcoming Boris in the name of Lenin, Stalin and the movie proletariat, they deposited him, grips and all, at the shabby Hotel Metropole, Moscow's finest.

If Morros was fated to face a firing squad, it wasn't during those first few days. Motion picture stooges swarmed around him with deference, hauled him off to movie showings and treated him to caviar and peppy speeches.

Between business appointments, Morros tried to roam the streets alone. Once he ran into a huge gray stone pile and his heart skipped a beat. This was MVD headquarters, with its sinister, underground cells, the center of the world's greatest spy web. Perhaps at that very moment people were dying in there.

As Morros was to tell this writer during a Long Island weekend, the sight of the MVD building jarred him severely. He felt like a sleepwalker who, suddenly awakened from his dream, looks down into some dangerous depth. Questions pounded at his consciousness. Was this really Moscow? What business did he have being there? How had he ever gotten up the nerve to take on what he had now been doing for years? What made him stop and gape at this charnel house?

"For a few minutes I stood there," Morros reminisced, his eyes straying down the shimmering Long Island beach. "Then I noticed a man who had MVD written all over him. He kept looking at me out of a corner of his eye. After walking away slowly, I came back, just to have my fun with him. Then I beat it for good."

Next day a secretive messenger visited Morros at the Metropole Hotel with orders from Beria's office. Morros was to buy a fur coat and hat so he would look like a Russian. Then he was to take the streetcar to Mishchanska Street, walk one block east and wait. A car would stop for him at 9 p.m.

Morros had trouble making it on time. The rendezvous, a muddy, unlit street, was way out in a lonesome suburb. The car which stopped for him was old and had no special markings. Two men were inside. One motioned him to get in.

After a dozen blocks' ride, Morros realized that the three cars he kept seeing in the rear-view mirror weren't just following them by accident.

"Don't let them worry you, comrade," one of his escorts said. "They are our cars, from the MVD."

"What do we need them for?" Morros asked.

"You can never tell," the Russian replied, "what 'the three letters' are up to."

Morros felt like laughing out loud. "The three letters" was the name always used by Soviet stooges for the FBI.

"You mean to say they have spies even in Moscow?" Boris asked blandly.

"Who knows, comrade? Maybe they are watching us right now."

On arrival, Morros was immediately ushered into Beria's office. The world's most terrible official was a stocky man with a head as bald and shiny as a billiard ball. Thumbing papers with sausage fingers, he refused to acknowledge Morros' presence for several minutes. At last he fixed his visitor with an icy-cold stare through his rimless noseglasses.

"Glad you made the trip," he said in a clipped voice. "You will have a series of discussions with my assistants. For your farewell I'll give a reception. I'm busy. So long."

The talks Morros took part in gave him a thorough grounding in the principles of Soviet espionage. Hints were dropped he might move up to chief of the network should anything untoward happen to dear Comrade Soble. Aside from these academic briefings, the discussions took in a variety of practical subjects. Top priority went to a project to liquidate Marshal Tito, Yugoslavia's dictator. Morros felt like pinching himself.

The murder plot was based on Tito's habit of frequently traveling to the sunny Dalmation Coast. Come the day, at the precise moment when the train crossed the Danube river bridge, the killers were to overwhelm Tito's guards, give him the business and toss him from the window for good measure. Then, being trained stuntmen, they were to jump off the train and make a getaway in a waiting speedboat.

"We have men rehearsing the operation," Petr Fedotov, the MVD's murder specialist, told Morros. "They are doing it in Austria because Austrian and Yugoslav railway carriages are of identical construction."

So realistic had the past rehearsals been that travelers picked at random were hurled from trains speeding through the mile long Arlberg Tunnel. The murder plotters' perfectionist zeal had so far taken the lives of four people, among them that of U.S. Army Capt. Eugene S. Karpe, whose mangled body was pulled from the Arlberg Tunnel on February 24, 1950. Up to that point Karpe's murder had been unsolved.

There would be some more rehearsing before the final comeoff. "And when we've done away with that jackal Tito," Fedotov said, "we'll blame the whole thing on the Americans."

"It might help to plant some clues beforehand," Morros said quietly.

"Very good, comrade," Fedotov roared. "You're a man after my own heart."

The Moscow stay would have gone by without the smallest cloud darkening the sky, if it hadn't been for Martha Dodd Stern. One morning Morros was conferring with I. Pavlov, the mastermind in the atom-spy plot for which the Rosenbergs were to go to the electric chair. A messenger came in and put a memo before Pavlov. The Russian's face tightened. Handing Morros the paper, he snapped "What about this?"

Morros studied the memo. It said that Martha had told the Soviet Embassy in Washington she suspected Morros of informing to the Americans.

"Well?" Pavlov exploded.

Morros talked slowly and deliberately. Who was this Martha Dodd? A very unstable character. A one-time Nazi, she had later turned communist. Martha, Morros said, was a neurotic, a psychopath in need of treatment, and an insatiable nymphomaniac who had it in for him for reasons of jealousy. Morros convincingly embroidered this theme.

Like all those MVD terrors, Pavlov turned out to be just another bureaucrat shaking in his boots. Unwilling to take the responsibility for absolving Morros, he turned him over to MVD interrogators. For three days and nights platoons of toughs tried hard to batter him down, and got nowhere. He emerged from the ordeal with a new, red-tinged halo around his head, a Sir Galahad of the Kremlin, to be showered by his superiors with maudlin apologies, congratulations and kisses on both cheeks.

Now that he was back in everybody's good graces the original program continued. There were more secret meetings in dark suburbs and more confabs, and finally a farewell banquet. It was one of those monstrous, 36-hour blowouts even the Kremlin's warmest admirers dread. For social reasons, Boris, the teetotaller, was forced to drink with such elbow-benders as Beria, Malenkov, Serov and Mikoyan.

The flabby, treacherous Malenkov in particular felt compelled to drink Boris under the table and swapped toasts with him every 15 minutes.

"You'll never get me drunk," Boris assured Malenkov. "Not as long as I have coffee with a lemon peel between drinks."

The gathered champs greeted this with guffaws. But Morros went on drinking coffee with lemon peel, and he still thinks he has a real antidote there.

Right or wrong, he stayed sober enough not to tell his hosts what he really thought of them.

Next day he wound up his three-week visit and boarded the train to Paris for a meeting with Soble. The boss gave him his next assignment: A trip to Yugoslavia.

"We want to find out how they treat Americans there," Soble elaborated.

There was good reason for this curiosity. At the time, American passports were stamped NOT VALID FOR TRAVEL IN YUGOSLAVIA in Washington. Would the Yugoslav authorities permit an American to enter despite the travel ban? And if so, how closely would their secret police watch him? Such questions obviously had to be answered if Americans were to be framed up for the Tito murder.

Morros took the Orient Express. Yugoslav border guards saluted, examined his passport, saluted again and he was in. He traveled around Yugoslavia for a month, then returned to Paris to give Soble a verbal report.

Soble, who himself had just come back from Moscow, unscrewed bulbs and flushed the toilet, and then had Morros tell him about Yugoslavia.

"I got in like a breeze and during the whole time not a single secret police cop ever gave me a look," Morros said.

Soble raised a questioning eyebrow. "I don't believe everything was as simple as that."

He was clearly suspicious. A few days later he sent George Zlatovski to Yugoslavia to double-check. Zlatovski's mission took two months.

But in the end, after all the plotting and realistic rehearsing, the curtain never went up on the real thing. Only hours before the killers boarded the train Moscow decided on a change of policy and the murder was cancelled.

The time came for Morros to jump into the number one spot, just as Moscow had anticipated. In the Spring of 1953, when Soble presented his American passport for renewal he was told he couldn't get one. Not for being a spy—the passport office in Washington had probably never been let in on the secret—but because Soble had spent five years abroad, the maximum permitted to a recently-naturalized citizen. Moscow ordered Soble to give up his cushy job in Paris and get ready to return to the States.

With the discipline of a hard-shell Communist, Soble sold out his Paris brush factory, handed the proceeds in full to the MVD and returned to New York. As a cover for his further activities on behalf of the network, he opened up a business in animal hair and bristles, his old specialty. The change of residence could mean the difference between a carefree life, or death to Soble. If he had been unmasked as an anti-American spy while living in France, police and courts would have protected him against extradition to the U.S. If he was arrested in America, the penalty could easily be the electric chair.

The Sobles' passport misfortune was Morros' best break so far. As head of the network he was able to get many new close-up views of the workings of Soviet intelligence. The timing, too, couldn't have been better—or worse.

For in that year Stalin died. The demise of the Little Father of all the Russians was closely followed by the execution of Beria and hundreds of highranking MVD "directors." Quietly promoting the savage rivalries, the military moved in on many positions of power, including the MVD which they packed with their own men.

For Morros, this was a period of nerve-racking stress. The personnel in Vienna's "safe house" changed. The months of fear slipped by. Morros, still cutting a dashing figure in the nightlife of Paris and Vienna, was bypassed by the purgers. Obviously his new masters in Moscow, Generals Serov and Kuglov, were satisfied with his past performances and planned to get more use of him.

As could be expected, the generals were mainly interested in intelligence of military and technical significance. Boasts to the contrary, Soviet engineering is still stumped by many problems which have long been solved in American laboratories.

For example, the Reds have had

trouble with their much-touted supersonic planes. Tires shred when wheels burn up the runways and windows shatter at high altitudes. Some of the planes themselves are too heavy as the Russians lack the formulas for tough, lightweight alloys. Nor does the fuel they use develop the necessary power for maximum performance.

The dope on tires, transparent plastics, and fuels was part of the goods the MVD generals expected Morros to come up with. He delivered all the FBI would clear. If information could not be divulged, he stalled the Reds as best he could.

A special case was information dug up by Soble and his helpers. It had to be passed on even if containing material better kept secret. Some of the documents could be doctored during the periods they were supposedly traveling at the bottom of one of Boris' grips. But while intelligence furnished by Soble continued to be excellent, it just missed being the absolutely forbidden kind. This made it possible for the FBI to renew the priceless network's lease on life.

The long-feared moment came when Moscow started to growl about not getting certain types of information. A note of suspicion began to creep into the communications from the Soviet spy bosses. They demanded more of him but told him less. He was being trailed. People he met socially seemed to be Soviet plants. Assignments were sometimes clumsily phrased or, more likely, cunningly boobytrapped. Each trip to the house in the Prater could be one-way.

"How long will I last?" was the question that was nagging Morros now.

The FBI again suggested that he pull out. "I will, when you decide that I must," Morros told them.

As the months went by, Soviet wariness of him continued to grow. It was more than awkward when toward the beginning of January, 1957, Morros had to negotiate a film deal in communist-controlled East Berlin. If the Soviets intended to get him, this was their chance to do it without causing a sensation, as would be the case in Vienna.

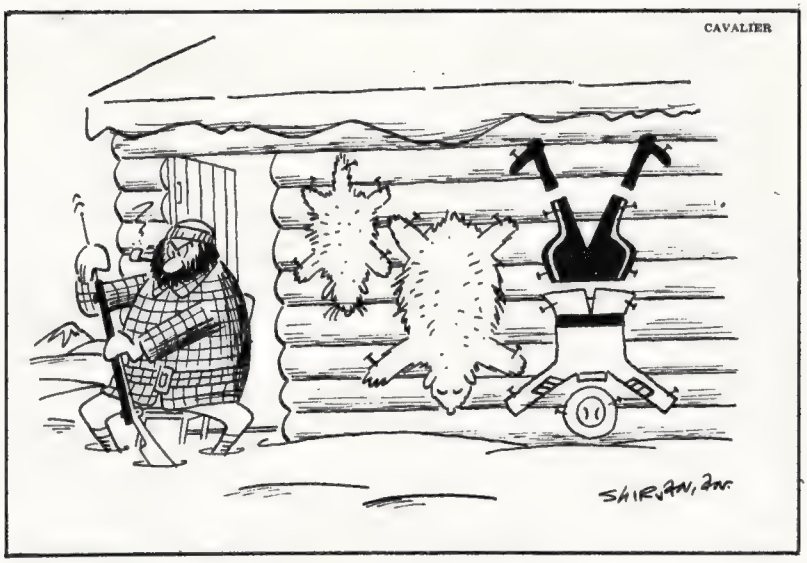
First impressions in East Berlin were favorable. He was received cordially and business dealings took a normal course.

As he always did when he was in East Berlin, Morros looked up Vladimir Povsner, an old friend. Povsner had worked as a cameraman in Hollywood before becoming one of the top dogs in Red Berlin's movie industry. No ugly political suspicions marked the reunion and before Morros and Povsner parted, they made a luncheon date for the following week.

On the morning of the engagement Povsner's secretary phoned. "Mr. Povsner can't lunch with you," she said icily.

That was all. No explanation, no apology. This was most unlike Povsner. He was a friendly man who would have gotten on the phone himself if he couldn't keep the appointment and make another date. Only one theory could fit the odd behavior: Povsner must have been warned not to be seen with Morros.

Next day Boris was to have a meeting at the "safe house" in Vienna. Despite



misgivings, he decided to keep it. On the way he stopped over for a night at a Munich hotel.

Next morning a bell boy came to his room with a telegram. For the first time in his more than 12 years of espionage work, he could feel his hands tremble uncontrollably as he read the message. It consisted of just one word—CINERAMA.

The telegram, routed through undercover channels, had come from Washington. "Cinerama" was a code term long agreed upon between Morros and the FBI. Should ever a stranger in a crowd whisper "Cinerama" to him, should he ever find the word scrawled on top of a newspaper, a wall or a tablecloth; or should those letters ever leap at him from a message or telegram, the urgent meaning was: "You're in great danger—head for home at once."

For the last time Morros packed his eight grips. An hour later he was on the plane to New York. On arrival at Idlewild airport he bought a paper. Only he could appreciate the full impact of the news he found on the front page: At 7 a.m. that day, January 20, 1957, Jack and Myra Soble, and one of their stooges, the Russian, Jacob Albam, had been arrested by the FBI as Soviet spies.

Morros' FBI Friends were on hand to explain. The Sobles had suddenly shown signs of great nervousness and had made travel reservations for Mexico. Together with the disquieting news the FBI had just received from Berlin, this could mean the Sobles had caught on somehow and were getting ready to flee. The FBI had no choice but grab them, as well as Albam.

"Do they know what part I played?" Morros asked.

"Apparently not," he was told. At the arraignment at 10 a.m. that morning, all three spies had been arrogant and defiant, as if certain the government lacked the evidence on which to convict them—evidence which could only come from an informer.

However, the long hours in New York's Tombs chipped away at Jack Soble's supreme assurance, and little by little it dawned on him: that Morros, the man he trusted, often blindly, had not been what he seemed.

Discovery of the truth, with the electric chair staring him in the face, came as a terrifying shock to the hardbitten Red spy. He cracked up. He was a nervous wreck when they took him over to Bellevue's Psychiatric Prison Ward.

Two weeks of electro-shock and insulin therapy brought the spy around again. Before being returned to the Tombs, he told Senior Psychiatrist Theodore S. Weiss, "Thank you, doctor. I think I can now face what's ahead of me."

He did face it squarely—and pleaded guilty, as did Myra Soble, his helper throughout the years. Realizing his position was now untenable, Albam too threw himself on the mercy of the Government. By revealing before a grand jury all they knew, the spies saved their lives.

Three more spy couples were subpoenaed on the basis of Morros' testimony, now corroborated by the Sobles: Alfred and Martha Dodd Stern; George and Jane Zlatovski; and—new names—Dr. and Mrs. Henry Spitz, said to have furnished atom intelligence the doctor secured while working at the VA hospital in Albuquerque, N. M., near the Alamagordo atom site.

All six are safely outside U. S. jurisdiction: the Sterns in Prague, after a stopover in Mexico; the Zlatovskis in Paris; the Spitzs in Vienna; which shows up the cleverness of the Soviets' international, interlocking spy networks.

For several months, pending the legal windup of the Soble-Albam cases, the FBI kept their "special special agent," as they referred to him, and sole government witness secreted away at the Mirimar Hotel in Santa Monica, Calif.

But now Morros is back in his old Manhattan haunts.

One morning recently, Morros sat across the table from this writer, in a very safe house, an all-night truck driver's joint at Montauk, N. Y. Recalling the experiences of the harrowing years behind him, Morros said musingly: "If I had to do it all over again—I couldn't. •

THE WOMEN GOD FORGOT

Continued from page 36

held prisoner. Then one evening the procurers made a stupid mistake. They admitted to Katherine's room a man who had come to the house to patronize one of the voluntary prostitues who used the premises. He was not a sadist, willing to pay a high price for the privilege of beating and raping a terrified and helpless girl, as Katherine's other "customers" had been. Shocked at the condition he found her in, he forced the management to make a bargain. They would provide decent clothes for her to wear and let him take her to where she could find help. For his part of the bargain, he would drive her by a roundabout way and would not tell her or the police the address of the boarding house.

I was told Katherine M.'s story by a Vienna police official early this summer, when I investigated the inhuman exploitation of Hungarian refugee girls by white slavers operating in Austria. She was one of an estimated 3,000 of these homeless girls who were seduced or forced into prostitution by procurers who descended on Vienna to prey on victims of the mass exodus from Hungary.

Early in November, 1956, when escapees from the Communist terror first arrived in large numbers from Hungary, the vice lords of Port Said, Istanbul, Casablanca, Paris and Milan sent their experienced procurers posthaste to Vienna. These agents in turn engaged local pimps and "bird dogs," the latter being operators who hunt out and line up likely victims, usually turning the girls over to others for their actual induction into prostitution. It was such a role—a very difficult one to prove or prosecute—that the courtly Count Pálffy filled in the case of Katherine M. and, Vienna police suspect, in many similar cases in which the victims were spirited out of the country.

The routine registering and assigning of the escapees to camps was, in itself, more than the undermanned Vienna police department could cope with. On top of this tremendous burden of work, two other factors made the police virtually powerless to take effective measures against the booming white-slave trade that the mass migration visited on their city. One was that voluntary, registered prostitution is legal in Vienna, and normally requires a minimum of policing. Hence there was no large, established vice squad on hand, as there would have been in most other cities, to deal with the greatly increased and highly organized traffic. The second factor was that most of the girls were not recruited for prostitution locally, but were shipped out of the country as fast as the vice syndicate could arrange it.

A premium price was offered for the refugee girls by the international barons of white slavery. This was not because of any unusual demand for young Hungarian women among the patrons of the bordellos of Europe and the Near East. It was because the traffickers knew that among this horde of homeless, impoverished people there would be a large number of young, unattached females, many of whom, in their desperation and helplessness, could be persuaded or forced into prostitution.

At the "exporting" end, the pimps and organizers of the traffic in Vienna realized early in the game that there was no percentage in sending their captives out singly or by twos and threes. There was just as much risk and difficulty in transporting a few as a lot, and the profit on a few was, of course, much smaller. So they established a number of "collection and training" centers in Viennese hotels, *pensions* and houses rented for the purpose. Here girls were kept until enough were on hand for wholesale deals and shipments.

In many instances, the girls had no intimation of the fate that awaited them, while they were still in Vienna. They were lured to the depots by the promise that jobs and refuge in other countries, and no attempt was made to lead them into prostitution. That was reserved for their masters at the other end of the deal. Some of these unwitting victims were delivered to the Viennese procurers by equally unwitting young Hungarian men, who were paid to recruit young women from the refugee camps, and from the endless lines waiting to be registered, with promises of jobs in Austria and abroad. Other girls were seduced and broken in to prostitution in Vienna by experienced pimps, using the wiles employed by their kind the world over.

The authorities I talked with estimated that about a third of the 3,000 Hungarian victims of the white slave victims started out more or less voluntarily, under the inducement of "easy money," high living, and a way out of the misery and hopelessness that faced them in the refugee camps. Some of them remained as registered prostitutes in Vienna. The great majority, however, were consigned to literal slavery in a foreign land.

I visited a small coffee house called the Minerva, in Annagasse in the shadow of the ancient Burg, where the flesh traders had established an informal exchange. Here girls were bartered in wholesale lots, sight unseen, by brokers and agents from the white-slave centers of Europe and the Near East, who arrived in Vienna as the local pimps gathered up increasingly large "stocks." It was not uncommon to hear a broker offering 20 "pieces," in "sizes" (ages) 16 to 25, to be delivered on a given date.

The police knew about the exchange at the Cafe Minerva, but were powerless to stop it since they could secure no evidence to prove the nature of the dealings that went on there. Often, officials told me, the broker offering a wholesale lot of girls would not actually have them assembled in any one or more depots. He would simply have pledges from his pimps and bird dogs that a certain number was lined up and ready for delivery. Some might still be in refugee camps or *pensions*, awaiting word from a benefactor" that everything had been arranged for their transport to a foreign job. Others might be working as registered prostitutes in Vienna bawdy houses, within the law and unaware of what their "protectors" had in store for them. Still others might be held prisoners on the top floors of the pensions.

One buccaneer of the business entirely bypassed the middlemen of the Cafe Minerva, at least on this first trip to the market. Early last December, a tall, muscular Turkish tugboat captain known as Ahmed steamed up the Danube from Istanbul with a rush order that he proceeded to fill in his own crude way. Hiring a fleet of autos, he and his squad of bullies cruised around refugee camps and boldly kidnapped every attractive and unprotected young woman they came across. They dumped their victims into the hold of a tender, stripped them of their clothes, drugged them and locked them up until sailing time. Once under way, Captain Ahmed and his strong-arm men went below and gave the girls a foretaste of what awaited them at their journey's end.

Captain Ahmed, a well-known figure in the white-slave trade, uses his boats to transport girls to Turkish and Arabian bawdy houses and harems. Interpol (International Police Cooperative Authority) has a fat file on Captain Ahmed, and his activities were reviewed by the U. N. committee on slavery a few years ago. But Interpol is an informative agency, without police power, and the U. N. committee was equally powerless to take direct action. Ahmed's trade is with the Near East, where governments protect him as a legitimate trader.

Ahmed is known to have made three trips to Vienna between December, 1956, and June, 1957, returning each time with a living cargo. To fill the last two consignments, however, he prudently gave-up strong-arm methods and patronized the exchange at the Cafe Minerva. These times, in addition to wholesale lots for the bawdy houses, he had some private orders to fill for Arabian princes, specifying girls of certain ages, figures, complexions and other particulars. The traders at the Minerva had a standing joke about Captain Ahmed. He has bought many virgins from them, they say, but he has never delivered one to his customers.

There is no telling how many Hungarian girls reported missing from refugee camps have made the dreadful journey in Captain Ahmed's barges, for it is rarely that any trace has been found of these tragic victims. A young Hungarian refugee dentist learned what had happened to his beautiful 24-year-old wife only when, weeks after her disappearance, she was able to smuggle a letter out to him from a "specialty house"

in Istanbul. A Greek customer of the house had consented to mail the letter for her. It told how she had been approached by a stranger outside of the camp at Kaiserstenbruk and offered a ride to Vienna. She was taken aboard a boat and locked in the hold where 10 other girls were already imprisoned. After a journey of five days, made hideous by the abuse of the captain and crew, they were put in a truck and delivered to the house.

"They tie us up," she wrote, "with thin ropes during the hours we must receive. Words cannot describe the horrors to which we are subjected. If you ever see me again, I am sure you won't recognize me."

The authorities to whom the dentist brought the letter shared a small portion of his anguish, but could offer him little immediate hope of rescuing his wife. They would report the incident to the international authorities at Geneva, and they would lodge formal complaints. But direct action? If he had the money to go to Istanbul, engage private investigators and a lawyer, perhaps. . . .

Even on their home grounds, the Austrian police are unequal to the task of bringing the white slavers to book. Last winter, I learned, the police got repeated reports that many of the local pimps and bird dogs were recruiting refugee girls for an elusive Austrian who maintained a large estate near Salzburg, at the German border, from which he distributed the girls all over Europe.

Police got their fullest and most direct report on this top operator when Maria F., a tall, blonde, exceptionally beautiful Hungarian artist, escaped from his clutches and found refuge at a post of the military police.

Maria F. had been quartered at the Rothchild Hospital, which was used as a temporary camp for refugees. One day in January, a notice appeared on the bulletin board: "Single, neat, well-bred young ladies wanted for resort work." The notice offered high pay and excellent living conditions, plus opportunity for advancement. Applicants were advised to write to a post-office box number in Salzburg, enclosing a photograph and short biography.

"Three of us girls, who were living in the same dormitory, answered the ad," Maria F. related. "About a week later, I received a typewritten reply by mail, saying that my application had favorably impressed the manager of the resort. He would be in Vienna to interview applicants on the coming Friday, and instructed me to wait for him outside the main building of the hospital at 5 p.m. He would be driving a black sedan.

"I kept the appointment, and found the driver to be a kindly looking man of about 40, gentlemanly in his speech and manners and plausible in what he had to say. He had not wanted to meet me in the hospital, he said, because so many of the girls there had applied for jobs, and he could only interview the few who seemed the best candidates. We drove to a coffee shop in the city, where he told me that he thought well of my qualifications and personality, and could offer me a job as hostess at the resort. If I showed executive ability and a talent for handling guests, I might very well advance to assistant director. The job was in one of the finest hotels in the famous resort area of Salzkammergut, with a first-class clientele.

"I was so thrilled at the prospect that I raised no objections to what he proposed. He had to be back at the hotel the following day, he said, and he wanted me to leave with him then and there. If I had anything of value at the hospital, it could be sent along later. As for my clothing, he would see that I was equipped properly for the job. Since I had very little more than the shabby, ill-fitting clothes that had been given to me by a relief agency on my arrival in Austria, I had no argument against this proposal.

"We drove for about five hours. During the ride he occasionally turned the conversation to personal matters. When I accepted a cigarette, he asked if I drank. I told him only an occasional cocktail or glass of wine. Then he asked if I'd had any boy friends in Hungary. At first, I thought his questions might have some bearing on my employment, but as he got more intimate, I was embarrassed and a little apprehensive. At worst, though, I thought he was just a middle-aged man who was letting himself get over-stimulated by having an attractive girl alone with him, and I laughed off his questions.

"Late at night we arrived at a large private house, at the end of a winding driveway in what seemed to be a huge park. 'We won't wake the servants,' he said. He opened the door with a key and showed me to a room on the second floor. I undressed, washed and went to bed. I was just about to drop off to sleep when the door opened and my host came in and sat on the bed beside me.

" 'Don't be alarmed,' he said, and went on vaguely about something he had forgotten to tell me about the job. Then he started to steer the conversation around to my experience with men. I asked him to leave, and he said perhaps he had been mistaken about my qualifications for the job. He reached over to touch me, and I pushed his hand away. Then he put both his hands on me, firmly and so there was no mistaking his intentions. I struggled desperately and managed to bite his arm with all my strength. He swore vilely, gave me a smashing blow across the face, and left the room.

"I heard the turn of a key in the lock and his footsteps going down the hall. I went to the window and looked out. In the moonlight, I could see that the side of the house was covered with heavy vines. It was too high to jump, but with luck I could scramble down the vines. I dressed quickly, clambered out the window, and tried my weight on the vines. The first strands pulled away from the wall, but then I found a main branch and shinnied down it to the ground. As I reached the cover of the woods around the house, lights were going on in several rooms of the house, and I heard shouting inside.

"I kept going, running and falling and clawing my way through the woods. I came to a main road by dawn, but I was afraid to hail a passing car or even show myself. I was convinced that my employer had a search party out for me and would do everything he could to keep me from going to the authorities. Finally I came to a truck parked off the road. The driver had evidently stopped to sleep, and was just waking up and stretching himself. He couldn't understand a word I said, but he looked me over and shook his head. My clothing was torn to shreds, my flesh scratched and bleeding, from the brambles and underbrush I had come through, my arms and legs bruised from the falls I had taken. He motioned me into the truck and

"That was quite a determined panty raid."

drove me to the military police post and from there I was taken to Salzburg."

Maria had travelled many miles through the night and lost all sense of direction by the time the truck driver gave her a lift. She told the Salzburg authorities what she could, but it was not enough for them to act on. Maria was returned to the refugee camp in Vienna. By then, her two roomates were among the missing—the latest of a score of girls who had disappeared from the Rothchild Hospital without leaving any clue to their destination. In Salzburg, investigators found that letters to the post-office box number of the advertiser for resort help were no longer being claimed, and whoever had rented the box had given a phony name and credentials.

In case after case in the files of the Vienna police, I found a disheartingly similar story of the frustration of justice. Only the details of the methods used by the procurers differed.

Consider, for an outstanding example of vicious inhumanity, the record of three young Hungarian sisters. Gita, 16, Marika, 17, and Klari, 19, had found refuge in a school maintained by a Catholic order in Vienna. Marika and Klari, the two older girls, were active in the ranks of the Freedom Fighters during the Battle of Budapest, and narrowly escaped with their lives. With little Gita, they had made their way to the border on foot, travelling by night and hiding by day.

Some weeks after they reached the safety of Vienna, hope was held out to them that they might be sent to the United States. A refugee-relief group was prepared to guarantee homes and jobs for them, but there remained the question of parental consent, at least for Gita and probably for Marika, until she turned 18. Since both their parents had been killed, such consent was unobtainable. The sisters decided to stay together, whatever the authorities might decide, and hope for the best.

One day, after months of waiting, the three girls disappeared from the school. The police were promptly notified and launched a search for the girls. They found no trace of them.

Two weeks later, the youngest of the sisters, Gita, staggered into the school by herself. She was delirious with fever, and her body was severely bruised and lacerated. The Mother Superior immediately summoned an ambulance and had her taken to a hospital, where she was found to be in critical condition, with internal injuries and a dangerously high temperature. She was kept in the hospital for ten days and then, out of danger, brought back to the school, where she faced a long period of convalescence in bed.

The story she told was that she and her sisters had gone to a number of dances that were held for refugees, and there had met three Hungarian boys who became their special "beaus." The young men claimed to have been Freedom Fighters in Hungary, and told tales of their heroic exploits in the revolution. However, they were not quartered in one of the refugee camps, and they boasted of having "made connections" in Vienna.

At the start of one of the dances, the young men told the sisters that they wanted to take them to a "surprise party" at a friend's house—a party to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of Marika, the second oldest. The girls made them promise to get them back to the school before the official "curfew" hour of 11, and went along with them.

The "friend's house" seemed to be a small hotel, with a public room on the ground floor where the young men ordered drinks from a middle-aged woman who appeared to run the place. Gita did not remember what had happened after her first few drinks—except that she woke up in bed in another room with a man beside her whom she had never seen before. He began to abuse her, and she fought until she lost consciousness. She was kept in the room and violated repeatedly for many days. Finally the woman who ran the house discovered that she was hemorrhaging. She helped Gita into her clothes and put her on a mattress in the back of a small panel truck. The woman got in back with her and the truck was driven off by a man whom she did not recognize. After a thirty minute drive, the truck stopped. The woman told Gita they were at the Allgemeine Krankenhaus (General Hospital) and that she was to get out and report at the emergency ward. Gita got out, and somehow made her way back to the school.

Months later, her sisters still had not been found, and police had had no success in following up the few clues that Gita was able to give them. She could not describe the route she had taken to or from the house. The names that the three "beaus" had given could not be found on any record of refugees, and police concluded that they were aliases adopted by professional pimps—Hungarians, to be sure, but undoubtedly hardened criminals who had delivered scores of innocent young women like these to the white slavers at so much per "piece."

It was on the basis of known cases such as this that authorities estimated some 3,000 Hungarian girls fell victim to the white slavers in the first few months after the mass exodus. But an inspector told me that he was afraid the true figure was very much larger, and was still on the way up. By April and May, 1957, the stream of incoming refugees had dwindled to a mere trickle, and those in Austria were being accommodated as well as they could be in camps and shelters. But at that point, the white-slave traffic was given a new impetus by news that threw a pall of despair over the refugee camps.

After the savage Communist onslaught in Hungary last winter, President Eisenhower had gone beyond the letter of the McCarran-Walter Act and authorized the admission to the U.S. of some 25,000 Hungarian refugees as temporary "parolees," with the promise that they would get permanent visas entitling them to regular citizenship status. But Congress failed to pass the necessary legislation. As a result of this stalemate, the American Consulate in Vienna was forced to announce that no more applications for immigration to the U.S. would be accepted.

Demoralization was already rampant in the refugee camps in Austria. Men, women and children had been jammed together in emergency shelters, with inadequate sanitary facilities, no privacy, poor food, and little recreation. As long as they could sustain the hope of eventually finding asylum in the U.S. or one of the other democracies that admitted some refugees, the majority of them made the best of the situation. But with the announcement of the U.S. embargo on further applicants, an epidemic of suicide swept through the camps, and along with it a wave of hopelessness which was easily exploited by the white slavers.

This wave of panic, I was told by a Swiss Red Cross official, drove 1,100 Hungarian girls, including young married women, into houses of prostitution in Vienna and into accepting spurious job offers in other countries made to them by procurers preying on the camps. This was the number of young women who simply left the camps, without checking out officially or telling anyone where they could be reached.

Whose fault is it that thousands of young Hungarian women, who fought valorously for their country's freedom and escaped with their lives before the Iron Curtain rang down, are now doomed to living death in bordellos and harems from the Indian Ocean to the Baltic Sea? Not that of the Viennese police, equipped only to deal with routine disturbances of the peace and the ordinary quota of crime. Not that of any of the well-meaning groups set up to help the refugees—but powerless to hinder them from walking into the white slavers' traps. Not that of the Austrian Government, which cannot, by itself, take the full brunt of a forced migration of this magnitude.

If blame is to be placed, the United States must take its share. We have refused to liberalize the immigration lines enough to allow many more Hungarian refugees to reach our shores. If we would, it might not come too late to save hundreds of innocent girls like Katherine, Maria, Gita, Marika and Klari from the human vultures of the white-slave trade. •

FLOYD COLLINS IN SAND CAVE

At last, the full story of America's greatest rescue effort, told by Floyd Collins' brother, Homer Collins.

In the January CAVALIER.

On sale November 26

HE TAMED THE RIVER THAT LEFT ITS BED

Continued from page 58

with the Mexican authorities right now for permission to start digging."

"And permission to build a headgate?" Rockwood asked.

"Of course, of course—we'll get that too," said Heber. "But in the meantime we can't wait. We'll have to go ahead with the cut right away."

"Without control gates? We *can't* . . ."

"We have to," said Heber with finality.

Rockwood had lived with the Colorado long enough to know that it was treacherous and unpredictable, but he decided to go along. And once he'd made the decision he convinced himself that it was the only answer. He fortified the conviction with statistics. In the 27 years that records of the river had been kept, there had been just three winter floods and never more than one in one winter. Rockwood wrote later: "It was not probable, then, that there would be any winter flood to enlarge the cut, and without doubt, as it seemed to us, we would be able to close the cut with a brush-and-earth dam before the approach of the usual summer flood . . . We have since been accused of gross negligence and criminal carelessness in making this cut; but I doubt as to whether anyone should be accused of negligence or carelessness in failing to foresee what has never happened before."

The Mexican cut was started in September of 1904 and finished three weeks later. When, in early February, the first in a long series of "unforeseen" events occurred, Rockwood was duck hunting alone, far down into the delta in Mexico. He was tramping the lowlands when the flash flood hit; he barely made it through the sand and muck back to his boat.

This first unforeseen flood didn't enlarge the new cut. In fact, it deposited so much silt that the channel had to be deepened. The second unforeseen flood, a few weeks later, had the same effect. "We were not alarmed," wrote Rockwood. But the third one, in March, "was sufficient notice to us that we were up against a very unusual season . . . we decided to close the lower intake."

The cut was 60 feet wide, not big enough to be particularly dangerous. Rockwood had a dam of piles, brush and sandbags thrown across it. A fourth flood roared through late in March and swept it away. In April, another dam, another flood. By June the cut was 120 feet wide instead of 60.

The officers of the California Development Co. knew when they needed help. They asked Southern Pacific, an organization with power, know-how and cash, for a loan of $200,000—$20,000 to close the Mexican intake, the rest for improving the canal system. E. P. Harriman, president of the SP, was a man who liked a challenge. He granted the loan in exchange for temporary control of the California Development Co. Rockwood stayed on as chief engineer, and with SP money made another try to close the cut with a barrier of piling, barbed wire and brush. It failed.

Harriman, like everyone in the Valley, still had confidence in Rockwood, but he wanted to be sure. His ace in the hole was Harry Cory.

Cory at 35 had the title of Harriman's "assistant," and he was a bright young man if one ever lived: he'd gotten his engineering degree at the age of 17 and now had a long string of academic honors and degrees. Most important, he was quick-thinking, tough and competent in the field. Harriman sent him to the Imperial with instructions to confer with Rockwood and find out what he planned to do next.

"But Harry," Harriman warned, "Rockwood knows the Colorado and he made the Imperial. He makes the decisions."

Cory arrived in the Imperial in August 1905 and took a careful preliminary look at the lay of the land. Water was overflowing the banks of the main canal. The salt at the deepest part of the Salton Sink was covered with water, and a new Salton Sea was poking wet tentacles into the sagebrush and greasewood. Cormorants and gulls roosted on abandoned fences and telegraph lines. The tracks of the Southern Pacific main line were threatened and all-night crews were moving them to higher ground. Passengers peering out of train windows at night saw the swinging lanterns of the workmen reflected dully in the brackish muddy sheet of water that edged closer and closer to the retreating tracks.

Cory went to see Rockwood. He was worried and he said so.

"What disturbs me most," he told Rockwood, "is the steepness of the incline on the Valley side of the river. It's about four times as steep as the incline on the Gulf side. If we ever get real flood conditions we'll have all the water of the Colorado emptying into the Valley."

"I'm afraid I disagree with you," said Rockwood. "Have you seen Volcano Lake a few miles south of the canal? That's our safety valve. If the overflow increases, much of it will go into Volcano. I think there's very little possibility that the Colorado will come through into the Valley. And in the meantime we're getting a heavy enough flow so that the main canal is getting scoured out and deepened. And that," he smiled paternally, "is saving your company a good deal of money."

"You may be right," Cory said, "but it seems to me that it would be safer to close the Mexican intake right now, before it gets any bigger.

"But we can't. We can't shut off the Valley's water supply. But don't worry. The water in the Salton Sink will harm nobody. It's a natural drainage basin. Really, there's nothing to be concerned about."

Cory was unconvinced, but Rockwood was the man with authority. A month went by, and another. The intake continued to widen. In October Rockwood and some of the consulting engineers decided to shut off part of the cut by building a barrier-dam of sandbags, brush and piling. It was finished in the middle of November. On November 29 a violent flood, carrying tons of driftwood, came ripping through it and it vanished without a trace.

Now the intake was a crevasse 600 feet wide. The Salton Sea had a surface area of 150 square miles. And the high-water season of spring and summer was still ahead. Rockwood suddenly stopped looking at the sunny side and called in some more engineers. They decided to attack the problem on two fronts. First they'd build a wooden bypass and headgate near the crevasse to divert as much of the flow as possible. Another headgate, a concrete one, would be placed at Pilot's Knob, to supply water for irrigation to the Valley. The new headgates would have to be finished before the next spring's floods, and emergency crews worked night and day through the winter. But the spring flood of 1906 came too soon and too hard. The crevasse widened to a quarter of a mile, and the waters of the Colorado came plunging through. The monster was unleashed.

Harriman, in San Francisco, was having his own troubles. In April 1906 the city shook, rattled and burned in one of the great disasters of the century. But with the ruins of San Francisco still

Next month, CAVALIER introduces to its readers a new character, HANDSOME. A restless young man who wants to see the world and taste life, HANDSOME is drawn to trouble and adventure just as naturally as women are drawn to him, to his good looks and animal grace. Next month, begin in CAVALIER a new series of stories tracing the exciting adventures of

HANDSOME

On sale November 26

smoking, he authorized another $250,000 for the control of the Colorado. And he telegraphed Harry Cory to take over.

Of Rockwood's staff of assistants, Cory retained the two best men—Charlie Perry, who had helped lay out the valley canals, and profane, derby-hatted Tom Hind, the construction superintendent. "Boys," he said, "we've got a job."

And that they had—a staggering one. As the summer flood approached its peak the banks of the crevasse crumbled and broke until it was half a mile wide. The whole Colorado roared through the break, raced down the slope of the basin, swelled the Alamo and the New River, another once-dry tributary that ran roughly parallel to the Alamo, and emptied at last into the Salton Sea. Volcano Lake, the "safety valve" in Mexico, was brimming over and sending a vast spreading sheet of water toward the international boundary. The towns of Calexico and Mexicali, on the boundary line and between the Alamo and the New River were directly in the path of the Volcano Lake flood. The Salton Sea covered 400 square miles and was rising seven inches a day.

But the most immediate danger was from another source, one of the wierdest, most terrifying phenomena in the history of the world's floods—a cutting-back waterfall.

As the torrential New River rushed down the delta slope toward the Salton Sea, the fine silty soil crumbled and washed out. The savage flow soon produced a miniature rapid, then a little waterfall that dug deeper and deeper into the steep grade. As it dug the lip of the fall kept collapsing, and the fall moved upstream, widening and deepening as it moved. Finally it was a roaring cataract, moving upstream at the rate of a mile a day, leaving below it a deep gorge with straight-sided walls, sometimes 50 to 80 feet deep and 1,000 feet across.

When Cory took over, one of these falls was bearing on the town of Brawley. The harassed settlers, trying desperately to prepare for the gigantic flood approaching from the other direction, paid little attention. The idea of a devouring waterfall coming upstream to attack their homesteads sounded too fantastic to worry about. But in a few days they changed their minds.

With a mounting roar the fall—now nearly 100 feet deep and hundreds of feet wide—approached the town like a berserk Niagara. The whole countryside was shaken by the thundering crashes of great masses of earth falling into the gorge. It bypassed Brawley and continued up the New River and across the Valley.

Then Charlie Perry conceived a daring plan. The fall couldn't be slowed down, but maybe it could be speeded up enough to reach the Calexico-Mexicali area in time for its new deep channel to provide a safe wasteway to the Salton Sea for the threatening flood waters of Volcano Lake. "Fight water with water, Charlie?" Cory asked. "Why not? Try it."

Perry rounded up dynamite and volunteers. The men got in a boat on a cable and were let down near the lip of the giant waterfall. They lit the fuses, tossed the dynamite over the fall, and were hastily pulled back out of danger. Huge masses of earth were catapulted into the seething waters below, and the backward march of the fall speeded up. Once the whole river "fell out" from under the dynamite boat on the cable as the brink of the fall collapsed. One of the men in the boat was hurled over the cataract into the water below and was pulled out barely alive. His companion rode the boat between heaven and earth until the cable slack was caught up and he was dragged back up the river.

In Calexico and Mexicali the frantic building and plugging of the dikes against the Volcano Lake floodwaters went on. Men and boys staggered under their loads of sandbags, whipped by a wind from the west, soaked by water blowing over the levees. Now the cataract was approaching faster and faster. Every few minutes the crash of more earth plunging into the gorge jolted the countryside. On the outskirts of the two towns, houses, barns, outbuildings were swallowed by the gorge and swept away to the Salton Sea.

But Charlie Perry was right. The enormous new channel easily carried the flood waters away and most of both towns were saved. Not satisfied by this triumph, he pursued the fall across the boundary into Mexico, intending now to break it up and stop its gouging process. He wielded his dynamite to split the fall and lessen its force, and again his idea paid off. He divided the waters and near Volcano Lake succeeded in dissipating the flow so greatly that the cataract vanished entirely.

In the meantime, Cory was mapping strategy on the main battle line, the big crevasse. He would use Rockwood's bypass and control gate to divert some of the savage flow of the Colorado, he decided, and with sheer brute force, in one herculean operation, would dam the crevasse with rock. On this plan he embarked with $1,500,000 of Southern Pacific's money and his own courage and skill.

He recruited six Indian tribes in a huge camp for workmen. He gathered locomotives, freight cars, dredges, boats, steel equipment of every sort, giant poles for trestles, and dynamite to help blast the rock off the flat cars. He supervised the opening of quarries at Pilot's Knob, and blasting began for the thousands of tons of rock needed for the fill.

And here was the real problem. The Colorado had built up its delta of soft shifting sand for so many centuries that the "bottom" was almost non-existent. Rock dropped into it simply sank out of sight in the mire and was swallowed up as though it had fallen into a bottomless pit. To meet this condition, Cory resorted to the biggest weaving job in history.

He drove 90-foot trestles down into the river in front of the crevasse, and then anchored a huge barge against the trestles. Next he strung a dozen heavy cables parallel to one another extending across the barge. Then he started his Indians "weaving" on the cables a huge brush mat made from bundles of arrowweed sewed into place with wires. The Indians worked eleven hours at a shift, around the clock, night and day, for nearly a month. They made 13,000 square feet of mattress, enough to cover the bed of the river from shore to shore with a double thickness. The completed mat was allowed to sink to the bottom across the crevasse and up on the bank on each side.

After that came the trestle building across the rushing water itself. For hundreds of feet the piling went down, then the cross pieces and the ties and the rails. Finally the cars began to roll. Dump car followed dump car in a steady stream, and thousands of great rocks were plunged into the roaring Colorado.

The brush mat did its job. It anchored the rock dam on the bottom and gradually the pile of stone moved toward the surface. Meanwhile the bypass to Rockwood's headgate was completed and enlarged.

In two weeks the dam was high enough to partially close the crevasse and divert water through the bypass and gate. But even though the river was now discharging only four and a half billion gallons a day the pressure was too great. The water tore and scoured at the foundations of the gate, tons of accumulated driftwood rammed and battered it. Cory saw the peril and hastily built a trestle across the torrent in front of the gate, hoping to be able to dump enough rock to brace it and save it.

The first train edged out onto the trestle the moment the sweating men completed it. Instantly it sagged in the middle and broke. Part of the train fell into the Colorado. The buckling timbers broke loose and swept down upon Rockwood's gate, already near destruction. The gate gave way, broke, and in a moment was a part of the great battering ram being hurled by the angry waters. Pieces of the improvised trestle struck the main trestle across the face of the rock dam, tore through it and opened a vast new crevasse.

Within minutes the river was plunging once more to the Salton Sea. The labor was lost, the money was gone. The crevasse was wider and deeper than ever.

Could the river ever be controlled? Harriman thought so and allotted Cory more money.

"Harry," said Tom Hind, "let's quit foolin' around with these damn gates. "Give me the rock and I'll stop this river without any mats or anything else on the bottom. I can shove that rock down there faster than the river can eat it up."

Cory agreed. Perry agreed. They all set out to get the rock.

It was a tougher job than ever. Far more rock was needed than the dwindling little quarries at Pilot Knob could provide. Cory looked elsewhere. In Arizona and at distant points in California he found new material and commandeered it. The great fleets of flatcars began to roll.

Tom Hind, unshaven, sweating, his derby hat firmly in place, drove his crews to dump the rock into the flood. In three

weeks his thousand men had built high rock-fill dams across the intake and the bypass and connected them by massive levees to make a barrier half a mile long. On the 4th of November, 1906, the sullen Colorado went back to its channel. Cory threw nine miles of earthen levees along the west bank and relaxed.

That was a mistake. A month later the river struck again with a flood, broke through one of the earthen levees, made a new crevasse a thousand feet wide, and once more thundered down the slope into the Imperial. Cory, enraged, swore he'd never quit this time until he'd whipped the Colorado forever.

Everything that had gone before was dwarfed now by his preparations. Out to Colorado and New Mexico he reached for quarries and the great slabs of rock that he needed in quantities never before dreamed of. He fought the river this time as though it were a personal enemy. Every time it snarled, he snarled back.

Cory said later, "We brought in about three thousand flat cars loaded with rock from as far away as four hundred and eighty-five miles, and we put in, all together, about eighty thousand cubic yards of rock in fifteen days. I suppose we handled rock faster than it was ever handled before."

Twelve hundred miles of SP main line were practically tied up because of Cory's demands for equipment. Fancy trains were kept on sidings for hours or days at a time while the unending procession of rock cars clanked past. In a constant grinding, creaking, iron parade the cars rolled out over the crevasse and the dynamite roared and the rocks plunged off into the water.

In the meantime the Colorado tore through the Valley, raising the level of the Salton Sea day by day. Now, where two years before lizards and chuckawallas had played in the dry sand, was a shimmering muddy sea 40 miles long.

Cory was determined that it was as big as it was ever going to be, and he drove himself and his men to the limits of endurance. The task seemed hopeless. The bed of the Colorado was 11 feet above the level of the water in the crevasse. This meant building the dam so high and so strong that the river could not seep through or tear away the barrier. It meant building nine miles of rock levee, because the Colorado had proved that earthen ones couldn't contain it.

Cory, Hind, Perry and the Indians performed prodigies of work. The crevasse they were trying to fill was nearly a quarter of a mile wide and forty or more feet deep. The rock slipped out of sight as though it were gone forever.

But in February of 1907 a miracle appeared to be in the making. At night the searchlights began to pick up the stray tip of a big slab here and there, standing firm in the swirling waters. The dam was nearing the surface.

On February 11 the great day came. The river was lifted and forced back into its bed forever. The Colorado was conquered.

And Tom Hind took off his derby—and saluted Harry Cory.

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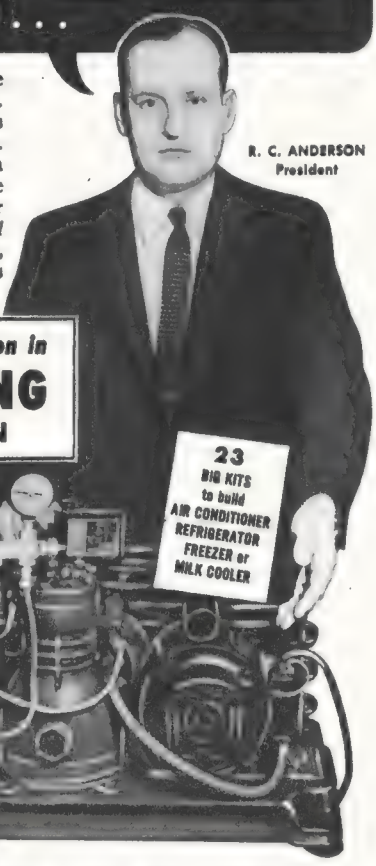

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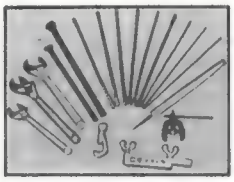

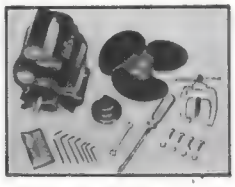

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"TRAINING YOU CAN TRUST"

CERTAIN WOMEN

Continued from page 16

lived in the new house that anybody had come to the door after dark. Frightened and tense, she was listening to the resounding bell when it rang again, and this time it sounded even more terrifying.

Her first thought after that was to call Jeff at the filling station and beg him to come home as quickly as he could, and then she remembered that the telephone had not yet been installed. The only other thing she could think of doing was to open a window and scream for help as loudly as she could, but she realized that probably nobody would hear her at such a distance on a night like that. There was no gun of any kind in the house. Jeff had said that accidents were more likely to happen when there was a loaded pistol or rifle anywhere around.

Opening the bedroom door, Vicki turned on all the lights in the hall and in the parlor, and then when she reached the front door, she switched on the porch light. There was no way for her to see who was on the porch without opening the door, and, undecided about what to do, she stood there holding her breath time after time and hoping that whoever was at the door would become tired of waiting in the cold and would go away. The only sound she could hear was the eerie whistling of the wind.

As she stood there listening intently, the bell began ringing in short, impatient bursts of clanging noise.

"Who is it?" she asked in a tense voice.

There was no answer, but, instead, there was insistent knocking on the door.

"I'm not going to open the door unless I know who you are," she said, speaking louder.

The door was kicked roughly several times.

"Unlock it, Vicki," somebody said impatiently.

It was the voice of a man, and it sounded familiar, and she was certain he must be somebody she knew, because he had called her by her name. However, she had no relatives living in Claremore, and she could think of no one that she and Jeff knew who would be coming there at that time of night. Harry Bass had been there once, when Jeff brought him out to see their new house, but she could think of no reason why he would be coming there now. Harry Bass was married and had several small children and Jeff had told her that he always stayed at home at night when it was not his turn to work at the filling station.

"Did you hear me, Vicki?" he said, his voice loud and commanding. "Hurry up and unlock the door!"

"I can't unlock the door unless I know who you are and what you want," she told him.

"Go ahead and open it, Vicki," he urged her. "I'm freezing out here in this cold wind."

"Who are you?"

"You know me, Vicki."

"Are you Harry Bass?" she asked.

"Sure, Vicki," he answered quickly. "That's me."

"Did Jeff send you here for something?"

"That's right. Open the door, Vicki."

Knowing that once the door was unlocked it would be too late then to try to keep anybody from coming into the house, she wondered why Jeff would send Harry Bass there for his flashlight, or something else he had forgotten, instead of coming himself, and she still hesitated to open it. If it had been in the daylight hours, even if she were alone in the house, she knew she would have opened the door, but at night, and as frightened as she was, she thought of all the horrible things that might happen to her.

"Why did Jeff send you out here tonight?" she asked as she tried to make up her mind about what she should do. "What do you want?"

"It's all right, Vicki," he said calmly. "Don't keep me out here in the cold any longer. Open the door and I'll tell you."

By that time he sounded so convincing and reassuring, although she was still doubtful about what she was doing, that she turned the key in the lock. As she did so, she clutched her bathrobe tightly over her chest with her other hand and stepped backward.

The door was thrown open the moment it was unlocked and, in a burst of icy air, Clint came into the room. Laughing at her as she stared at him in surprise, he quickly locked the door behind his back. There was snow clinging to his hat and thick coat and she could see the gleaming white flakes slowly begin to melt in the warmth of the house.

"Hello, Vicki," he said as he stood there watching her with his back against the door. "You're not all that surprised to see me, now are you? You look like you want to say something but don't know how to say it."

"I thought you'd left town."

"I did. But I came back. I always come back to see you."

"What are you doing here, Clint?" she said fearfully, slowly moving away from him. Her lips were trembling. "Why did you lie to me? Why did you say you were Harry Bass?"

"I didn't say I was Harry Bass." He laughed at her in his easy manner. "You said it yourself, Vicki. Remember? Now, aren't you sorry you said I lied to you?"

He took off his hat, shaking the melting snow from it, and then he took off his heavy gray coat. He threw both of them on a chair.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, moving farther away. "What do you want?"

"Don't be in such a big hurry to ask a lot of questions, Vicki. There'll be plenty of time for you to find out anything you don't already know. There's all night for that. But the way it is, you already know all about it without asking questions. Don't you, Vicki?"

"How did you find out where I live?"

"By a damn lot of damn hard work. And that wasn't all I found out, either. I spent a week watching Jeff and following him around and learning all about his habits so I'd know when he went to work at night and what time he got back here in the morning, and important things like that. And naturally, when you follow a man around that way, you find out where he keeps his woman, don't you, Vicki? Huh?"

"You can't come here, Clint!" she told him with a determined shaking of her head.

He laughed at her.

"Maybe that's what you think, but I'm here just the same. Now, take it easy, Vicki, and don't act so scared. You don't have to be scared about nothing. You know me. Act natural."

"You're not going to stay in this house another minute," she told him angrily. "I mean it, Clint! Do you hear me? Go away at once!"

"You don't talk like yourself at all, Vicki. What's the matter? You used to beg me not to go away. Remember how it was?"

"All that's in the past, Clint."

"Sure it is. And now's the present. The present is always better."

"When I married Jeff—"

"And you know damn well what I told you, too, when you said you wanted to marry him. That's something you'd better not forget."

She drew the bathrobe more tightly around her. "What—what are you going to do?"

Grim and unsmiling, Clint put his hand into his pocket and took out a small automatic pistol.

"What are you going to do with that—Clint?"

"Now, don't get all flustered and excited, Vicki. Keep your head screwed on tight. All you have to do is act like I tell you. You're smart enough to do that. You remember what I told you when you went ahead and married him after I'd told you how it was going to be. You wouldn't forget that. Not a smart girl like you. I told you from the start that I wanted you for my special baby and that you'd keep on being my special baby no matter what happened. You couldn't never forget that, Vicki. I told you I was going to keep on seeing you any time I wanted to—just like it'd been since that first time at Elsie's. There's nobody born yet who could keep me from seeing my special baby. Now, if you still don't believe it, I'll tell you just one more time, and you'd better remember it from now on—because that's the way it's going to be!"

Vicki looked straight at him. "I'm married to Jeff now, and I'm never going to have anything to do with you again, Clint. And you know what Jeff would do to you if I told him about this."

Clint, the grim lines of his face hardening, moved the pistol to his left hand.

"You're going to tell him nothing—not a damn word—because you don't want me to tell him about you. It's a sure bet that you've never told him about being at Elsie's—and wouldn't that make his eyes pop open if he found out about it!"

"I was there for only two weeks," she said, her head moving back and forth as she watched him appealingly. "You know that's the truth, Clint, because that's where I met you the first time. And I didn't stay any longer than that because you said you wanted me to leave and live somewhere with you. That's the honest truth, isn't it, Clint?"

"Sure, and after I'd taken you away from there and done all that for you—what'd you do? You went away with him and got married. How about that for the truth? Huh?"

"I was in love with Jeff—and I always will be."

"What a speech! And now I'll tell you something—for always. I'm going to keep on seeing you. You can write that down in your little book so you won't forget it."

"Please, Clint! Please! Jeff and I—"

"It's me and you, Vicki, just like I said. I don't care what you do when I'm not around, but when I'm here, you're my special baby."

"I'm not afraid—I'll tell Jeff—I'll—"

Stepping forward, he slapped her face with such a hard blow of his hand that she stumbled backward and fell against the couch. All she could see in the room was a blur of light as tears rushed to her eyes. She began crying helplessly.

"A few more slaps like that and you'll keep your mouth shut tight. Now, get out to the kitchen and fix me something to eat. I always did like your cooking, and I've missed it for a whole month now. Get going like I told you!"

She lay sobbing on the couch until he reached down and pulled her to her feet. Then, prodding her with the pistol, he pushed her down the hall to the kitchen.

"Get busy and fix me about four eggs and some ham or bacon to go with it, just like you used to do, and that'll suit me fine," he told her. When Vicki remained motionless, standing beside the kitchen table and leaning on it for support, Clint came forward and struck her face with the palm of his hand. "Does that make you hear any better now?" he said.

Crying helplessly, she got the eggs and began stirring them in a mixing bowl. Nothing more was said until the eggs and bacon had been cooked and put on a plate in front of Clint at the table. Motioning for her to sit down at the table, he began eating hungrily.

"Now's a good time to get a few things straightened out in your mind, Vicki," he said presently, looking across the table at her. "Quit that crying and pay attention. I told you that if you went ahead and married him, it wouldn't make a bit of difference to me in the long run, because I was going to keep on seeing you any time I wanted to. You remember that. And nothing's changed since then, either. It's still the same deal. That's why I'm here right now, and it's why I'm going to keep on seeing you for a long time to come. If you're smart, and know what it's all about, you'll keep your mouth shut. If you're going to act dumb, you'll tell him about me. Understand? Huh?"

She looked at him, wiping the tears from her eyes, but she made no reply.

"I guess you get the idea," he said, laughing a little, "because you know I'm not fooling when I say I'll tell him about Elsie's. I'll tell him so quick you won't know what from which. And you know what'll happen to you after that when he found out about Elsie's. If he didn't beat the daylights out of you for hiding it from him, he'd come so close to it you'll be seeing stars for the rest of your life. You know damn well he's not the kind to live with a woman who used to be at Elsie's. He'd throw you out of this house like he would a rotten apple—and a damn lot quicker, too."

Vicki, sitting on the edge of the chair, moved her body nervously.

"I wouldn't have anything happen to Jeff and me for anything in the world," she said in a voice that sounded as if she were speaking only to herself. "I've never been in love like this before in my whole life. Nobody knows how much it means to me. And I know Jeff loves me, too. I'm sure of it. And if he ever found out about me—what you were talking about—he'd never get over it. That's the kind he is. I don't know what he'd do, but he'd never be the same again. And I don't want him to be hurt like that. Jeff trusts me, be-

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cause he knows I love him and want to be faithful to him, but he'd never trust me again—if he ever found out—about that."

Clint pushed his chair back from the table and took out a pack of cigarettes. He offered one to Vicki, but she shook her head.

"That's one bad habit you still don't have, Vicki."

Watching her thoughtfully, he struck a match and lighted his cigarette.

"I've been sitting here thinking it over," he said presently. "The smart thing for you to do, Vicki, is to take out insurance—plenty of it."

"What do you mean?" she asked at once.

"Just think about it. It'll come to you."

She covered her face with both hands. She knew that even if she herself told Jeff about the two weeks she had been at Elsie's, and even explaining it in her own way, it would still be the same as if Clint had told him. She had gone there because she was lonely and hungry and discouraged after looking for a job day after day, and Elsie had said she could have a room of her own and three meals a day and rest as long as she wished. She had been there a week before she had a date, and that was the time when she met Clint. Then for a whole week he came to see her every night, and after that he had said he wanted her to leave Elise's and live with him. She had lived with him in a rented room over a grocery store for more than a month, cooking their meals on an oil stove and washing and ironing their clothes in the bathroom, and then Clint had become restless and left town for a week. It was during that week, one afternoon when she was walking home from a movie, that she saw Jeff for the first time. Jeff talked to her on the street for only a few minutes—and she had been so excited that she could never remember anything he said—but after that she knew she could never be completely happy with anyone else. When Clint came back, she told him at once about Jeff, and that Jeff had asked her to marry him. That was when Clint told her to go ahead and marry Jeff if she wanted to, but, whether she was married or not, he was going to keep on seeing her. She thought he was only joking and long ago had forgotten all about it.

Taking her hands from her face, Vicki looked across the table at Clint.

"Clint—would you promise—after this time—that you'd never come here again? Would you do that for me, Clint?"

He stared at her, his face expressionless, as though he had not heard a word she had said.

"Please, Clint! Please promise!"

He calmly took a last draw on the cigarette and crushed it on the plate in front of him. "Let's take a time at a time, Vicki," he told her, a faint smile coming to his face. "That's the smart way. Let's don't get all tangled up in that kind of talk. Keep things simple. Like a time at a time. I don't like to see you get all worried about complicated things. Do it the simple way, Vicki."

Reaching for the pistol on the table, he stood up and motioned toward the hall.

Looking straight ahead, Vicki left the kitchen and went to the bedroom. After turning out the kitchen and hall lights, Clint followed her inside and closed the door.

Crossing the room, he put the pistol on the small bedside table.

"You see that, don't you?" he said.

Vicki nodded.

"Well, leave it alone," he told her severely. "Keep your hands away from it. If you make a move for it, somebody's likely to get shot, because it's loaded to the hilt, and if somebody gets shot, it might be you. Understand? Huh?"

Vicki, sitting down on the bed, nodded.

Gradually opening her eyes in the brightly-lighted room, Vicki awoke with her fingers still gripped tightly in her hands. She lay there looking at Jeff's picture on the wall and wondering how long she had been asleep and fearful of what was going to happen to her before the night was over.

Fully awake almost at once and clearly remembering everything that had happened earlier in the evening, she was motionlessly tense and apprehensive. Knowing how ruthless and cruel Clint could be when he was angry, she tried not to think about what might happen next. She could never forget the time in their room over the grocery store when, because she had displeased him in some way, he had choked her with his huge hands until she was almost lifeless. He had told her afterward that he was sorry for what he had done and would never choke her again like that, but, nevertheless, she knew she was going to be afraid of him as long as she lived.

Thinking of Clint's treatment of her since he had been there that night reminded her of the day long ago when an older playmate, a 12-year-old boy named Luther, had locked her in his father's woodshed and told her that she was his slave and that she had to do everything he told her or he would chop off her head with the ax.

She had never forgotten the sight of the shiny blade of the ax and the sound it made when he struck the chopping block with it time after time, but she could recall only vaguely the things she was made to do that winter afternoon before she could escape from the woodshed and run home as fast as she could. When she got home and told her mother what the boy had made her do, her mother had scolded her for going into the woodshed and then told her never to play with Luther again. Before she went to bed that night, her father had held her lovingly on his lap and told her that there would be many times like that when she grew up to be a big girl, and that as a woman she would have to learn how to persuade a man not chop off her head.

Fearful of waking up Clint, if he were actually asleep and not pretending to be, Vicki listened to the faint ticking of the clock on the bedside table. As she remembered doing as a little girl when she wished for something very much, she imagined that the rhythmic ticking of the clock was saying to her over and over that Jeff would soon be there. After a while she slowly lifted her head from the pillow until she could see what time it was. When her head sank back into the pillow, Clint still lay there as if he were sleeping soundly.

At a glance she had seen that it was after midnight. The wind had stopped howling and blowing while she was asleep, and outside the house there was the peaceful calmness that came after every snowfall.

As she lay there she could not keep from thinking how beautiful the hilltop would be when daylight came in the morning and how the rising sun would reveal sparkling diamonds everywhere. There would be delicately-molded drifts around the house and the ugly piles of gravel and the rutted streets would be covered with a gleaming white carpet of snow. There might even be zig-zagging rabbit tracks in the back yard and sometime during the morning there would be sparrows and wrens fluttering around the kitchen door in search of something to eat. Somewhere in the neighborhood, children would make a huge snowman and it would be there for days before it finally melted in the warmth of the sun.

All at once she could hear the loud, urgent ticking of the clock as if it were trying to remind her of the present.

Clint had not moved in all that time, and she could not hear the slightest sound of his breathing. There was no way of her knowing, without turning her body until she could see his face, if he were asleep or awake; and, if he were not pretending to be asleep, she was afraid the least movement might wake him up.

Her damp hands clenched tightly, Vicki lay there with her mind racing from one desperate thought to another as she tried to think of some way of getting out of bed and leaving the room and running from the house before he could stop her. As each thought came to her, she realized almost at once that even if she did succeed in reaching the front door, Clint would certainly outrun her in the deep snow and catch her before she could get to the house of the nearest neighbor. After that, having thought of every possible means of escape, she knew it would be hopelessly impossible to get away from Clint unless she could reach the pistol and threaten to shoot him if he did not leave the house or let her go.

Somewhere in the valley a train whistled, its sound clear and sharp, and she waited until she could no longer hear the echo. After that, carefully lifting her head again, and with as little movement as possible, she could see Clint's pistol on the table. It was nearly 1 o'clock by then, but it would still be at least six hours before Jeff came home from the filling station at his usual time, and she knew she was going to be uneasy and fearful every minute until Clint left.

For one thing, she told herself, he might force her to leave Claremore with him in his car and take her some place where Jeff would not be able to find her; or, if he decided to stay there until Jeff came home, he and Jeff would certainly

get into a fight and Jeff might be killed.

Slowly and cautiously, moving inch by inch, Vicki raised herself on her elbow. Even then, because Clint's face was turned away from her, she still could not see if his eyes were open or closed. For the first time, however, she could see the slight rise and fall of his chest as he breathed.

With the ticking of the clock sounding louder and more urgent than ever, and holding her breath, Vicki cautiously moved her arm over his head and reached toward the table. Her hand had almost touched the pistol when Clint, just as though he had been waiting all that time for that to happen, turned over with a violent toss of his body and, almost at the same instant, struck her head with his forearm with such force that she was hurled to the other side of the bed.

Vicki lay sprawled on the bed for what seemed like a long time, her eyes closed tightly, and fearful every moment that Clint was going to hit her again or choke her with his hands.

"I'm sorry I had to do that, Vicki," she heard him say after a while. "But you begged for it."

When she opened her eyes, she saw Clint sitting up erectly on the bed and looking down at her. She was relieved and thankful that he did not appear to be angry.

"Thought you had something real big

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Page 8, INP; Page 9, WW; Page 10, bl, bc, INP; br, UP; Page 11, bl, bc, br, WW; Page 26, t, WW; Page 34, INP; Page 35, t, b, WW; Page 36, t, WW; b, Globe; Page 37, Ewing Galloway; Page 38, t, UP; Page 39, tl, INP; tr, U. S. Forest Service; b, INP; Page 43, tr, tl, Culver; Page 50, Los Angeles Times; Pages 51, 52, 53, Ainsworth.

figured out, didn't you, Vicki?" he said in a calm voice, a slight smile coming to his face as he watched her. He reached over and pushed her playfully as he had done many times before. "I knew all about what was going on, Vicki. I wasn't asleep. I was just waiting to see how you figured to work it out. While you were doing all that figuring, I could hear the scheming scratching inside your head like a mouse in a tin can. It sounded as plain as that clock ticking away the time. But if you'd used your head at all, you'd know I wasn't dumb enough to go to sleep and let you get your hands on that pistol. I didn't come up here tonight to be out-smarted by a woman."

After pushing her playfully again, Clint turned around and reached for the pack of cigarettes on the table. Tapping a cigarette from the pack, he put it into his mouth. After tossing the rest of the cigarettes to the table, he picked up the matches and struck one carefully and without hurry. When the cigarette was lighted, he drew on it several times in quick succession, blowing the smoke toward the ceiling and watching it float in thin blue layers over the bed.

"Now that you're all finished with that little stunt of yours and know better than to try it again," Clint said presently, moving closer to her and leaning on his elbow, "let me tell you something. Get rid of that idea of yours that you're going to grab that pistol. Get it out of your head and quit worrying about it. Do you know why I want you to do that?"

Vicki shook her head.

"Because I don't like to see you worry. It takes your mind off of important things. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Fine. Now snap into the spirit of it, Vicki. I came here to get some loving from my special baby, the kind I don't find anywhere else, and I want plenty of it. So far I haven't had near enough of it, and it might be a whole week before I get back for some more. And by the way. That reminds me. I want you to have some ham for me the next time. Do you hear? You know I like ham a lot better than bacon. You haven't forgotten that so soon."

Vicki sat upright on her side of the bed, sweeping her hair back from her face and forehead. After that she pulled the cover to her shoulders and turned and looked directly at him. Not taking his eyes from her, Clint reached for another cigarette and lighted it from the one he had been smoking.

"What's that mean?" he asked her when he had finished. "Why're you staring at me like that?"

Vicki bit her lips momentarily.

"Clint—"

"What?"

"Will you listen to me?"

"Sure."

She took a deep breath, pulling the cover completely over her shoulders.

"Clint—I've never asked you for much, have I? I mean—all the time we lived together over that grocery store. You bought me some clothes and you gave me little presents now and then—and I liked everything you did for me. But I never asked for much, did I, Clint?"

"No, I guess not much," he said right away. "But why're you saying that?"

"Would you do something for me now?"

He frowned as he watched her questioningly.

"Do what?"

"Go back to Elsie's and find somebody else."

"Why would I want to do that when I've got you?"

Vicki looked at him pleadingly, moving her head from side to side. Her eyes were glistening in the bright light.

"Not when I've got you," he said emphatically.

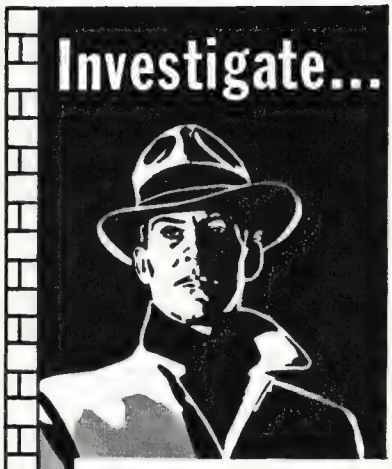
"Please don't say that, Clint."

"Why not say it? It's the truth."

"It's not the truth, Clint. It's nowhere near the truth. You haven't got me. That's the truth. Because I don't belong to you. I did once, and I wanted to then, but not any more. It's different now. It's completely different. Because I belong to Jeff now. You know how a girl feels about things like that, Clint. When a girl has a feeling in her heart—"

"I don't know what the hell that kind of girl-talk means," he said roughly. "It don't mean a damn thing to me."

"I can explain it to you, Clint," she said looking at him appealingly. "Please let me tell you. You'll understand if



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you'll listen to me and not get angry."

"Explain what? There's not a damn thing to explain. You used to say you were crazy about me—that you didn't want anybody else—when we lived over that grocery store. What about that? Huh? You don't think you could explain that away, do you?"

"No, Clint, and I wouldn't want to explain it away, either."

"And you used to say you'd do anything in the world for me, didn't you? Huh?"

"Yes, and I did, too, Clint, didn't I? I did everything you wanted me to do. You know that's true. Now I want you to do something for me. I want you to—"

"Go back to Elsie's!"

"Yes. I want you to go back there and find somebody else. There'll be somebody there you'll like. Please, Clint! It's the only time I've ever asked you to do something for me! Clint—please!"

He drew on the cigarette several times before nervously crushing it in the ash tray on the table. Vicki reached over and touched his hand with her fingers.

"I was very fond of you then, Clint. Very, very fond of you. I mean every word of it, and I'd never take that back as long as I live. And I don't regret it for a single minute, and I never will, because it meant so much to me to know that somebody cared for me the way you did. That's the way a girl feels when somebody cares for her like that. It's the most important thing in the world. But everything's changed now, Clint. You know it has. It's not like it used to be, and it could never be the same again. I don't love you—I love Jeff—and you know it."

"What do you want me to do—drop dead?" he shouted at her, his voice rough and hoarse.

"No, Clint," she spoke to him softly, tenderly stroking his arm. "All I want you to do is go away now, this minute, and promise never to come back again—never try to see me again. If you went back to Elsie's—"

"To hell with that! It's you I want!"

Reaching for her, he pulled her into his arms and hugged her desperately. With overpowering strength, he began kissing her the way he had always done before, and, closing her eyes, she sank helplessly into his arms.

Clint was still sleeping soundly with his left arm partly covering his face and shading his eyes from the bright light of the room when Vicki looked again to see what time it was.

In a few minutes it would be exactly 6 o'clock, and she began thinking about Jeff and remembering what he had said about watching the clock at that time of morning and getting ready to leave the filling station so he would not be late coming home to her.

The long night was still dark and silent and it would be another hour or more before the first gray light of dawn. Even in the comfortable warmth of the room, and wrapped snugly in her bathrobe, Vicki could not keep from shivering at the thought of the cold winter morning outside. She hoped Jeff would be careful when he drove the car home over the icy streets. At that time of the year, there was a report in the newspaper almost every day about an automobile accident in which somebody was killed or seriously injured.

Nervously moving to the edge of the chair, Vicki kept the pistol pointed straight at Clint and listened to the monotonous ticking of the clock. She was wide awake then and no longer afraid she would fall asleep. She had been sitting in the chair beside the table and watching Clint for almost an hour and thinking about what she should do when he woke up. At 5 o'clock, weary and exhausted, he had been unable to stay awake any longer and he had gone to sleep for the first time that night. It was then when she had been able to get out of bed and put on her bathrobe and slippers without disturbing him.

At first, as soon as she had picked up the pistol, Vicki had gone to the foot of the bed and had stood there pointing it at Clint, expecting him to wake up and leap to his feet at any moment. That was when she had made up her mind to shoot him before he could reach her and snatch the pistol from her hand. However, all that time had passed and he had not even opened his eyes, and by then she knew she had not wanted to kill him and she was thankful that it had not happened.

Now, listening to the ticking of the clock and watching Clint as he lay there sleeping peacefully, she thought of all the times in the past when she had awakened early in the morning and had waited patiently for him to open his eyes. There had always been a drowsy smile on his face as he looked at her then, and, when he was fully awake, he would turn over and push her playfully.

Those were the times when he was always loving and gentle. She was thrilled and excited when she was with him like that and she had hoped each time that he would want to put his arms around her and kiss her and make love to her for a long time. When that happened, it was the most joyous occasion of all, and she always cried a little because she was so contented and happy. Later, reluctant to leave him, she would get up and cook their breakfast on the oil stove while he watched her admiringly from the bed, his eyes following every move she made. Recalling so vividly the whole time they had lived in the small room over the grocery store, and remembering how happy she had been, she could not forget how she had been so certain that they would always be together like that.

Fifteen minutes had passed when Vicki, suddenly realizing that she had been thinking of something that no longer existed, looked at the clock again. Hurriedly getting to her feet, she backed away from the bed until she was standing safely behind the chair.

"Clint!" she called loudly. "Clint! Wake up, Clint!" She glanced uneasily at the clock. "Do you hear me, Clint? You've got to wake up right away!"

Drowsily opening his eyes, his arm fall-

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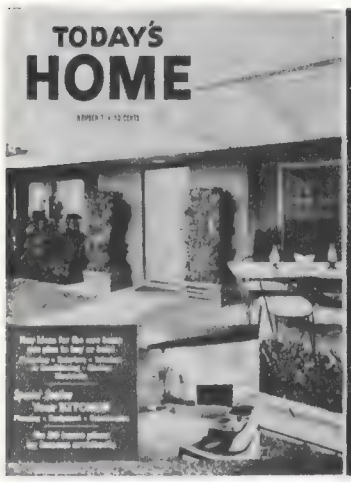

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ing to his chest, he looked first at the ceiling and then at the picture of Jeff on the wall before he turned his head and saw her standing behind the chair. Rubbing his eyes sleepily, he looked at her again and then at the pistol in her hand. He stuffed the pillow under his head until he was comfortable.

"Hello, Vicki," he said gently as a smile spread across his face.

Vicki stood there behind the chair with her body stiffly erect, unable to keep her mind from racing with familiar thoughts about all the times when Clint had gazed at her like that early in the morning. She blinked her eyes, trying to hold back the tears. Day or night, for week after week, there had been no other times that had meant so much to her. She knew it could not be true, but, just the same, it was as if they were still living together in the dingy room with the crinkled green roller-shades over the windows. She felt herself trembling as she wondered how she could have let herself think of killing him. Suddenly her hand sank limply to the chair, the pistol pointing downward.

"Why don't you shoot me, Vicki?" Clint said calmly from the bed, a faint smile coming to his face. "You're never going to have a better chance."

Vicki was gazing at him through her tears as though she had not heard a word he had said. Without taking his eyes from her, Clint reached for the cigarettes on the table and lighted one.

"What's the matter, Vicki?" he asked in an even tone. "Don't you know you'll never shoot me dead if you don't aim it at me and pull the trigger? That's the way it's done."

Brushing the back of her hand over her eyes, she shook her head time after time while she watched him smoke the cigarette.

"Change your mind?" he asked.

"I couldn't do that, Clint. You know I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because—just because."

He blew smoke at the ceiling.

"Maybe you're sorry now that you didn't stay with me, but went off and married him."

"No. I'm not sorry."

"Maybe if you had a chance to do it all over again, you'd stay with me and not marry him."

"No, Clint. I wouldn't. I want to be married to Jeff, and I'm glad I am."

"That's what's called social ambition. Wanting to live up here on the hill in the high-rent class, instead of over the grocery with me."

"That has nothing to do with it."

He crushed the cigarette in the ash tray.

"Then maybe you've still got a certain feeling about me—the same kind I have about you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she told him with a shaking of her head. Looking down at the pistol in her hand, she let it fall to the cushion of the chair. "And I don't want to hear anything more about it."

Raising himself on his elbow, Clint turned his head until he could see the clock.

"Well, if you're not going to shoot me after you went to all the trouble to get your hand on that pistol, I'd better hurry and get out of here. This's no place for me to be hanging around at this time of morning. He's due to get here about seven, and that means I ought to be on my way by six-thirty. He might even get home earlier this time, and I guess he would, if he knew I'd been here all night, wouldn't he, Vicki? Huh?"

"Don't talk like that," she said quickly, frowning at him. "I don't want to hear it."

"What you mean is you don't want him to hear it. Right, Vicki? Huh?"

He waited for a moment, but she said nothing more, and he threw the cover aside and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Tell me something, Vicki," he said as he began putting on his clothes. "Why is it that there's nobody else like you in the world?" She watched him shaking his head to himself. "You're the only one of a kind—and it happens to be my kind. What's the big word for that? Coincidence? Huh? Well, I'll just call it a lucky day for me when I ran into you. If it hadn't been for that luck, I wouldn't have a special baby now."

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Vicki reached for the pistol on the chair.

"Put that on the table," he told her roughly. "Your hand's shaking, and it might go off. That thing's dangerous. I've heard of people getting killed when somebody got careless with a pistol."

Vicki placed it on the table beside the clock.

"I meant to shoot you, Clint," she said as she left the table and backed toward the door. "I really did, and you know I could have, too. I could've killed you while you were asleep. You'd be dead now. Maybe some day I'll be sorry I didn't shoot you when I had the chance, but I just couldn't make myself do it."

He looked at her across the room and smiled.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot."

Clint was dressed by then, and it was almost 6:30. He picked up the pistol, putting it into his coat pocket, then his cigarettes and matches, and walked across the room and through the doorway. Vicki followed him down the hall to the front of the house.

He had already switched on the lights and was putting on his heavy gray coat when she got there.

"I sure hope my car didn't get frozen up so it won't start," he was saying. "I'll be in real bad trouble if it don't."

"Clint—this's going to be the only time—isn't it?" she asked appealingly, coming to the middle of the parlor and looking up into his face. "You know what I mean, Clint. The last time—"

Clint put on his hat and went to the door.

"If I have to come back for some hot water to pour over the engine to get it started, I want you to get some boiling-hot for me in a hurry. Understand?"

"I'll get the hot water for you, Clint," she promised. "But don't leave without telling me this is the last time! I've got to know! I'll be afraid every minute—afraid that you might come back again! Please tell me you won't!"

He unlocked the door before turning around.

"There's only one thing worth knowing, Vicki. And it's so simple it'll stick in your mind like a stamp glued to a letter from a bill collector. All you have to remember is that as long as I'm around and walking on two feet, me and you'll be a team. Simple enough? Huh? We're cut out to fit together like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. That's why there'll always be me and you. I'll give you an example. In about a week from now I'll be seeing you again. That means me and you. Maybe the same time and the same place, maybe something different, but you'll know about it because you'll be there. And the week after that—same thing. Who knows how long I'll be around to walk on two feet? I don't. So go ahead and live with it, Vicki."

"Now I wish I had shot you, Clint!" she cried out bitterly, her face flushed with anger. She began beating her fists against his chest as hard as she could. "I mean it. I really do. And if I ever have another chance, I will. You can be sure of that. I'll kill you the next time, Clint, and I won't be sorry about it, either."

"No, you wouldn't. I know you better than that."

He pushed her backward.

"You've got a soft spot in your heart for me, Vicki, and it's going to stay nice and soft for me for the rest of your life. You know why. I came along and took you away from Elsie's before you went too far, didn't I? You'd never forget that, because if I hadn't done it, you know you'd never been able to get married to somebody like Jeff and live up here in a fine new house on the hill with high-class people all around you. You know damn well what you'd been if you'd stayed at Elsie's. You'd have been a whore a long time ago. Does that mean anything to you now? If I was you, I'd think it over before the next time you see me. It'll make you watch your talk a lot better."

Clint opened the door and stood there looking at the snow-covered street.

"Thanks for waking me up in time, Vicki. I knew I could depend on you."

As soon as he had gone from sight, Vicki sank weakly to the couch and waited hopefully to hear the sound of his car being started. It seemed as if minute after minute passed before she heard the slamming of the door of the automobile, and then it seemed even longer before she heard the slow grinding of the starter as it labored to start the engine. At first there was a feeble sound of the exhaust. Then there was an explosive roar. The instant she heard the noisy racing of the engine, she jumped up and ran to the window. Parting the curtains, she saw the headlights of Clint's car moving rapidly down the snowy street.

Running to the bedroom, Vicki carefully smoothed the sheets and blankets and patted the pillows into place. Then she carried Jeff's ash tray to the bathroom and flushed Clint's cigarette ashes down the drain. After turning on the water in the bathtub, she took off her bathrobe. She could see by the clock that it was already a quarter to seven when she got into the tub.

She had been in the bathtub for only a few minutes when she heard the slamming of the front door. Immediately after that, she heard Jeff's heavy strides as he walked down the hall to the bedroom. When she looked up, somehow knowing that he was there, Jeff was standing in the doorway and grinning at her the way he always did when he came home after working all night.

"You're a mighty busy biddy for so early in the morning," she heard him say. "The bed's already been made up, and now you're taking a bath. What's the reason for all the activity, Vicki?"

"I wanted to be ready to cook breakfast for you as soon as you got home," she answered hastily. "I'll get breakfast started right away."

"Don't hurry," Jeff told her. "Take all the time you want. I'll put the coffee on, and I want to read the paper."

He was turning to leave when she called him.

"Jeff—please don't work at night again—not another time," she said beseechingly. "Please don't, Jeff—I mean it!"

"But Harry Bass and I—"

"I don't care! Close up the filling station at night! Do anything! But don't leave me here alone at night again! Not another time, Jeff!"

"You talk like you're afraid of something, Vicki. What's the matter? Did you get scared last night?"

She nodded her head time after time. "You can't go away at night again, Jeff! Never again!"

"Don't get so upset, Vicki. It's not all that bad. Nobody's going to prowl around up here on these cold nights just to scare you. I saw some tracks in the snow in front of the house, but it must have been somebody whose car got stalled, and he was probably only trying to find somebody to help him get it out of a drift. We can't close up the filling station at night now, but the last time I talked to Harry Bass about it, we figured that in another month or two we'd be able to hire a night manager. You understand how it is. We're just getting the business started. Maybe in a few years we'll have a whole chain of filling stations, and then you'll be glad I worked the way I'm doing now." He handed her a towel before leaving the bathroom. "But we'll talk about it some more. Let's get some breakfast first. I'm getting hungry now."

After putting on her bathrobe, Vicki hurried to the kitchen. As she entered the door, she saw Jeff sitting at the table and reading the morning paper he had brought home, and in front of him was the plate that Clint had used the evening before. She thought her heart would stop when she saw the ashes and Clint's crushed cigarette on the plate. She had no idea how long she stood there before she could force herself to move. Finally, with a throbbing pain stabbing her, she went to the table and reached for the plate. As she bent forward, Jeff slowly lowered the newspaper.

"When did you start smoking, Vicki?" he asked interestedly, looking directly into her eyes. "I thought I was the only one around here who had that bad habit."

She felt as if all the breath in her body had been suddenly taken away from her.

"I—I—don't know," she answered.

"Well, now that you've tried it, do you think you're going to keep it up?"

"No, Jeff! Of course not!"

He continued looking straight at her, his expression unchanging.

"Well, don't blame me if you didn't like it," he said after a long pause, his voice unusually cross and chiding. "It wasn't my idea. I didn't have anything to do with it. It was your own idea."

Jeff raised the newspaper, hiding his face from sight, and began reading again.

Her hands shaking, Vicki picked up the plate and carried it to the sink and turned on the water full force until the stub of the cigarette and all the ashes had been washed down the drain. After that, not looking in Jeff's direction again, she hurriedly cooked the eggs and bacon. When their breakfast was ready, she sat down at the table with him. Jeff put the paper aside and sipped the hot coffee, looking at her over the rim of the cup.

With a nervous motion, Vicki moved the plate of toast until it was in front of Jeff.

"There's one thing that happened that's not in the paper this morning," he remarked as he began eating the eggs and bacon. "You'll be able to read about it in tomorrow's paper, though. It only happened about half an hour ago. It was another one of those bad accidents."

Vicki picked up her cup, holding it with both hands in order to keep from spilling the coffee.

"What kind of accident was it, Jeff?"

"A car wreck. A bad one."

"Where did it happen?"

"On the hill between here and town. The fellow who was driving the car got into a skid on a patch of ice on the steep part of the hill. It's always dangerous there when some snow melts, and then freezes during the night, and people who live up here on the hill know how to be careful when they drive over it. That fellow must have been going down the hill about sixty an hour, because when he hit a telephone pole, the car turned over half a dozen times. I got there when they were pulling him out of the mess, but he was already dead. Dead as a chicken with its head wrung off. It was as quick as that."

Vicki, her hands shaking again, hastily put down her cup.

"Did you know who he was, Jeff?"

"No."

"Had you ever seen him before?"

"I'd seen him around town a few times. I don't know where he lived or what he did for a living, and I don't know what he was doing racing down the hill like that at six-thirty in the morning, either. I'm pretty sure he didn't live up here, or he'd have known to be more careful on that ice."

Vicki picked up a piece of toast, but her hand was trembling so much that she had to put it back on the plate.

"Are you sure he was dead, Jeff?" she asked, clasping her hands in her lap.

"I'm sure, and you'd be sure, too, if you'd seen the way his head was almost twisted off. It wasn't a pretty sight."

Falling to her knees beside Jeff, Vicki put her arms around him and held to him with all the strength of her body. As she started sobbing, she felt the touch of Jeff's hand as he began stroking her hair tenderly and comfortingly.

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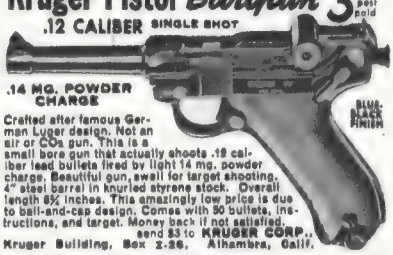

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She looked at the steaming swamp, at her tobacco-spitting mother. She saw the sly, lustful eyes of her father's friends. "Somebody please get me out of here," she prayed. "I'll pay any price."

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EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT

Continued from page 46

War II; my parents wouldn't let me quit school to join the commandos. So I didn't really know about these things. Maybe that was why I was so anxious to distinguish myself. That, and the raise.

The airplane was an ordinary C-47, and it looked just like the regular courier and cargo planes parked on the line all around it. The only different feature I could see was that little pipe, about eight inches in diameter at the rear hatch, for dropping the flares.

I met the crew. Captain McGinty, the co-pilot, ordinarily flew a desk in the Directorate of Personnel in Tokyo, and this was his weekly combat mission. He looked as though it was a welcome relief. Lieutenant Strong, the navigator, was a thin, intellectual type with an absent-minded eye—navigators seem to run to that type. He kept humming Brahms to himself. Tech Sergeant Yates, the crew chief, glared at me as though my shoes might dirty his shiny airplane; Staff Sergeant Polodowski, the radio operator, wanted to take my portable recorder apart and see what made it work, and Corporal Van Drooten, the flare dropper, looked up and said hello, and then went back to reading his comic book.

The waist of the plane, behind the pilot's compartment, was loaded with stacked red cylinders about four feet long. These were the parachute flares. "Looks like we're pretty well-loaded," I said to Major Dunphy. "What if a bullet or something hit all these flares?" I asked.

"Boy-san," said Major Dunphy, "we don't even think about that."

We'd reach enemy territory in Korea about dark and then make rendezvous with a flight of Marine Pantherjets, who were going to do the dirty work.

Dunphy helped me on with my parachute and Mae West and said, "Well, I guess we're about ready."

The engines hadn't been started yet and the rear hatch was still open. Somebody came scrambling through the rear hatch. I turned and saw that it was Marcus Hemming. He saw me and came up puffing. "Oh, there you are! The fellow in Operations said you were out here in plane nine-nine-zero. Had a heck of a time finding it. Didn't you get my message at the Press Club?"

"Message?" I said, looking blank.

"Sure. I decided to go along myself. George Cuddyback's a personal friend of mine, after all, and there's no broadcast tonight."

"You—uh—want to go along?"

"Of course," he said. "That's why I knocked myself out to get here."

I said, "Just a moment." Then I turned to Major Dunphy. "This is my boss, Marcus Hemming. You've probably heard him on the air. He wants to go along with us. Is it okay?"

Dunphy said, "No sweat, boy-san. No sweat. Here, I'll fix him up with a parachute."

And while Dunphy adjusted Marc's chute I stood there quietly with a satisfied smile on my face and a scheme slowly putting itself together in my mind.

Marc and I sat in the waist, in the bucket seats for take-off. When we were airborne and climbing and all the loud noise had subsided a little, Marc turned to me cheerfully, showed his dimples and said, "Not many passengers today. I guess they're flying this cargo down to Kyushu instead." He waved his hand at the stacked flares.

"I guess," I said.

"Well," he said, "nothing like a little plane flight once in a while to relieve the monotony." He started to hum Here We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder. Corporal Van Drooten, across the aisle from us, looked up from his comic book, stared at Marc for a second, then looked down again. "I think I'll go forward on the flight deck," Marc said after we'd leveled off. He said it jauntily like an old air hand.

I watched him go through the narrow sheet metal door and then I crossed my fingers. It was all a gamble—a big one. I was betting he'd be more pleased with our tape recording and with his participation in an actual mission, than he'd be furious at being tricked.

When he came back from the crew compartment some minutes later I knew immediately that he'd found out where we were going. His face was about the color of an oyster's chest.

"Wade! Wade!" He towered over me and his round face was no longer cherubic. *"What are you trying to do to me!"*

"Nothing. You wanted to come along, so I fixed it for you."

"I didn't know—I thought this was—when I came aboard this plane, I—" He was all but choking between phrases. He was gesturing violently. "Get us back!" he yelled finally. "Make that man up there take us back!"

"Can't. Mission's airborne and committed. Target's picked. This is the point of no return."

"Stop acting like an Air Corps movie and get us back!"

Corporal Van Drooten stood up, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Don't knock none of the flares over, mister," and that seemed to calm him down for a while.

When I thought he was capable of absorbing it I told Marc more about the mission. I explained that we'd be tooling around at eight or nine thousand and the enemy on the ground would be more concerned with the Marine Pantherjets that were under us, strafing in the light of our flares. I pointed out that we weren't briefed for heavy anti-aircraft and that

the medium stuff was thin—"No sweat on flak, fellas," was the way the briefing officer had put it—and that the small arms fire couldn't even reach us at that altitude. I finally reminded him that by having a grandstand seat like this he'd be able to observe the over-all strategy of the attack. That calmed him down a little. He began to think about the over-all strategy.

Then the left engine went bang, sputtered and caught again.

"Good Lord, what was that?" said Marc.

"It's just something they do," I said. "Change the pitch or change the blowers or something."

At that point Sergeant Yates, the crew chief, came back and bent to stare out of the round porthole long and earnestly at the engine. It went *vroom, vroom, vroom!* a couple of times.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"Oh, she'll be all right," he said in an offhand way that I could have killed him on the spot for. "I guess," he added. Then he went forward again.

"These things aren't safe!" said Marc. "Look at all the plane crashes! Anybody who rides on one of these things is crazy! And on a combat mission—over enemy territory!" He was off again. He raved intermittently like that while the plane bored through the late afternoon, crossed the Japan Seas with the clouds scudding over its dark surface below like blown lint, and then came, just before dark, to the coastline of Korea.

It was raw brown country, not at all neat and green like Japan. It was jagged with hills and ridges. There were puddles of smoke in the deep depressions and here and there trails of thin black smoke from the spines of the ridges. It began to get dark. Fire down there began to glow. There were fires all over the place. Some of them, following the ridge contours, looked like lengths of broken glow-worms thrown on a black carpet. Marc was watching all this with a white face and wide eyes.

I plugged in my microphone and described the attack as it took place. No purple phrases or anything, just a quiet statement of what was happening. The flares were hanging, descending slowly, over the wide area of our orbit. They made the ground yellowish-white and you could see nearly every detail: rivers, roads and contour lines. After you looked a while you could pick out the shapes of houses by the shadows beside them. The trucks were pulled off the road at the foot of a long hillside—I didn't see them until I saw the flash of a bomb and caught the veriest glimpse of the Marine fighter pulling away. Then there were three other bomb flashes in quick succession. Fire and smoke began to curl upward from burning trucks. I recorded the radio chatter again as they came around for a second and third pass, tracers making lines of dotted light across the sickly glow of the earth.

I had forgotten about Marc momentarily, but now I looked at him and saw that his eyes had brightened a bit and some of the color had come back into his face. I thought I heard him murmur, "Attaboy! Go get 'em!"

I was beginning to feel pretty good about the whole thing. I had by now nearly a half hour of tape recording that I knew was outstanding eyewitness reporting, or, as they would say in radio slightly terrific. Marcus Hemming couldn't very well deny that—and besides, he'd share credit for it. He wouldn't hog full credit, though, because my voice was on the thing. They'd hear it back in San Francisco—across the country, in fact. They'd call for more, I was sure of that. We'd send them more. Pretty soon the boys upstairs would be saying, "Who is this guy, Bob Wade?" and about then I'd say he's a foreign correspondent that's about to go to work for another couple of networks—unless Continental gives him a raise.

At that moment the left engine went bang again and the whole airplane started to shake.

It's hard to describe the next thirty minutes; actually I didn't see much of what went on. Marc and I had been forward, watching over the shoulders of the pilots. Now we were swept out of the flight deck with a great deal of dispatch and vigor by Sergeant Yates and as we left we saw him squat between the pilots, and we saw the pilots working throttles and switches and buttons all over the place. In the waist we listened fearfully to the odd and ever-changing engine noises. Yates came back several times to look at the engines. The flares were nearly all gone and Corporal Van Drooten was stretched out on two parachutes across the aisle, with his comic book over his face.

"It's your fault!" Marc told me, at least six times. "If we ever get out of this I'm going to ask for your resignation!"

I felt he'd calm down once we got back and he listened to all of the recording.

Dunphy looked grave when he finally came aft. He said, "Now if we keep our heads and get half a break everything'll be all right."

Marc was as white as the flare light. "What—what's going to happen?"

The major explained it quickly. We were losing power and couldn't make it back to a friendly base. We were going to the east of Korea and make a forced landing on the beach. It might be bumpy, but Dunphy was pretty sure he could make it. The spot where we'd land would be in enemy territory but Captain McGinty was already contacting Air Rescue Service to send an amphibian plane to pick us up. "This sort of thing happens all the time," he finished, "so don't worry too much."

Marc groaned and I thought he was going to pass out cold, but he didn't. I forgot Marc. I took my recorder up forward and tied it in to the interphone system and started to get the chatter between our own ship and the rescue plane on tape. The boys upstairs would rate this one nothing short of sensationally more or less colossally terrific! It might even be monumental!

I thought of Ellen. I saw Ellen and myself in a Cadillac driving into San Francisco from our country home for

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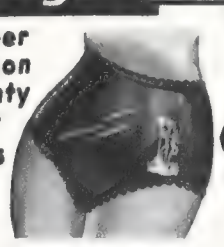

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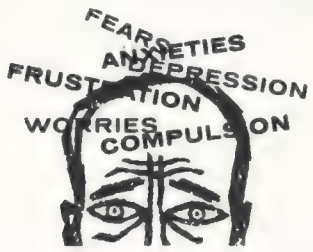

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my nightly broadcast, and all over the nation volume controls turned up and kiddies hushed to hear the words of that great war correspondent and news commentator, Robert Wade. I saw myself graciously accepting hundred dollar raises from the Continental Network every week as my Hooperating rose and rose. I saw Ellen selecting only two mink coats, not wanting to be ostentatious, and flicking several orchids from her corsage into the wastebasket because after all a dozen in one bunch approached the vulgar. There was a loud crash and I saw nothing.

My first thought when I woke up again was not to lose the reels of recorded tape. My second was to get out with them. I knew I was in the airplane, and that the airplane was wrecked—but don't ask me how I knew that instantly. I was in the waist, lying against the bulkhead that separates it from the crew compartment. The recorder was beside me, its lid knocked off and the drive wheels smashed. But the recorded tape was intact. I slipped it into my accessory bag along with the other two reels I'd already made. I got up and staggered toward the rear hatch. I was dizzy. The hatch was already open—Van Drooten had done it, I suppose—and I could see the stars through it.

Then I saw the heads bobbing in the water. The amphib rescue plane was already hauling Dunphy, McGinty and Yates out of the drink. We had overshot the beach. Strong, Polodowski and Van Drooten were heading for the plane with swift strokes.

A great soul-rending cry of terror came from my left and I looked and saw Marcus Hemming thrashing in panic not fifty feet from where I stood. It occurred to me that I'd never thought to ask Marc whether or not he could swim. At the moment he certainly didn't look as though he could.

I plunged in. An instant later the C-47 went down behind me with loud gurgling noises. I struck out toward Marc, and my arms began to be all tangled with something. The accessory bag—with the tape recordings in it. I shucked it viciously and kept swimming and finally came upon Marc.

"I can't swim!" he was screaming.

"Take it easy!" I called between mouth-and-nosefuls of salt water. "Don't panic! I'm here—I've got you!"

And then suddenly I noticed something.

"You big cluck," I said, "you don't have to know how to swim! You've got your Mae West on!" I remembered my own, and inflated it with the pull cords.

I wish I could make this into one of those success stories and say I saved Marcus Hemming's life and the recordings were a sensation and I became famous overnight and even got a raise. But that isn't what happened. Marc never was in any danger and the recordings went to the bottom of the Japan Sea when I threw off that accessory bag.

We were all flown back to Tokyo and arrived there nearly 24 hours later. Marc immediately went to the typewriter to do an account of his thrilling adventure for that night's broadcast back to the states.

I went to the Press Club bar and met Ellen there. We ordered rickeys.

"Oh, darling," Ellen said, "when I heard you'd been shot down . . ."

"I wasn't shot down."

"Don't ever go off and do a crazy thing like that again, darling," she said.

"Marry me tomorrow and I won't," I said, only half-meaning it.

"I will!" she said firmly. "You need somebody to keep you down to earth!"

We took our drinks into the lounge and turned on the short wave radio. We sat, arm in arm, on the sofa and listened. Marc was just coming on.

"Tokyo here! And this is Marcus Hemming! I was eyewitness last night to one of the most thrilling operations of the air war in Korea—night interdiction. The over-all strategic significance. . . .

I turned it off and we necked instead. Not much else a young couple could do those days, on a base pay of sixty-seven-fifty a week. •

THE WHALERS WHO ATE THEMSELVES

Continued from page 15

ward at right angles to the course they had planned. But they were helpless against wind and sea and exhausted by the incessant need to balance the light, bobbing craft. One night they were aroused by yells from the captain's boat.

"Stand by," Pollard called. "Something attacking us!"

There were no lights. So whatever sea creature it was, they never saw. But something wrenched at the boat, almost wrecking it, until the crew hung over the gunwales with knives and stabbed at everything they thought they saw. When day broke, the thing had gone but the sides of the captain's boat were scarred as though by great teeth.

Every day the wind carried them south. The heat weighed on them like a blanket. Rags bound around their shaggy heads, shrugging their tatters about them, they sheltered under scraps of canvas between spells of trimming cargo and bailing, drawing together for the pitiful ration of water and food.

It was three weeks since the foundering of the *Essex* that the overcast lifted and a rocky outline broke the horizon.

"Land ho!" Joy shouted. "Food and water, boys! Give way!"

They tugged feebly at the oars, their salt-cracked hands like claws, until surf caught the boats and cast them up on a shelving beach.

Wearily like dead men they secured the boats, drawing them clear of the surf, and dropped in the sand, seabirds swooping and mewing over them.

"Ducie Island," Pollard decided next morning, scanning a chart. "And we're farther than ever away from Peru."

The crew didn't care. There were berries; they found shellfish. One man made himself a hero by knocking down a seabird with a rock. The others hunted birds until, for the first time in weeks, they were able to eat their fill—tough and bloody though it was.

Chase prospected the barren island for water. He found one tiny spring—not enough to suffice for half of them—and that was covered by sea water except at low tide.

Soon the birds became too shy to kill. The berries were gone; they could find no shellfish. There were sharks but they had no fishing tackle. And, finally, searching hopelessly for water pools, a group came upon a cave in which lay eight skeletons.

"Look at them," Pollard whispered. "All laid down together to die. Can't you see what happened? They were cast ashore here and died of starvation. And that's what'll happen to us. We've a better chance at sea, men. Nearest land is Juan Fernandez, 2,500 miles to the eastwards. Man your boats!"

Three refused to risk the heaving sea. So stores were divided and promises made to send help as soon as possible. Then the three battered boats, each lighter by one man, smashed through the surf and by night were again alone in the vast, dark ocean.

The weather was still against them. Squalls thrashed them and when calm came, the sea was like oil and the heat a curse. Often they were separated and rowed, frantic with the fear of being left alone, until they came together. Their food was scant, the water, brackish. They edged slowly to the eastward and all the time there was no sign of a sail.

On January 10, Matthew Joy began suddenly to weep. He talked of the pies his mother made, while his boatmates crouched back from his mad eyes. He told them of the fields about his home, describing each tree, each cow. And then he laid himself down in the bilge of his boat and died. His mates hailed the other boats. Captain Pollard said a short prayer and the body was edged overboard.

They crept on. Rain deluged them. They could collect none, for their clothes were stiff with salt. So they lay, mouths open, gulping the warm, sweet, precious liquid.

Another squall roared out of the east. The boats were parted in the tumbling sea. When it was over Chase's boat was gone.

The wind died. The sun was torture. They crawled under scraps of canvas to avoid the dreadful, blistering rays. At night they cried out in their sleep. By day they stared with hollow eyes across the empty sea.

On January 29 another storm parted them. When it subsided, the captain's boat was alone.

They sailed on, six hollow-eyed scarecrows, their hides cracked with salt sores, mouths crusted and swollen so they could scarcely speak. Their wasted limbs angled between the thwarts like those of skeletons. Every noon Pollard doled out a trickle of water and mouldy crumbs of food.

Then one noon Pollard grimly showed them the empty keg.

"No more food or water left," he said.

They accused him of stealing their food, babbling like lunatics. One started aft, when Cole, a Negro hand, suddenly dropped between the thwarts, bounced in agonized convulsions and died. The others crouched back from him, staring at the dead man, then searching each other's faces in frightful speculation.

"Commit him to the deep," Pollard ordered.

While he was whispering a prayer for the dead man, another began screaming, twisted, foamed at the mouth and died. After a moment's hesitation, his mates snatched out their knives. Pollard raised the musket in horror. Then he lowered the weapon hopelessly.

"What else is there to do?" he moaned.

The bones were stripped and a fire hastily kindled in the sand ballast in the bilge. Soon a grisly feast sizzled and smoked.

"We loved each other as brothers all the time," Pollard protested afterwards. "But our looks told plainly what was to be done."

He eyed the remaining three with helpless resignation.

"We'll draw lots," he said.

They watched him, haggard mouths twitching, as he whittled slivers from the gunwale and hid them under a jacket.

Charles Ramsdell, boatsteerer, drew first. A harpooner shuffled his hand under the jacket and drew out something he dared not look at. Young Owen Coffin fumbled for his sliver. Pollard drew last. Slowly they opened their hands on the afterthwart.

"'Tis the boy," Ramsdell mumbled.

Pollard snatched his nephew to his side.

"My lad," he said gently. "If you don't like your lot, I'll shoot the first man as touches you."

The child, faint with famine, laid his head on the gunwale.

"I like it as well as any other," he whispered.

The executioner's straw was for Ramsdell.

"I'll not do it," he groaned. "Lookee. He's only a nipper. Let me take his place."

"Get it over," the boy sighed, "and be done with."

Ramsdell put the musket to the child's head, turned his face away and fired.

That night two mumbling wretches crouched over the horrible fire that sputtered in the bottom of the boat.

The sail slatted and filled, carrying them wherever the wind wished. They lay in what shade they could find, turning over, groaning, to catch the infre-

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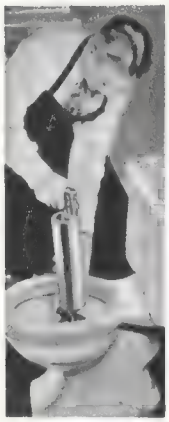

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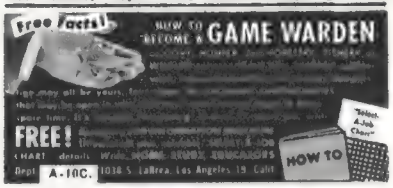

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quent rain in their parched mouths.

The harpooner died. Ramsdell roused Pollard from his coma. They ate.

When the food was gone they lay down in the reeking, salt-crusted little boat to wait for death.

They never knew how long they lay there. Pollard was suddenly aware of a hail, but he was too weak to move or reply. A boat bumped alongside and horrified faces stared down at them. Their boat was taken in tow and lifted aboard the whaleship *Dauphin* of Nantucket, Zimri Coffin, Master, on February 22, 1821, more than three months since they had been cast away.

They were taken to Valparaiso, Chile, where, some months later, they were joined by Owen Chase and two men—all who remained of the five who had left Ducie Island in his boat. The greasy scraps found in their pockets indicated that they too had survived by the same ghastly means that has preserved Captain Pollard and Ramsdell, until the British brig, *Indian*, Captain Crozier, picked them up on February 18th.

They reported the three men left on the island. The ship, *Surrey*, Captain Raine, took them off, starving and frantic with loneliness on April 5th.

Eight survivors out of 20.

When the haunted eight arrived home, they went through dreadful ordeals with relatives of those who had died. Both Pollard and Chase went back to sea as soon as possible. Pollard, now a thin, haggard, taciturn man, commanded the *Two Brothers* and lost her on a Pacific reef. Convinced the sea was against him, he retired and for a time was night policeman on Nantucket. He also served as deck hand aboard Fulton's first Hudson River steamboat, the *Clermont*.

Owen Chase made several voyages as mate and commanded the *Winslow* out of New Bedford for one voyage and the *Charles Carroll* of Nantucket for several voyages before he retired.

His home on the northeast corner of York and Orange Streets in Nantucket is still shown to summer folk.

Those who remembered him said he was a queer, silent man who never talked of the awful hardships of that three months' voyage in an open boat. He lived frugally and never allowed a crumb to be wasted. He insisted on doing his own marketing and, when he died, they found stores of food he had purchased secretly and hoarded in his terrible, haunted fear of starvation.

During the inquiries on the *Essex* disaster, he wrote a pamphlet "Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whale-Ship *Essex* of Nantucket."

A copy of this came into the hands of Herman Melville, who promptly sought out Owen Chase. With his permission and help, it is alleged he was able to plot that unforgettable chapter in "Moby Dick" wherein the white whale rammed Captain Ahab's ship and sank her.

Be that as it may, even the fertile imagination of a great novelist could never have come up with a tale of such incredible horror as that endured by the wretched survivors of the whaler *Essex*. •

30 INCHES FROM DEATH BY FIRE

Continued from page 39

with their gear, drove 100 miles over the pass and along the blacktop to Roads End. It was almost daylight Tuesday, now, and they climbed the shoulder of Sherman Peake to Boone Meadow, with Lawrence John going right on up to the top of the mountain. He made radio contact with headquarters, asked for more manpower, then hiked down to the new fire-camp.

Boone Meadow is normally a cool saucer between Sherman Peak and two nameless little 9,000-foot peaks, green with a darker green path where Trout Creek winds through the grass. That day it looked like the back door to hell, all char and smoke and menace, seared brown earth scarred by the half-dry creekbed. Mounds of black smoke on the horizon showed that the fire had run out of the meadow in two directions and was still burning, south toward the big timber, and east following Trout Creek Canyon toward the barrens.

The four men spent the afternoon controlling the northwest side of the burning area. Then the Fire Control Officer came in with the paid volunteers who were now with John.

The F.C.O. had told the suppression foreman to take them and execute a sort of end-run around the right-hand edge of the fire:

"Make a lane as you go. Catch the slopovers. Control the blaze and keep it from making any gains to the south.

"When you come out into the open country at Woodpecker Meadow around noon tomorrow, there'll be a new crew to relieve you, and a new camp about three miles further down where you can catch some grub and some rest."

Just before dark, Lawrence John and his suppression crew took off. They crossed the ridge to Machine Creek Canyon and started working downstream.

They worked hard, cussing, chattering, swapping yarns about the fires they'd been on. They'd chopped, they'd dug, they'd hoed, they'd shoveled, and then they'd picked up the tools and trudged downstream to the next spot that needed controlling. The air was always full of

smoke but they'd been in smoke so long they couldn't smell it any longer.

By mid-morning, they'd completed their end-run and were out beyond the fire, in the main part of Trout Creek.

This was *Wednesday* morning, Lawrence John said to himself. He hadn't had any sleep except cat naps for 36 hours, and the days were beginning to blur. The Malone boys weren't as lively as when they started out, he observed, and the younger Malone, Stanley, was limping. Phillips, the old man, looked beat. None of them was fit to go square-dancing, but they'd got a lot of work done.

They were snaking along the boulder-strewn bottom of Trout Creek Canyon now. High up were the big-timber slopes, firs and ponderosa pine, blocking out most of the sky, but down at the stream bed where the little group of men walked, it was mostly brush and thickets and rock.

When they made it to Woodpecker Meadow there was no relief crew. So, they'd kept on—until this last blast stopped them in their tracks.

Signalling for attention, John said, "She's running our way, boys. Looks like she jumped the fire line somewhere up above. We'd better climb out and let her go by." He pointed up the steep canyon wall.

"Can't do it," said Stan Malone.

"Why not?"

"My knee. See!" Malone was in a motorcycle wreck four days before, and had a big cut across his right kneecap, still in bandages, with the stitches still in it. "Was all right when we started, now it's so sore can't hardly walk on level ground."

"We'll go back down to the Woodpecker Meadow," John announced in his low, flat voice. "We can get some relief from the smoke in the open country. Probably she'll burn herself out before she reaches there."

They retreated along the canyon, as fast as they could manage but nowhere near fast enough. Phillips was pale and close-lipped. Big Loren Malone was helping his brother along. John was carrying an extra axe. Wagner seemed to have enough in reserve so he wasn't bushed yet.

They felt the heat increasing on their backs. They heard the wind, now blowing a gale. They heard the sounds of fire: the crackling of a million cottonwood leaves, the roar of crownfire, the explosive eruptions as each new clump of brush caught.

Just before the meadow there was a shallow pool, 15 feet across and not six inches deep. Lawrence John paused, though it wasn't like the foreman to hesitate about anything. He glanced at the pool, said "No, come on!" and hurried on.

This fire wasn't burning itself out. It was getting bigger and hotter and closer. Hot smoke lay so thick it was hard to breathe. Everyone was choking, wondering to himself whether it was due to smoke or hurrying or to thinking about the flames that pursued them.

The leader studied the meadow: Where to take up a position? Most of the area was covered with knee-high grass already yellowed by the drought. It would burn like excelsior. The creekbed wandered through the grass, neither wide enough nor deep enough to do them any good.

Wagner and the Malones found a rocky slope on the left bank of the stream.

"Hey, Lawrence, let's wait out the fire here."

The foreman hurried over, looked at the site, shook his head.

Wagner liked it: "Ain't any brush or grass to burn us."

John shook his head. Cinders were already being tossed into the meadow by the wind. Even on bare rock they could get burned. There was no hiding place out here.

"We'll make our stand in the creek," he said quietly. "In the water."

Wagner started to continue his argument—then stopped.

John is not an easy man to argue with. Lawrence John—almost nobody except his wife calls him Larry—isn't particularly big, but then neither is a D-8 tractor. Both of them can get a job done; Lawrence John is quieter.

At the age of 33, Lawrence John is a 155-pound chunk of soft-voiced, hard-muscled mountain man. He thinks fast, and his speech races along to keep pace with his thoughts. He is the kind of man who can whisper in the midst of a thunderstorm and you'd make it your business to listen close and catch whatever he was saying.

After two years with the Forest Service, they'd made John suppression foreman of the hot-shot crew. If the hot-shots are the commandos of the fire-fighters, then the suppression foreman is the platoon leader.

Now John led the crew up into the canyon toward the flames, 100 yards to the pool he'd noticed. It wasn't big enough for a decent-sized trout, and there was a lot of dry shrubs and grass that would go up in seconds around it. But it was going to have to do for five men.

"I want a dam built across it here," the foreman ordered.

At the lower end of the shallow pool, they piled up boulders and rocks and sticks, and shoveled sand into the crevices. One foot, 18 inches, two feet, two-and-a-half feet of dam. They had to work fast.

John was shoveling, watching his men and trying to gauge the approach of the fire. Now it was 500 yards up canyon, 15 minutes away. Slowly the water trickled into the pool; Slowly the level rose. There was nothing slow about the fire. It was eating up ground and everything on it. John thought the water round his legs was becoming warmer. "Keep piling those rocks on, boys!" he yelled.

Minutes later, he interrupted the dam-building and said, "Soak your jackets! Your watches and anything you don't want to get wet, bury it deep in the sand on the bank and mark it so's you can find it."

The flames were thundering and roaring now, 200 yards away, sending out clouds of burning gas which exploded down and mushroomed up like small A-

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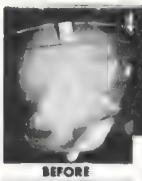
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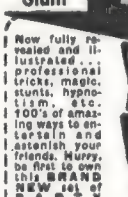

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bombs. Two foxes ran out of the brush, followed by two rabbits. Then a deer. None of the animals paid attention to any of the others.

Time had run out.

"Everybody lie down in the water," the foreman ordered in a low voice they could barely hear above the fire. "Put your wet jacket over your head and shoulders. Keep your nose right on top of the water, and when the fire gets to us, go under all the way and stay under.

"When you need more air, come up under your jacket, grab a breath and go back down. All the men got into the water.

The roar of the fire, 100 yards away, was becoming deafening. John began to get a little worried. Close to 30 inches deep—would that be water enough? Hell, that wasn't enough for a 10-year-old. He rolled over so his back and head were thoroughly wet. Then he took a position where he could watch all the men.

As he waited, he thought of the time up north, earlier this summer, when he and Jim Priest had an 80-man crew which panicked going over a ridge to get away from a fire run. Some of them took off into a saddle and froze there and when the fire jumped and hit it they were pretty badly burned.

"I hope this crew won't panic," he thought. "The Malones must have been in tight places before. Wagner'll stay and play the surer thing if he only quits bitching about the position over on the rocks. Phillips looks passive. But you never can tell."

No, you couldn't tell. Thirty inches of water didn't give a guy much of a chance. Thirty damn inches. Two and a half rulers.

A deer bolted out of the brush, stumbled in the rocky creek bottom, got up, changed direction twice, then fled downstream right past the men.

John reached up and felt his shoulders. The jacket was almost dry. "Hey, Phillips, Wagner, you Malones—keep ducking under so your jacket stays wet!" he called.

So far the men were paying attention to what he said. They ducked. Wagner came up and started to say something about the rocks being better than this ducking, when there was a terrific gas explosion and the fire was on them. Everybody ducked for real.

John found himself thinking: This is it. He'd been in tougher spots—like when he went ashore with the combat engineers on the beach at Normandy. But in combat you could always take care of emergencies by moving or shooting or throwing something. Today he was going to have to lie still and take it. There wasn't anything else he could do. Lie still and take it 30 damn inches. Thirty wonderful inches.

He came up under the protective hood. Now the whole world was aflame: brush was burning, trunks were burning, crown was burning. It was like lying in the bottom of a blast furnace and trying to look out.

John ducked, for the glare hurt his eyes, but he was up again immediately. The Malones and Wagner were pretty well down, but not Phillips. Phillips was half-way onto his knees and moving his head about, and through the thunder of the fire John thought he could hear Phillips coughing.

"Get down, man, get down!" he roared.

Phillips got down—then bobbed right up like a cork float on a fishline.

"If one man bolts, they'll all go," John thought as he moved quickly. Crawling through the water, he grabbed Phillips' rump and shoved him under. His own shoulders felt hot so he let go and went under. Then he was back up, watching, talking to the men, telling them "Hold where you are, the fire will be past us in a minute."

Phillips was up again and now the back of his jacket was burning. The foreman dragged him down. As he did, he saw Wagner was too far out of the water. Was he going for those rocks in the meadow? They won't be any better than here. "Get your head down, Wagner!"

The air was choking, full of ashes in his throat, burning hot in his chest. Even the water was hot. A dead fish floated by, cooked alive in Trout Creek Canyon. Two tree squirrels went past in the water and he turned to watch them scramble up onto the top of the dam. Next time he glanced that way, the little critters were dead, roasted.

Phillips started up again, coughing, and John grabbed him and dunked him again. This time John was up too long and he knew he'd burned his back. His lungs felt as if they were on fire. "Stay where you are, Wagner, it's almost past us."

John hoped it was past. The burning gas was rolling around and around above them, exploding and rolling back and exploding and burning again.

Six minutes went by—they felt like six hours. Finally the roaring and popping and cracking moved past, rolled onto the meadow and rumbled away to the southeast. After 10 minutes the canyon was cool enough so they could get up out of the water.

They stumbled ashore to a changed world. The willow thickets and manzanita that used to line Trout Creek were now heaps of smoking ashes. Cottonwoods four inches thick had become charred stalks, and some were nothing but hot-holes where the tree roots still burned sullenly, four feet beneath the ground. Where the tall pines once stood on the sides of the canyon, all they could see were flaming snags. They could barely recognize the markers where they'd buried their watches and wallets, and one man's watch which wasn't buried deep enough had the plastic dial melted, the hands stuck at 5:42. The axes and other tools, left in the creek with the handles leaning on the dam, had burned right to the waterline. Loren Malone and Larry Wagner went down to the meadow to look at the rocks where they wanted to make their stand. The earth of the meadow lay naked and exposed. The rocks were ash-covered, still too hot to touch.

"We'd have been cremated if we stayed here," said Wagner.

Chuck Phillips was digging frantically in the sand of the stream bank. "My medicine. I'm looking for my heart pills.

I think I've had an attack." John gave a hand and they probed the sandbank together until they found what had once been a bottle. Phillips had buried it too shallow. The heat had broken the bottle and ruined the medicine.

The trek back to the fire-camp wasn't as dramatic as lying in the water with the forest burning over your head, John said later but it was a lot rougher. Stan Malone could hardly walk. Chuck Phillips had a badly-burned back, besides his heart condition. All the men's burns were paining them, and John himself had scorched his lungs and burned his shoulders. They started about 5 p.m., uphill through the rough country to the Boone Meadow camp. They didn't have flashlights any more. They took turns carrying the younger Malone half the time. John scorched his feet trying to pick a safe path through the ashes and hotholes. They dragged in to the camp about one a.m. Thursday, eight hours to cover five painful miles. Crew Foreman John gave the men first aid and put them to bed. Then he cut his boots off and lay down.

The Forest Service sent them out to a doctor on pack horses next morning, and later, after Lawrence John's pneumonia and burns got better, the Forest Service gave him a medal and the American Foresters gave him a medal too, for "quick thinking in the face of being burned to death" and "courageous action" and that sort of thing. After the speeches they called on Lawrence John to say something and he said "I want to thank everyone for this medal" and he sat down. Even though he's pleased and proud, a quiet mountain man hardly lets you know.

When I asked Lawrence John what happened up in Trout Creek Canyon he told me: "I had a very good crew of men for they all took orders good and did just what I told them otherwise we probably would all been burnt up. They all worked hard building the dam."

And I guess they did. •

LIONS THAT MADE WAR ON A RAILROAD

Continued from page 19

line's construction. I had the pleasure of knowing this quiet, capable man very well and I take pleasure in telling of his exploits.

Preston had worked on several important projects in India, including the Madras Harbor, where reinforced concrete was first used on a large scale, and the famous Godavari Bridge. In 1896 he was called to Kenya to start work on the new railroad. Preston left India in charge of 300 Punjabi coolies, utterly ignorant men pressed into service because it had been discovered that African natives refused to do the back-breaking work required in building a railroad.

When Preston and his gang of coolies arrived in Mombasa, they found the place was still an Arab seaport village, totally unequipped to receive the cargoes of steel rails, engines, and other bulky materials due to arrive there. When the men unloaded a small, two-wheeled refuse cart, one of the inhabitants asked curiously, "Is that the railway?" There was no dock. The ships came in as close to the shore as they dared at high tide, dumped their cargoes into the bay, and left the coolies to retrieve the goods when the tide went out. Living conditions were extremely primitive. The only hotel was a native hut. Food was almost impossible to secure. Preston's servant once proudly laid down two steaks in front of him. "I was lucky," the boy remarked. "I found two dead camels beside the road so I fought off the vultures and got these steaks." On another occasion, Preston stopped to examine some large, black currants a native woman was selling. He reached down to pick up one of the "currants," whereupon the whole lot flew away, revealing a tiny bit of meat underneath. As all water was contaminated, everyone drank coconut milk to avoid dysentery.

Preston's greatest problem was handling the men. Each construction gang had a few natives assigned to it whose duty was to shoot game as food for the crew. A few days after he arrived, Preston saw one of these natives bolt out of a tent and start running for his life. An instant later, another native stepped out of the tent with a rifle in his hands and shot the man dead. "He owed me four annas (about ten cents)," the man remarked casually when Preston protested.

Despite the difficulties, the work got under way. First came a 10-mile strip along the coast, a tropical, well-watered area, and here the crews met with little difficulty. Then they reached bush country. The only water lay in depressions in the soil or holes in the outcroppings of rock. These puddles were full of decaying vegetable matter and crawling creatures. When the men tried boiling it, it turned into a substance like very thick pea soup and could not even be filtered through a cloth. To make the mess taste better, Preston tried dropping some fruit salts in it. To his pleased surprise, the action of the fruit salts precipitated the matter so that it floated on the top in the form of a scum. This would be drained off and the clear water drunk.

Even so, the water was not of the best. Within a few days, 30 men came down with blackwater fever. Another 12 were limping about with running sores, probably caused by the bad water and poor

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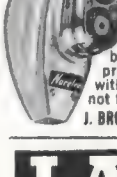

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R. O. PRESTON crouches over lion he shot. Beast was one of swarm of man-eaters that killed over 30 men.

food. There was great rejoicing when the line reached the Chumvi River. The water was brackish, but drinkable. But the land around the river was swampy and the mosquitoes rose in clouds every evening. For several days, virtually every man was laid up with malaria.

The Chumvi was finally bridged. The building of this bridge, without the use of derricks, tackle or jacks, was a fine example of engineering under primitive conditions but to these men it was simply a routine job. Then the line went on across the Taru Desert.

Laying the tracks here was simple, but the crew that had been sent ahead to clear out the bush with "pangas" had left the sharp stumps of the thorn scrub sticking up. Walking among these stumps was like walking among porcupine quills. The coolies developed ulcers on their legs which quickly infected. On either side of the right-of-way, the bush grew so thick that three men who were sent to shoot guinea fowl for the crews were lost within 200 yards of the rails. They wandered about for hours until by great good fortune they happened to hear a section gang chanting as they laid the rails.

Although Preston had no experience in the African bush, he was a remarkably clear-thinking man. I mention one story to show this ability. While out after meat for his men, he became lost in the Taru bush. This was a serious situation. Preston had been trusting to the steady wind, which always blows in the same direction at that time of year, to guide him. But in the deep bush, there was no wind. Then a fowl rocketed up above the scrub. Preston shot it and watched how the feathers of the dead bird floated. With that as a clue, he found his way back to the line.

New complications arose almost daily for the men. Rhinos walking over the line left deep potholes along the roadbed. When the rains came, these filled with water and caused the embankment to sink. As a result, trains turned over. In one accident, two men were killed and 27 injured. Under the fierce desert sun, the rails became so hot that the men couldn't handle them. A certain type of fly attacked the men, sticking its long abdomen under the skin and laying its eggs there. The eggs soon turned to maggots. "But the cure for this was easy," Preston explained. "We soon found you had only to squeeze the boil thus formed and the maggots popped right out."

The Taru Desert was passed and on September 28, 1897, the line reached Voi, about halfway from the coast to the site of modern Nairobi. The railroad was a single-track line and so far the men had not been able to put in a triangle so trains bringing up supplies could turn around. Hence a train had to back all the way to the coast. This meant that the coal dust and smoke constantly blowing in the driver's face, a real peril. Now at last the triangle was installed and the line went forward rapidly to the Tsavo River.

"I'll never forget the sight of the Tsavo," Preston told me. "After weeks of the most terrible suffering, it seemed like paradise. The water was clear and cool. Palm trees overhung the banks. Great herds of game grazed on the soft grass. Here was all the food and water a man could want. We thought our difficulties were over. Yet it was at Tsavo that the line nearly came to an end."

The first hint of trouble appeared that evening when the native scouts turned up in a body and announced that they were leaving. The white men thought they were mad. The scouts had stayed with the construction crew all through the terrible desert journey and now, in this modern Eden, they were leaving. In reply to questions, the scouts would only say, "This place is haunted by evil spirits. None of you will get through the Tsavo district alive."

"We begged and pleaded with the men," Preston recalls. "We told them that the white man's magic was more powerful than that of any evil spirit. We offered to hire a witch doctor to protect them. They retorted, 'No witch doctor is fool enough to come near this place.' So they went, leaving us cursing the superstitious native."

The river was bridged and the rails pushed on. To Preston's intense annoyance, the Indian coolies appeared to have been affected by the wild tales of the natives. First one man and then another deserted, vanishing in the night without a trace. Finally, Preston called a meeting of his crew. He explained to the men that no one could get back across the desert alone so the men had simply gone to their deaths. He explained the folly of the idea of evil spirits and pointed out that for the first time on the entire trip the crews were well-fed and healthy. "If you have any complaints, don't desert but come to me," Preston ended. "We'll try to work them out together."

The coolies cheered him and returned to their tasks. The next morning, two more men were missing.

An Indian foreman brought in a sandal belonging to one of the missing men. This puzzled Preston. Why should a man

desert without taking his sandal? The next day, the mystery was finally solved.

Another coolie had vanished during the night. One of the man's friends, a hillman with some knowledge of jungle craft, tracked him a short distance. He found the missing man's loincloth and brought it back to Preston. "Sahib, a fool might desert with only one sandal but no one would desert naked," he pointed out.

Preston knew this was true. Taking his rifle he set out to track down the missing coolie with the help of the hillman. A few hundred yards away in the forest they found the Indian's skeleton. There was virtually no flesh left on the bones. Beside it was the pug mark of a lion.

"At first, I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses," Preston admitted. "That a lion could take man after man in this manner and without having the victims give a single cry to warn their friends sleeping around them seemed absolutely incredible."

I can well understand Preston's astonishment, but I know from many experiences with the brutes that a man-eater is a creature of great determination and cunning. An unarmed human being has less chance against one of these animals than a mouse has against a cat. A lion often breaks the neck of a sleeping man with one blow of his paw, and the stroke is delivered almost soundlessly. Then he picks up his victim in his jaws and trots off with him. As a lion can easily carry a full-grown cow, the weight of a man means nothing. If the ground is hard, there is no spoor and it would take an experienced hunter to know what had happened.

All work was promptly stopped and Preston led a party back to the former camps to search for the bodies of the other missing men. One after another they were found—or rather what was left of them. Then precautions were taken against a recurrence of the tagedy. Thorn bomas were cut every night and the men took refuge inside of them. Great fires were kept burning and guards posted. "I felt now that we were safe," Preston told me. "I soon forgot all about the lions in my efforts to get the line through."

For two nights, nothing happened. Then Preston was awakened by the yells of the sentinels and the screams of the camp. Grabbing his gun, he rushed out. The camp was a madhouse. Everyone was screaming, guns were being fired off indiscriminately, men were dashing about beating on kerosene tins and buckets. He finally quieted the disorder. Then he found that a lion had leaped the boma, seized a man, and jumped back over it again so quickly that the lion was gone before anyone quite knew what had happened.

Tracking the beast at night was impossible. At dawn, Preston went out and found the dead coolie's body. All the flesh was gone from the face, leaving only the grinning teeth. The body was buried and that night Preston had even a bigger boma built and doubled the guards.

There were 6,000 men engaged on the railroad. Building bomas to enclose this number of men every night was a major problem. Preston knew their best chance was to get out of the haunted district so he pushed on the construction of the line as hard as possible.

The next day, Preston was returning from a fishing trip when he saw a white contractor who had come up to inspect the line sitting in a tree wearing his pajamas. Rightly considering that this was a bit unusual, Preston went over to question the man. The contractor not knowing about the lions had pitched his tent some distance from the boma. During the night, a lion had leaped on the tent and torn a hole in the canvas, trying to get at the man. The terrified contractor had managed to crawl under his bed and the lion had grabbed the mattress, evidently thinking that was the man. He carried it some distance off and had then begun to tear it to pieces, obviously believing that his prey was inside. The contractor had managed to crawl to the tree and climb it while the lion was busy with the mattress. After discovering his mistake, the lion had returned to the tent and followed the man's spoor to the tree. He had then taken up his position underneath and waited until dawn. He had probably left at daylight, but the contractor had been afraid to come down until Preston arrived.

The next man killed was a white man by the name of O'Harra, in charge of road construction. He was sleeping in a tent by his wife's side. There were also two children in the tent, in another cot. Evidently profiting from his previous experience with the contractor, the lion entered the tent and grabbing O'Harra, started to carry him off. The woman's screams and the man's struggles apparently disconcerted the beast, for he dropped O'Harra and ran off. He returned a few minutes later to make a better job of it, but by this time Mrs. O'Harra had gotten a gun and by repeatedly firing at the animal, managed to hold him off until dawn. Unfortunately, this brave woman's heroic effort was to no avail. O'Harra died as a result of the mauling he had received.

Preston describes the funeral as the most pathetic sight he ever witnessed. The corpse was carried on a litter to the grave, followed by the widow. She was carrying one child and the other toddled along beside her, holding on to her skirt.

The lion—or rather lions, for it turned out that there were several of the man-eaters—had now killed 18 men. The coolies built platforms in trees and on top of watertanks and slept there. However, not all could find such accommodations and the rest had to rely on the frail protection of the bomas. It is almost impossible to build a boma so strong that a determined lion cannot force his way through it. Even the trees did not offer complete protection. The lions learned to take up their position near the bomas and roar. Within a few minutes, the terrified men would rush out and climb the nearest tree. As more and more men climbed the tree, those who had gotten there first would be pushed out on the end of the branches. After awhile, the branches would begin to bend down, with the horror-stricken men clinging to

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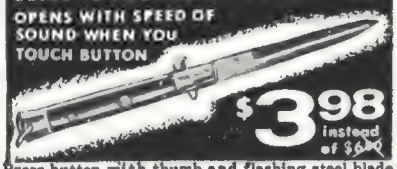

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the ends like bunches of fruit. When these bunches were only a few feet above the ground, the lions would come out, pick the fattest individuals as it were, and then carry off their screaming victims with a minimum of trouble.

Only a few of the men with the construction crew had guns and these could not be everywhere. Also, it is almost impossible to see a lion at night, especially in thick forests, whereas the lion, guided by his sense of smell and his natural ability to see even on the darkest night, can move about with complete freedom. So it was decided to trap the animals. No spring traps being available, a very ingenious device was constructed.

This trap was a great box. It was divided into two compartments by a grille of steel rails. One compartment was made with a heavy door which fell into place when the lion entered. The other compartment was to hold the "bait." As a man-eater becomes so wedded to his human prey that he will not often touch anything else, the bait in this case had to be live men. Three of the coolies were persuaded to act as bait, which took considerable persuasion. However, the men were finally induced to get into one compartment of the cage, the door to the other compartment was lifted, and the trigger that would release it after the lion entered set in place. In order to prevail on the men to get into the cage, each had to be given a gun so he could defend himself in case of a mistake. Then other men with rifles were posted in trees around the cage, ready for any emergency.

Night closed down. The watchers in the trees and the men in the cage remained alert for many hours, but nothing happened. At last, it became obvious that the man-eaters had attacked some other spot or were not hungry that night. Everyone dozed.

A few hours before dawn, the men in the trees were awakened by a tremendous racket in the cage. The lion had gotten in and been caught, but instead of being frightened by this state of affairs, he was calmly trying to hook the coolies out of the other compartment with his paw. He could just get his paw through the opening in the rails which acted as bars between the two compartments and this did indeed make matters brisk for the coolies. Grabbing their rifles, they opened fire. In the darkness and their panic, their shots went nowhere near the lion, but they did very nearly bag several of the men in the trees. These men were so busy crouching behind tree trunks to avoid the fusillade of bullets that they were unable to come to the coolies' rescue. This went on for some time until finally the coolies, who never did manage to hit the lion, shot away the hinges of the door. The lion, thoroughly disgusted with the whole business, went away leaving a group of sweating coolies who later swore that they wouldn't go through such an experience again for a 10-pound note.

With every new success, the lions became increasingly aggressive. They would force their way through a boma, grab a victim, and go out by the same opening as casually as a woman doing her afternoon shopping. Preston was astonished at the ease with which these fearsome animals could crawl through the great masses of heavy thorn bushes he had had erected, but the lions were used to living in bush country and thought nothing of it. "Their only problem seemed to be getting the man out through the hole on the return trip," he told me. "Their victims kept getting caught on the thorns and the lions would have to shake them loose, growling irritably in the meanwhile. At first, only one lion would go in at a time while his friend waited outside. But soon the beasts learned to go in together and each would seize a victim. They no longer carried their prey off into the bush, but devoured their quarry within a few yards of the boma. The terrified coolies within could hear the crunching of bones and the screams of the victims, mixed with the loud purring of the huge cats as they set about their evening meal."

Constant efforts were made to track down the man-eaters. Once Preston and three of his men set out on the trail of one of the brutes. As they forced their way through the scrub, they heard a growl and saw the lion crouching in the dense bush only a few yards away. He was still at his meal. Preston fired and hit him, but the light bullet only infuriated the animal. He charged the men at the terrible speed which only a lion is capable of attaining in a short rush. Preston and his gunbearer both fired again. Then the lion was on top of them. The cat grabbed the gunbearer and began to maul him, while Preston desperately reloaded. With absolutely incredible courage, another Indian actually pushed the lion aside to get his fallen companion's weapon. He pressed it against the animal's side and pulled the trigger but he had forgotten to cock the gun. Then Preston was able to fire and the lion fell dead. The gunbearer was still alive but he died a short time later of his wounds.

A few men had miraculous escapes. A hospital orderly, hearing a noise at the entrance to the hospital tent, went to see who was there. He found himself face to face with one of the man-eaters. The lion instantly sprang at him and the man fell backward into a cabinet full of medicine bottles. The crash of glass disturbed the cat and he left the semiconscious orderly to find another victim. Many others were not so fortunate. As the bomas had proved ineffectual, a stockade was constructed around one of the camps. During the night, a lion jumped the stockade so easily and lightly that the guards did not even know that the animal was inside. The lion padded around the tents looking for a suitable victim. Finally the man-eater reached under a tent and grabbing a sleeping man by the arm,

PRESTON'S WIFE drives in last spike of the lunatic line on the shore of Lake Victoria. Because of incredible handicaps, line took four years to complete.

began to haul him out. The unhappy coolie awoke, and screaming for help, grabbed a heavy box with his free hand. The lion dragged him and the box along until the pressure of the canvas side wall pulled the box out of the man's grip. As the man was pulled clear of the tent, he seized a tent stake. The stake broke in his hands and the lion bore him off into the night.

By this time, some 30 men had been killed by the man-eaters and the coolies went on strike. They told Preston that they had come to Africa to build a railroad, not to provide food for the local lions. For three weeks all work on the line stopped. A large group of the coolies stopped the next train coming up from the coast by throwing themselves across the rails. Then they climbed on the cars and refused to get off again until they were taken back to Mombasa.

How many of these man-eaters there were in the Tsavo area? It is difficult to say. J. H. Patterson, an engineer on the line, shot two lions generally believed to have been the principal man-eaters. Their skins were sent to the Field Museum in Chicago, U. S. A., and now form part of a group there. Preston also shot a lion which may well have been another of the man-eaters. His son still has the mounted head in his living room. However, there were many lions in the district and it is hard to identify a man-eater positively unless he is caught in the act or systematically spoored down. In my own opinion, there was not one or two "man-eaters of Tsavo" but a considerable number. The condition in Tsavo may have been caused by the fact that when a coolie died, the burial parties hired to inter the corpse would often simply leave it out in the bush to save themselves trouble. Lions are great scavengers, and the lions soon learned to follow the camps to pick up these easy meals. Thus they developed a liking for human flesh and when the mortality rate among the construction crews dropped, due to better food and water, the lions turned on the living men.

The construction crews were not the only sufferers from the man-eaters. As the line progressed through Tsavo, stations were established at intervals of thirty miles or so and each of these left in charge of an Indian stationmaster and an assistant. Some of these stations were held in a virtual state of siege by the lions. Preston has recorded several of the amusing but somewhat pathetic telegraph messages sent out by these men in moments of stress. It must be remembered that these stationmasters were simple men, newly imported from India, who had probably never seen a wild animal bigger than a jackal and were completely isolated and unarmed. I give two of the messages.

Two lions on platform. Train approaching and signal man up water-tank. Lions won't let him down. I very nervously frightened and secure in office. Cannot give "line clear" signal to oncoming train. Please arrange matters own personal satisfaction and dispose of lions who greatly bane my existence.

Another read:

Please inform station-master Makindu serious mix-up. Approach with caution or beware troubles and life dangers. Four lions with consorts aggressively on platform and completely in charge of my official functions. Regret impossible perform duties necessary. Please therefore arrange grave matters under report as said lions and consorts making fearful roars and acting savagely. Am in terror of own life.

Lions were not the only trouble that the construction crew had to face. Word was sent to them that the Germans, hearing of the line, were rushing through their own railroad across Tanganyika to Lake Victoria. If this road were completed first, it would mean that the riches of Uganda would be syphoned off into German ports instead of to Mombasa. Preston received a message that a German engineering official was coming up the line to inspect his crew, which was the advance gang. Preston was in despair. Most of his coolies were on strike as a result of the man-eaters and the crew was laying only a few yards of tracks a day. Preston did some hard thinking. The biggest delay in laying the rails came from rusty bolts which fastened the plates that held the rails together. The rains had started and these bolts had rusted so badly that it was hard to force the nuts over the threads. Preston stopped all work on the line and for two days he and his men feverishly cleaned and oiled the nuts and bolts. When the German inspector arrived, he found the crews busily slapping down the rails and fastening the plates in record time. While he watched, the men laid a mile of track with no apparent trouble. The German returned to Tanganyika and reported that the British were going forward at such a rate that it was hopeless to compete with them. As a result, the German railroad was abandoned. "Our German friend never knew that the strain of cleaning those bolts and laying that mile of track was so great that I had to give everyone two days' rest afterward," Preston remarked.

As new problems kept cropping up, the construction crews solved them as best they could. Once a message came through from the engineer of a train carrying much needed supplies that the train couldn't proceed because millions of caterpillars were crawling over the rails and their crushed bodies were so slippery that the wheels couldn't get traction. That problem was solved by stationing men with buckets of sand on the catcher in front of the engine and sprinkling the tracks. Another time, a train was stalled near Preston's crew because a herd of antelopes had gotten bogged down in the soft mud of the embankment. Preston had his men make lassoes out of their turbans and drag the frantic animals loose.

Near Makindu, some 200 miles from the coast, the supply of coal for the engines ran out. Wood was used as a temporary makeshift and the work went on. Here the Wakamba, who are still famous

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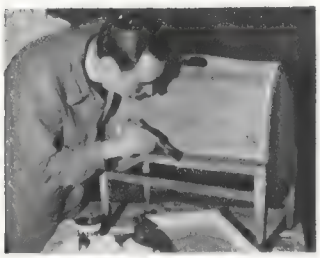

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throughout Kenya for their skill with bows and poisoned arrows, attacked the line and had to be beaten off with rifles. A few days later, word came in that a Captain Haslan, a veterinarian who had gone ahead to look after the draft mules, had been killed by the Kikuyu. This information arrived at a time when the entire crew was laid up with malaria and a fresh gang had to be brought up from Mombasa. "Malaria was our constant companion," said Preston afterward. "The men would work a few days, be sick a few days, and then go back to the job."

The rainy season broke. The constant floods washed out the roadbed and traffic was halted. High winds capsized two cars. One train was wrecked because guinea fowl, scratching around the ties for white ants, had thrown the rails out of alignment. They were out of the man-eaters' district by now, but wild animals were a constant problem.

"Once a rhino charged a train," Preston recalled. "And when he found that he couldn't make any impression on it, he galloped alongside snorting and looking for another chance. We had some Wakamba hunters riding in one of the cars. We'd hired them after the fighting was over to get meat for the crews. They started shooting the rhino full of arrows, but he still kept on. My crew was in a camp beside the tracks with some of the other gangs and saw them coming. The idiots all turned out as though watching a race, cheering and shouting. It never occurred to them what would happen when the train and the rhino reached them. We section foremen rushed for our rifles. When the rhino charged into camp, we started shooting while the men scattered in every direction. Fortunately, someone managed to drop the beast. Otherwise, there'd have been a shambles."

On May 17, 1899, the line topped the Athi Escarpment and reached the White Highlands. "We broke records laying track across those flat plains," Preston recalls, "8000 feet a day—literally rushing along."

Crossing the mountains, the crews found themselves on the edge of the great Rift Valley. This astonishing formation, running from Egypt to South Africa, is a great crack in the earth's surface, several miles across and walled by perpendicular cliffs hundreds of feet high. It had been planned to take the tracks down the side of this escarpment on a series of long trestles, supported by steel girders. But the girders failed to arrive.

There had been a strike in the steel mills in London so everything was delayed. Ordinarily, a construction crew under such circumstances would simply have sat down and waited until the strike was over. These men could not do that. They had a small army of workers scattered about in a country inhabited by hostile natives. The autumn rains, not too far away, would make work next to impossible and the Germans were still eyeing the new line with considerable interest. To get the trains down the escarpment without the girders seemed impossible but something had to be done.

At length a brilliant if dangerous plan was hit upon and I think my friend Preston at least contributed to its conception. It was decided to run the rails straight down the side of the escarpment and slide the engines and cars down by means of heavy steel cables. There remained the problem of how to get a car up the escarpment again once it had gotten down. To do this, a double track was laid. A cable was attached to a loaded car going down the escarpment and the cable looped around a steel drum at the top and then led down the other track and fastened to an empty car at the bottom. As the loaded car went down, it pulled the other one up.

Laying the tracks down the side of the escarpment was the most difficult construction problem the crews faced on the entire trip. The escarpment dropped 50 feet in 100 feet. Even emptyhanded the men could scarcely keep their footing. If they dropped a rail, it simply shot down the slope and disappeared. The ties had to be held in place while the rails were spiked to them. Most of the work had to be done almost blindfolded as the low hanging clouds often kept the men from seeing more than a few feet.

When the tracks began to reach the bottom of the escarpment, some of the coolies complained that a rogue elephant in the valley below was chasing the crews. Preston took his rifle and went after the animal with a native tracker. While the men were crawling on their hands and knees through the bush, Preston saw what he thought were two tree trunks ahead of him. He made his way toward them. Suddenly the tree trunks moved slightly. Looking up, Preston found himself face to face with the rogue. The supposed tree trunks were the elephant's front legs. Preston fired for the animal's shoulder. With a scream of rage, the bull charged. The old-fashioned black powder threw up a cloud of smoke and under cover of it, Preston rolled away. The rogue rushed past him and an instant later, Preston saw the animal go down on his knees. Thinking he was mortally wounded, Preston hurriedly reloaded and rushed up. Then he saw that the bull had caught his tracker and was trying to gore the man. Preston fired again. The bull flung the tracker over the bush with a flirt of his trunk and rushed away. Preston found the man with five ribs broken but still alive. He later recovered.

The tracks had almost reached the floor of the valley, when Preston, entering his tent one evening, found two dead Kikuyu lying on the floor. The men bore the unmistakable signs of smallpox. The epidemic which was already racking the Kikuyu tribe had broken out here. Work was pushed forward desperately to escape the infected area. But the epidemic continued to spread until vaccine was brought up from Mombasa. With the epidemic came a new menace. Leopards began to enter the camps at night, possibly in search of dead bodies. One of the engineers, who was living in a shack made of planks with a corrugated roof, was awakened during the night by something scratching on the door. He opened it and was confronted by a leopard. Hurriedly slamming the door, he snatched

TROPHIES bagged by Preston are shown with him and his wife. Animals of all kinds played havoc with the line.

up his rifle and fired through it, killing the leopard.

Work was suspended while the men with rifles went out to kill these pests. With Preston was a giant Hindu who walked along through the bush screaming insults to the leopards and daring them to come out and fight. The men hit a fresh spoor and started off on it. The shouts of the Hindu redoubled and finally Preston got sick of the racket and went back to remonstrate with the man. He found the Hindu flat on his back with the leopard tearing bits out of his turban. Preston shot the brute.

The tracks crossed the Rift Valley and started up the west side. This incline, although not so precipitous as the eastern one, still offered many problems to the engineers. A series of great viaducts had to be built to carry the tracks across ravines and folds in the hills. Within a few miles, 27 of these viaducts had to be constructed from timber cut down by the crews in the forests. The viaducts varied from 156 to 188 feet long, and were from 37 to 111 feet high. It was now the autumn of 1900 and the rains started again. There was an average of six derailments a day. Logs were tied across the front of the engines so when they went off into the mud, the log acted as a buffer and kept the engine from turning over on its side. The trails became almost impassable. The men took the wheels off their wagons and dragged them over the mud like sleds.

They were still working on a grade and as the tracks became coated with the slippery mud, the trains had trouble stopping. Even with the brakes on, the engine and cars continued to move. The crews ran alongside, hurriedly unloading the flat cars as the train slid along. This state of affairs led to a curious and nearly fatal accident. When the line had crossed the west side of the valley, a director of the line came up from Mombasa to see how the work was going. After his visit, he was given a comfortable chair on the rear platform of a string of four cars so he could enjoy the scenery on the return trip and Preston was sent to arrange for an engine to be coupled to the cars. There was a delay in getting the engine and Preston went back to apologize to the director. When he reached the tracks, the four cars had vanished.

Preston called over a workman. "What happened to the cars?" he asked.

"The sahib has gone off with them," said the man, pointing down the track. There, sure enough, was the string of four cars going quietly back down the line toward the embankment with the director sitting happily in his chair admiring the magnificent vista spread out ahead of him.

Preston leaped into a handcar and pumping madly, set off in pursuit of the cars. As the cars approached the embankment, they began to gather speed. Soon they were doing 30 miles an hour and Preston couldn't keep up. In a few minutes, they were out of sight. Preston kept on, expecting at every turn to find the cars crumpled up in a heap with the body of the director in the wreckage. Finally, to his intense relief, he came on the director sitting in the mud beside the tracks, irritated but uninjured.

"Those cars went several miles before they finally left the tracks," said Preston proudly. "A great tribute to the way we'd laid the rails."

Once the Rift Valley was passed, there was nothing but smooth country to Lake Victoria. But at this time an accident occurred that deeply affected everyone on the line. The rails had been laid along the borders of the Kikuyu country and telegraph wire strung up beside the tracks on poles. This wire was a recognized form of currency among the natives and no woman considered herself properly dressed unless she had several yards of wire twisted around her arms and legs. The natives were therefore surprised and charmed to find that the thoughtful white men were hanging up miles of this valuable substance within easy reach. Naturally, they cut down the wire, thus severing all communications.

In December, 1901, the lake was sighted. Two of Preston's best friends, Nesbitt, an engineer, and Turner, a signalman, took an engine and started back with the good news. Not knowing that the telegraph was down, they took for granted that a signal would be sent through if the line was not clear. Unknown to them, another engine was coming up the track from Mombasa. There was a head-on collision. Preston rushed to the scene of the accident in a handcar. Turner was dead, his body so mangled it could hardly be recognized. Nesbitt was still alive. Preston tried to persuade the mortally injured man that he would be all right. Nesbitt smiled. "We've built our last bridge together," he said and died.

On December 19, 1901, the line reached Lake Victoria. Mrs. Preston drove in the last spike. The railroad was finished. It had been started in February of 1897.

Like many another man, Preston found it impossible to leave Africa. After the completion of the line, he bought land near Nairobi and settled down as a farmer. He died a few years ago, one of the best-known and most respected men in the colony. His children and grandchildren still live in Kenya.

Preston was a retiring, unassuming man who was never one to push himself forward. I am glad to be able to give him some of the credit he so greatly deserved. •

one for the road

They had been married that afternoon and had driven to a hotel near a picturesque canyon in Colorado. As night fell, the new bride, in silken negligee, stood gazing out of the window into the starlit canyon. The groom waited anxiously in bed. Finally with tone of impatience he addressed her. "Darling," he said, "why don't you undress and come to bed?"

"Never mind me," she replied. "Go to sleep."

"What's the big idea?" he asked in amazement.

"Nothing at all," she exclaimed. "Only my mother told me this would be the most wonderful night I'd ever see and I don't want to miss a single minute of it!"

A real executive is a man who can hand back a letter for the third typing to a curvy sexy looking redheaded stenographer who wears a light summery transparent dress!

★ ★ ★

A chap who had joined a nudist colony returned home after a week's sojourn and was telling his fellow club members about his experiences. "They were so polite," he said, "even the butler who took my hat and cane when I first entered."

He was interrupted by a listener who asked, "How did you know it was the butler?"

The story teller snapped, "Hell, I'm not blind, and I could *see* it wasn't the *maid!*"

★ ★ ★

When Pete, the con man, announced he was going to go straight and opened a stationery store, everyone was delighted —and no one more than the insurance man he called in to insure the store.

After a short discussion they agreed on a $50,000 fire insurance policy. Then, beaming with benelovence the agent said, "And we have a big special now—$35,000 worth of tornado insurance for only $100 a year premium.

"Not interested," Pete said.

"Not interested? What kind of a businessman are you? Here you buy $50,000 worth of fire insurance and pay $2,000 a year premium and yet you won't pay a measly $100 a year for $35,000 worth of tornado insurance."

Pete looked at the agent and said, "And who can start a tornado?"

★ ★ ★

Joe Frisco, the famous stuttering comic, was just about cleaned out one night in a Las Vegas gambling palace when a crowd of oilmen from Texas came in to try their luck. The house ordered all limits on betting removed to accommodate the wealthy visitors and the money began to flow like oil out of a gusher.

Joe watched the thousands of dollars in play for a couple of minutes and then began to go through his pockets. Finally his hunt was rewarded. He found a solitary half-dollar.

Joe tossed the half-dollar on a number at random. "Hey!" exclaimed the croupier. "You can't bet that kind of money here!"

"A-a-all right," said Joe Frisco, "t-take any p-p-part of it!"

★ ★ ★

A couple of horse players who went to the track every day fell into conversation on the train going home. "I can't do a thing right," one wailed. "I haven't had a winner in weeks. And you?"

"I'm doing fine," said the other. "Got me a little system that's been working like a charm. All I do is stop in at the church for ten or fifteen minutes every morning on the way to the track and pray."

The heavy loser pondered a while. "I'll try that myself," he said finally. "Thanks."

A few days later the two met again. "I did as you said," the man who had been losing complained. "It hasn't done me a bit of good: I still haven't had a winner."

"I can't understand it," said the other. "Did you really pray."

"I certainly did," said the loser. "As hard as I could."

"Where did you go?" asked the man who had been winning.

"St. Bernard's," said the unlucky one.

"St. Bernard's? No wonder you can't win," cried the other.

"What's the matter with St. Bernard's?" demanded the big loser.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" replied the winner hastily. "Only thing is, that church is strictly for trotters!"

★ ★ ★

The lady of the house was deep in thought when her new French maid entered the room, she said, "You know, Fifi, I suspect that my husband is having an affair with his beautiful secretary."

The maid drew herself up, her face red. "I don't believe it!" she snapped. "You're just saying that to make me jealous!"

★ ★ ★

When asked if she had a mama and papa a movie star's little child said, "Certainly, I have. I have three mamas by my first papa, and two papas by my second mama!"

★ ★ ★

The Income Tax Department in Washington, D. C., received the following letter from a conscience stricken character:

Gentlemen:

I have been unable to sleep nights for the past two weeks so enclosed please find my check for $500. If I am unable to sleep nights for the next two weeks will send you the balance I cheated you out of.

★ ★ ★

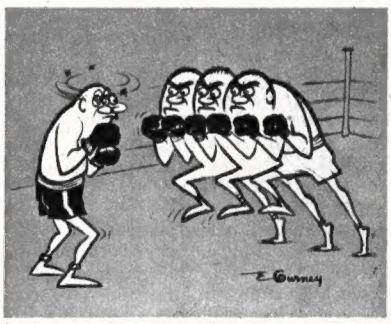
An old man is a guy who can't take "yes" for an answer!

★ ★ ★

The young lady dashed into her doctor's office and said: "Did I leave my panties in here?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "Here they are."

"Thanks goodness!" exclaimed the girl. "I was afraid for a moment I had left them at the dentist's!"



As the bell sounded ending the fourth round, the groggy fighter stumbled back to his corner and flopped down on the stool. While his trainer applied smelling salts he cracked, "Sorry, Kid, but I'm afraid you're licked now!"

The dizzy glassy-eyed pug nodded. "Guess you're right. I shoulda nailed him in the first round—when he was alone!"

★ ★ ★

A husband escorted his pregnant wife into the hospital elevator. The operator closed the door and before starting the car softly inquired, "What floor, please?"

The husband softly replied, "Ladies' ready-to-bear, please."

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I ALWAYS felt simply "run down." People were thinking of me as a "spoilsport." I didn't know why until my doctor explained *why* I felt "tired" . . . *why* my youthful vigor was slipping away . . . *why* my wife and family were beginning to think of me as a worn-out man.

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When you use Vitasafe C. F. Capsules, you can be fully confident because strict U. S. laws demand you get exactly what the label states — *pure* ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and again!

HOW THE VITASAFE PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY

When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy *anything*. With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only $2.78 per month.

AMAZING NEW PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF!

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory fresh for exactly $2.78 — or 45% lower than the usual retail price. BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW — you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever. To get your free 30-day supply and learn all about the benefits of this amazing new Plan, be sure to send the coupon now!

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	1 mcg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Niacin Amide	40 mg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

Yours FREE Retail Value $5.00

FILL OUT THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

VITASAFE CORP. 104A-5
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in CAVALIER.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ Man's Formula ☐ Woman's Formula ☐ Both Formulas

I ENCLOSE 25¢ per package to help pay for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial.

IN CANADA: 223 Church St., Toronto 2, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

VITASAFE CORPORATION
43 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.

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BUY DIRECT
Save over
50%

20" TALL

Big Sister

WALKING DOLL

she sits
she kneels
she dances

$12.95 IN RETAIL STORES

YOURS FOR **$5.95**

★ WEARS HIGH HEEL AND LOW HEEL SHOES ★ FULL PONY TAIL ROOTED SARAN HAIR ★ COMPLETELY WASHABLE

New! WITH Glamorous HIGH HEEL SHOES

The most breathtaking new doll of the year! "Big Sister" is a gorgeous young lady with high heels and a tiny, slender waist. Talented and beautiful she dances right along with you when you hold her pert, little hand. Hers is a chic costume of baby blue, shimmering taffeta and flower trimmed VELVET jacket. Her billowy, lace trimmed slip and nylon hose complete an outfit of glamour and elegance. Her long permanently rooted Blonde Saran hair can be washed and set in newest styles. She is completely washable and has an unbreakable, fully-jointed plastic body. Her walking mechanism is fully guaranteed.

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Please rush at once $12.95 value BIG SISTER DOLL at $5.95. If I am not 100% delighted I can return for a prompt refund.

☐ Send prepaid. ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage.

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(In Canada $8.95—Niresk, 214 Main Street, Toronto 13, Ont.